MODERN SCREEN

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COPY
CENTRAL SERIAL RECORD

DEANNA DURBIN

PRIVATE LIFE OF DEANNA DURBIN

FRANK! COMPLETE!

It takes TWO to make Love



Invite Romance—Have Teasing Tempting Allure!

"Just a couple of love birds" won't be said about you until you win that man. You *can* if you will be lovable, cuddlesome, sweet! Yes, divinely sweet and soft all over with Lander's Lilacs and Roses Talc and Cologne. This exciting fragrance is an invitation to love . . . for it mingles the maddening perfume of passionate roses with the tender, wistful scent of lilacs. Use this enchanting Cologne as a body rub—then shower yourself with this satin-soft Talc. You'll feel so glamorous . . . so utterly lovely. And you'll find that hearts respond to the lure of this thrilling fragrance. Today, at your 10¢ store, get Lander's Lilacs and Roses Talc and Cologne. Tonight, be ready for love!



For Victory—Buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps

LANDER'S TALCS 10¢ EACH

Good Catch, Marion—

but can you Catch a Man?



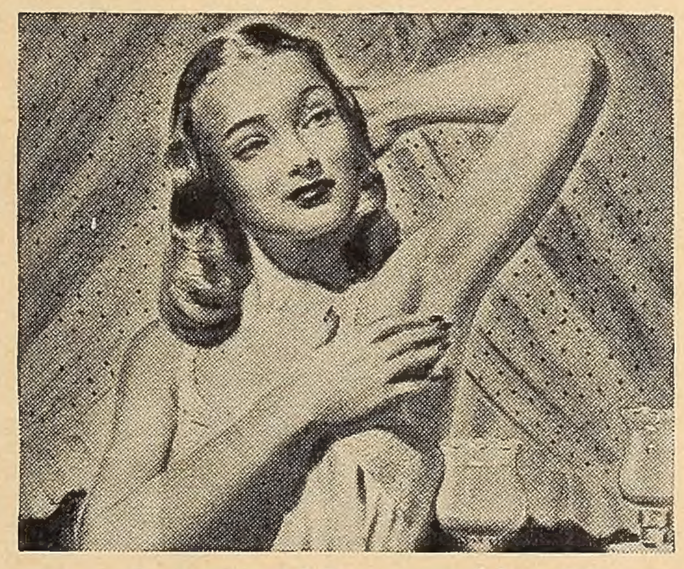


Luck came your way, Marion! You caught the bride's bouquet. If tradition holds, you should be next to say, "I do!" But how can a girl win a husband if she unwittingly turns men away—if one charm-destroying fault chills their interest? Nothing shatters a man's illusions, Marion, as quickly as underarm odor!

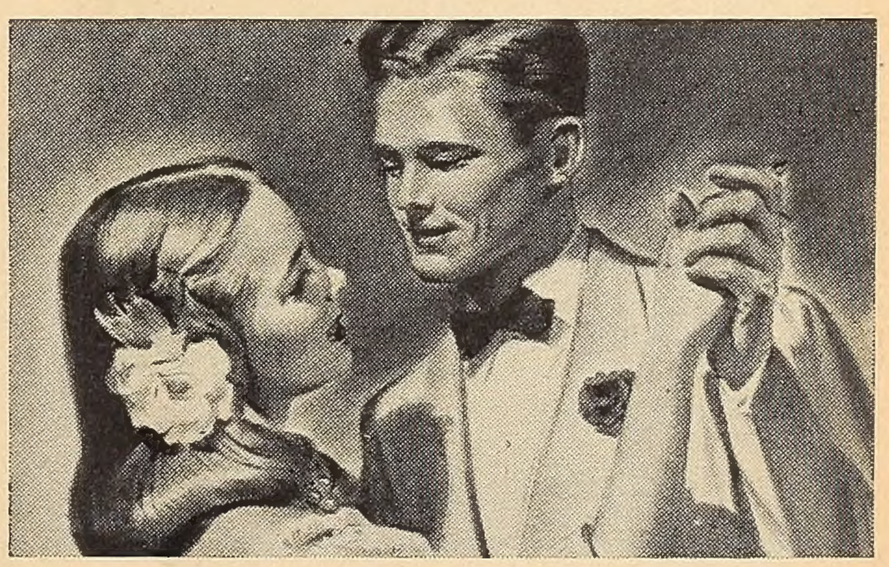
Smart Girls take no chances of missing out on Romance!



Freshen up in your bath or shower! It's a grand start for a busy day or a party evening! But play fair with your bath! Don't expect it to last forever—it takes something *more to prevent risk of underarm odor!*



Keep charming! Never gamble with underarm odor! Every day, and after every bath, use Mum! Then you're protected for a full day or evening. Never a worry about offending those you want as friends!



Plenty of dates make life exciting for a girl! It's fun to have a phone that jingles often—charm that nets you a rush at parties. That's why so many popular girls never give underarm odor a chance—every day—before every date—they play sure and safe with Mum!

Keep your charm from fading. Each day, and after every bath, use Mum!

Dependable Mum has made millions of lasting friends. For women know they can *trust* Mum's sure protection. They like its special advantages.

Mum is quick! Isn't it grand that Mum takes only half a minute. No fussing, no waiting.

Mum is safe! Even after underarm shaving sensitive skins won't resent Mum. It won't hurt your clothes, says the American Institute of Laundering.

Mum is sure! All day or all evening long, Mum keeps underarms fresh. Without stopping perspiration, it prevents odor. Guard your popularity, make a daily habit of Mum. Get Mum at your druggist's today.

• • •

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—*Safe, gentle Mum is an ideal deodorant for this important purpose. Don't risk embarrassment! Always use Mum this way, too, as thousands of women do.*



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

JUN -6 1942

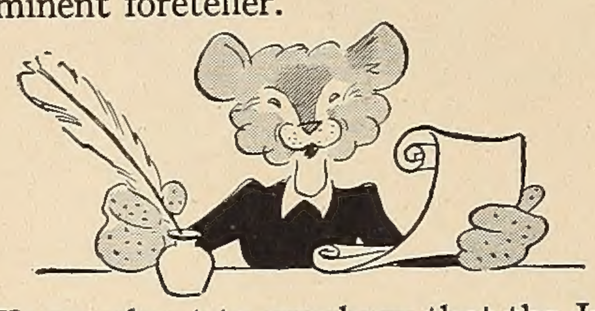
The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Call us Nostradamus, Jr. At any rate we're following in the footsteps of the eminent foreteller.



We are about to prophesy that the Jan Struther novel, "Mrs. Miniver" will be the First Lady of the Screen for '42.

★ ★ ★ ★

We have our paw on the pulse of the public when we make our startling prediction. We saw William Wyler's production of "Mrs. Miniver" in a Hollywood preview.

★ ★ ★ ★

Let us tell you about that preview.

★ ★ ★ ★

Prepared for the screen by producer Sidney Franklin, who had had an editorial hand in "Goodbye Mr. Chips", there was reason to believe that "Mrs. Miniver" was an equally creditable picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

But it was not certain what the public would say.

★ ★ ★ ★

It was evident that William Wyler, one of the really great directors, had done his finest job . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

That Greer Garson as Mrs. Miniver had been perfection itself . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

And that Walter Pidgeon as Clem had been dream-like casting . . .



It was said that no finer supporting cast had ever been assembled than Teresa Wright, Dame May Whitty, Reginald Owen, Henry Travers, Richard Ney, Tom Conway, Henry Wilcoxon.

★ ★ ★ ★

Still, there was a lot to be learned from the first public reaction to this most unusual type of film about a peaceful little life caught in the maelstrom of the moment.

★ ★ ★ ★

Imagine the excitement! Only once before—it was the preview of "Big Parade" —had there been such a tremendous public demonstration in favor of a film.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Mrs. Miniver" had joined the big parade of the screen's noblest.

★ ★ ★ ★

Now it's true we haven't told you about the story. Perhaps we should have done it, because our purpose is to arouse your interest.

★ ★ ★ ★

Sounds selfish, doesn't it?

★ ★ ★ ★

But when you see "Mrs. Miniver" you'll remember whom to thank for the tip—

—Leo

MODERN SCREEN

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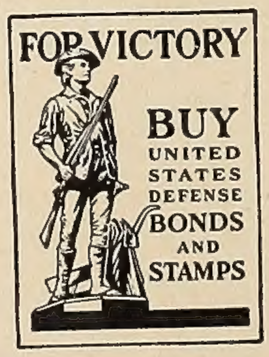
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Cover: Deanna Durbin, appearing in Univ.'s "Divine Young Lady"



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Vol. 25, No. 2, July, 1942. Copyright, 1942, the Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 149 Madison Ave., New York. Published monthly. Printed in U. S. A. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Single copy price 10c in U. S. and Canada; U. S. subscription price $1.00 a year; Canadian subscription $2.00 a year; foreign subscription $2.20 a year. Entered as second class matter, Sept. 18, 1930, at the postoffice, Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional second-class entries at Seattle, Wash.; San Francisco, Calif.; Dallas, Texas; and New Orleans, La. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Names of characters used in semi-fictional matter are fictitious. If the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trademark No. 301773.

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GARY COOPER as "Sergeant York"

Exactly as shown at advanced prices

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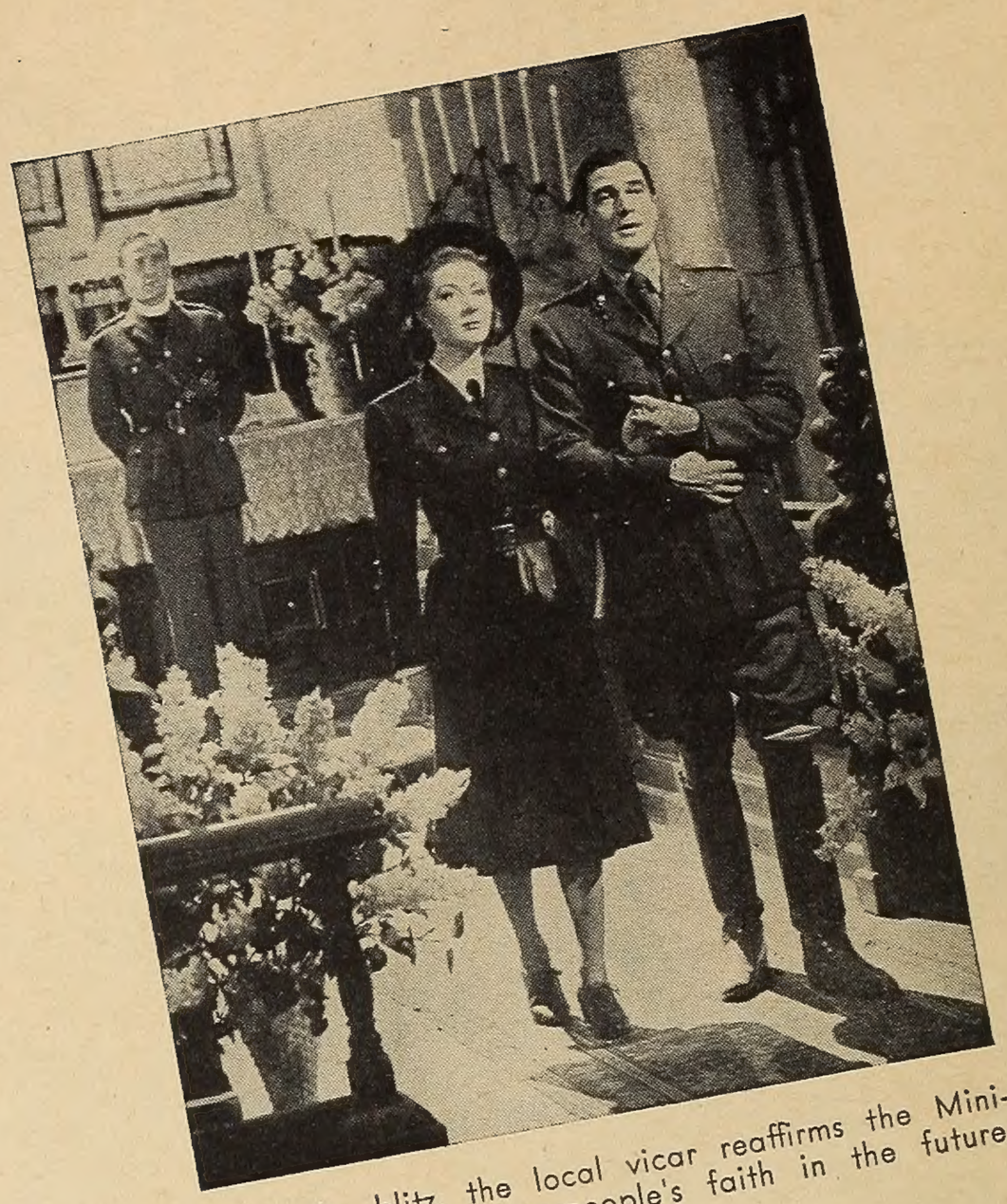
A HOWARD HAWKS PRODUCTION

Produced by JESSE L. LASKY and HAL B. WALLIS

Original Screen Play by Abem Finkel & Harry Chandlee and Howard Koch & John Huston • Based Upon the Diary of Sergeant York • Music by Max Steiner

MOVIE REVIEWS

By Zachary Gold



After the blitz, the local vicar reaffirms the Minivers' and other townspeople's faith in the future.



Greer Garson, as Mrs. Miniver, and Walter Pidgeon, as Clem Miniver, are heartbroken when Starling, their home, is bombed.

MRS. MINIVER

In the long roster of England's heroes—the incredibly young RAF pilots, the mysterious and somewhat sinister Commandos, the sea-sprayed sailors of the navy, the lean and tough Australians of the Libyan campaign—it may be a little startling to find the trim, sedate figure of Mrs. Miniver. For the world of Mrs. Miniver was contained in a rose, a frilly hat and the unobtrusive excitement of a happy family. Yet through all the eternity of months of England's bombing, through days of fear and pain and death, the Minivers served their country as surely as soldiers at the front.

For all its roses and frilly hats, "Mrs. Miniver" has a greater impact of reality than a dozen of some blood and thunder dramas. It's just that—real. While movies of the armed forces may have more thrills per foot, a greater tendency to set the blood thumping, they are still, in these early days of the war, somewhat foreign, strange, unreal; we may know them to be true, yet, being outside our immediate experience, they're not quite believable at present.

It was the Minivers of England, holding out stubbornly, doggedly through everything, that set the tone for England; that's what's meant by morale. Just as it was the failure of the Minivers of France that contributed to her tragic defeat.



The Minivers' younger children, Christopher Severn and Claire Sanders, sleep in their air-raid shelter.



Before turning him over to the authorities, Mrs. Miniver administers first aid to German parachutist, Helmuth Dauteric, who landed injured in her garden.

For in these days of total war, civilian morale counts as much as divisions of tanks. And the Minivers of any country, the middle class, if you like, can swing that decisive battle either to victory or failure. Under the placid title of the movie is a bitter picture of what the American civilians may be asked to undergo and a pointed lesson in how to face it, if indeed any lesson is needed.

Mrs. Miniver marches straight out of your neighborhood. The story of "Mrs. Miniver" is the story of any middle class suburban family; a son away at college, two youngsters romping through a pleasant, not-too-large house, domestic plans and domestic budgets, the common joys of living. And when the war breaks over them the contrast is so sharp, so immediate and real that it seems almost as if it's in your own back yard the bombs are exploding.

How the Minivers meet the war is the spirit and heart of the picture. Living their lives in a cramped bomb shelter, aware always of death overhead, their eldest son enlisted in the RAF, the Minivers face the war like an army with banners flying. They would never use the word heroism in talking of themselves, yet they are, in their way, as heroic as the men with guns. Theirs is the heroism of those who can only "stand and wait." They also serve, but silently.

Still when the time for action comes, the Minivers have kept their faith and courage alive. At Dunkirk, it was Mr. Miniver in a small boat who helped evacuate the British army. And faced with a desperate, wounded German aviator, Mrs. Miniver acts with all the force of British tradition behind her; she turns him over to the police, of course. Unaided.

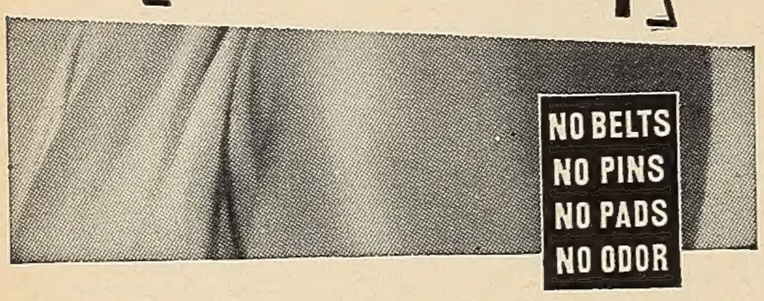
There's a touch of romance, too, in the picture, between Vin, the eldest son of the Minivers, and Carol Beldon, granddaughter of the very aristocratic Lady Beldon. And there's a delightful bit of the English masses and classes in the flower show which, war or no war, goes off on schedule.

Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon play Mr. and Mrs. Miniver. Richard Ney and Theresa Wright are the romantic Vin and Carol. Reginald Owen and Dame May Whitty, Henry Travers and Henry Wilcoxon round out the cast. The picture is based on last year's best seller by Jan Struthers.

True enough wars are won by having the "mostest men there fustest"; on the production lines at home, it's tanks and airplanes and guns. But wars are won, too, by the people themselves; and it is the spirit of the Minivers that can keep a nation, no matter how the temporary balance of battles swings, forever undefeated. *M-G-M.* (*Cont. on following page*)



TAMPAX CANNOT CHAFE
[worn internally]



PUT all that monthly-chafing worry out of your mind. Listen to the voice of experience and *use Tampax* for sanitary protection. . . Modern women all around you are discovering this wonderful invention of a doctor who realized what troubles a woman can have in hot, chafing weather—especially housewives and "the girls at the office."

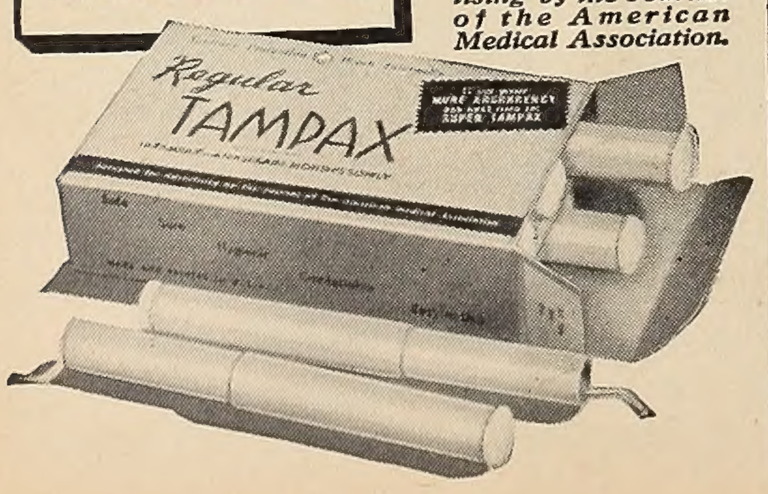
You need no belts, pins or pads. Also you need no sanitary deodorants, as no odor forms with Tampax. This dainty device consists of *pure, surgical cotton* compressed and sealed in one-time-use applicator. It is so perfected that the wearer actually cannot feel the Tampax. She can dance, play games, swim . . . use the shower . . . with amazing freedom. Tampax is so compact that disposal is naturally easy.

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Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 7)

P. S.

No one had to be given direction on how to react during the Church sequence. It was filmed the day after Pearl Harbor, and as "Vicar" Henry Wilcoxon simply and stirringly informed his "congregation" that England was at war, the camera-man turned his lens first on one player—then another and another. Every face, from star to extra, mirrored the intense feelings of the soul behind it, and the result is the most gripping series of close-ups ever captured on celluloid!

Jan Struthers' book, actually a series of sketches, was fashioned into a movie story by Sidney Franklin and put into final screen play form by James Hilton, George Froeschel, Claudine West and Arthur Wimperis. Wimperis is the English author who was one of the few survivors of the torpedoed "City of Benares." His experiences in London and his harrowing trip to this country on the doomed ship qualified him to be technical director. He even plays a small bit—that of Sir Henry in the yacht club scene.

The production of "Mrs. Miniver" has some swell comedy touches, but they're all in the picture. No one bothered to think up gags to play between scenes. Walter Pidgeon didn't receive a single hot foot; Greer Garson's set chair wasn't sawed apart so it'd collapse the first time she sat in it.

Greer was working under a terrific emotional strain enacting experiences her own relatives and closest friends were actually undergoing. The air raid shelter scene took days to shoot, and by the time it was done well enough to satisfy Director William Wyler, both Greer and Pidgeon had kinks in their nerves as well as in their bodies.

Walter, particularly, suffered from being confined in the small, cramped space. Gave him the screaming meemies. His brow still gets dewy every time he recalls those mine-shaft scenes in "How Green Was My Valley." The day he got his first look at the air raid shelter with its regulation 6-foot radius, he suddenly realized how roomy that mine had been! The construction department added an extra foot all 'round to accommodate his bulky frame.

Dame Mae Whitty is forever being asked to explain her title. The late King George V bestowed a silver star and gold cross upon her in January, 1918, in recognition of the wonderful work she did for the Star and Garter Home, a rehabilitation center for disabled soldiers and sailors. As head of the Women's Emergency Corps, Dame Mae rounded up the English equivalent of $1,000,000—a man-sized job, His Majesty told her. At that time, there was no title that could be given to a woman, so the King created a new one—Dame Commander. Only three other women in the world have been so honored. All of them actresses who worked with her on the project.

10-year-old Claire Sanders, who plays one of Greer's children, is a British youngster whose father is on duty "somewhere in Libya." She hasn't seen him for four years, but hopes he'll see her in the picture "when it plays Africa."

Greer is always surprising her friends with some unsuspected accomplishment. Between scenes, Director Wyler would once in a while, whip out a harmonica and duet with his pal, Lou Borzage, who's a whiz on the accordion. One day they were joined by Miss G. at the piano, and the three of them ground out a very tired but fairly recognizable version of Tschaikowsky's "Concerto in B Flat Minor." Greer said she hadn't conferred with a piano teacher since she was twelve; nevertheless, she really coaxed beautiful sounds out of the keyboard, encoring with some of the more difficult passages of Rachmaninoff and Debussy.

Immediately after the picture was finished, she made a whirlwind tour of Canada, her bright red locks acting like a magnet on Old Dominion wallets. The occasion was the Victory Drive to sell bonds, and once more she surprised her pals. When it came time for speech-making, Missy Garson stepped up to the microphone and not only coaxed 'em to part with their cash, in English, but ripped off line after line of perfectly accented and enunciated Francaise!

Now that she's finished being "Mrs. Chips" and "Mrs. Miniver," Greer wants to play a part that makes her a little more exciting. When she wasn't studying her script for "Mrs. Min," she was hunting through books and plays for a role she'd like to do. On the last day of production, her wish was granted. She was told she had just been assigned the lead opposite Ronald Colman in "Random Harvest."

The entire story of Mrs. Miniver is a study in reaction, not action. There isn't a single battle scene in it. Wyler worked as many laughs as possible into the film, and all votes for the funniest scene went to the one in which Walter Pidgeon, exasperated by wife Greer, rolls up a newspaper and whaps her one when and where she least expects it. Five or six takes were necessary to get just the effect Wyler wanted, and when it was finally completed, Miss Garson was unable to sit down for the rest of the day!

SWEATER GIRL

"Sweater Girl" isn't quite about what you think it's about; but, as one of the characters in this campus drama remarks, "Boy—what a student body!" "Sweater Girl" is primarily a murder mystery in a collegiate setting with a few side dishes of musical numbers and, of course—sweaters.

The student body at Whitmore College, like that at most Hollywood universities, never worries about exams. The only reading they ever do is in the telephone directory looking up the number of the nearest sorority; thesis and data, in their quaint vocabulary, are campus variations for this and that. But, naturally, they do work like mad preparing a musical show. Classes are the intervals between rehearsals.

Whitmore College, while strictly following the Hollywood party line on universities, has one little quirk all its own. It's students get murdered with a grisly and efficient regularity. The first to go is a campus imitation of Walter Winchell who gets his licking a poisoned envelope in answer to an admiring fan. The second is neatly strangled while strumming his guitar. A couple of other attempts are nipped in the bud. All in all, quite a place, this Whitmore College.

Suspects of this rampant skullduggery run the gamut from a beautiful sweater girl (perish the thought; of course, she isn't guilty) to a campus idiot (not one of the students). A couple of professors who have the disquieting habit of taking unescorted walks while these murders are being done, manage to get implicated

also in this merry muddle. Not even the trustees are above suspicion.

Through the search and the chase, the musical continues to take shape. Life goes on at Whitmore College. Co-eds throw their cunning nooses at prospective husbands; a pair is found to be illegally married (according to college regulations, that is). A detective leafs morosely through the campus diaries. Nobody goes to classes.

But for all that, "Sweater Girl" is a cunning blend of jitters, both of the spine tingling and bug varieties. And while the mystery doesn't quite play fair, it's clever enough and has its moments. Romance is rampant all over the place, and young love, in any case, always has a certain amount of charm. The curtain never really does come up on the musical, but you peek in at enough rehearsals to get the idea. "Sweater Girl" aims at throwing in a little of everything so you're almost bound to find something you like. At odd moments there are always the sweaters to catch your eye.



Such attractive sweaters as June Preisser and Betty Jane Rhodes are involved. On the male side, Eddie Bracken, Philip Terry, Bill Henry and Nils Asther handle their collegiate assignments with fine bounce. One little thing may disturb you. The students talk a language quite their own at points and there's no glossary provided. Your reviewer managed to catch the sense of most of them, but will some collegian write in with definitions of potlatch and schmeerkaas?

Potlatch? Schmeerkaas?

Murder!—*Par.*

P. S.

Before the switch to "Sweater Girl," this one was gaily titled "Sing a Song of Homicide" . . . Eddie Bracken is wearying of being compared to every actor in the business. After his first role, he was hailed as a young Spencer Tracy. Next critics pegged him as a ditto Harold Lloyd, Harry Langdon, W. C. Fields. After the preview of this particular pic, pals swarmed around to tell him he reminded them of Eddie Cantor! . . . Five-foot-four, 118-pound Betty Jane Rhodes is a "blizzard head." Lights cause a halo about her blonde locks, and the juicers have to be careful with the kliegs . . . Betty's a pioneer of television, starting three years ago on W6XAO, only television station in the West . . . June Preisser wears a sweater only once, but one of the musical numbers has sixteen (16) co-eds strutting back and forth in wispy wool waists while Bracken sings "While the Sweater Girls Parade Around the Campus." An equal number of college boys (courtesy of Central Casting) also march around dur-

(Continued on page 100)

Enchant Him with New Beauty! go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

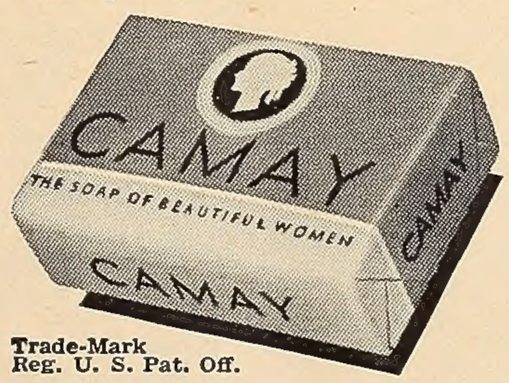


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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Even one treatment will leave your skin feeling fresh and thrillingly alive. But stay with Camay and this easy routine night and morning for at least 30 days. Within a very short while you should see an enchanting . . . exciting new loveliness.

GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashings.



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VICTORY

Smith VICTORY Corp., Buffalo, New York

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

175 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults.

Picture	General Rating
A Gentleman After Dark (United Artists)	2½★
Adventures of Martin Eden (Columbia)	2½★
All That Money Can Buy (RKO)	3½★
All Through the Night (Warners)	3½★
Always in My Heart (Warners) C	3★
Arizona Cyclone (Universal)	2½★
Babes on Broadway (M-G-M)	4★
Bahama Passage (Paramount)	3★
Ball of Fire (RKO)	3½★
Bedtime Story (Columbia)	3★
Belle Starr (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Below the Border (Monogram)	2½★
Birth of the Blues (Paramount)	3★
Black Dragons (Monogram)	2★
Blonde from Singapore, The (Columbia)	2★
Blondie Goes to College (Columbia)	2½★
Blue, White and Perfect (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Blues in the Night (Warners)	3★
Body Disappears, The (Warners)	2★
Bombay Clipper (Universal)	2½★
Born to Sing (M-G-M)	3★
Borrowed Hero (Monogram)	2★
Bullet Scars (Warners)	2★
Burma Convoy (Universal)	2½★
Buy Me That Town (Paramount)	3★
Cadet Girl (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Call Out the Marines (RKO)	2★
Canal Zone (RKO)	2½★
Captains of the Clouds (Warners)	3★
Charley's Aunt (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Chocolate Soldier, The (M-G-M)	3★
Close Call For Ellery Queen (Columbia)	2½★
Confessions of Boston Blackie (Columbia)	2½★
Confirm or Deny (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Corsican Brothers, The (United Artists)	3★
Courtship of Andy Hardy, The (M-G-M)	3★
Dangerously They Live (Warners)	3★
Design for Scandal (M-G-M)	3★
Devil Pays Off, The (Republic)	2½★
Dr. Kildare's Victory (M-G-M)	2½★
Dumbo (RKO) C	3½★
Ellery Queen and the Murder Ring (Columbia)	2½★
Father Takes a Wife (RKO)	2½★
Feminine Touch, The (M-G-M)	3★
Fingers at the Window (M-G-M)	2½★
Fleet's In, The (Paramount)	3★
Flying Cadets (Universal)	2★
Forbidden Trails (Monogram)	2★
Forgotten Village, The	3½★
Frisco Lil (Universal)	2½★
Gay Falcon, The (RKO)	2½★
Gentleman at Heart, A (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Go West Young Lady (Columbia)	2★
Ghost of Frankenstein, The (Universal)	2½★
Gold Rush, The (United Artists)	4★
Great Guns (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Hayfoot (United Artists)	2★
Hellzapoppin' (Universal)	3½★
Henry Aldrich for President (Paramount) C	3★
H. M. Pulham, Esq. (M-G-M)	3★
Honky Tonk (M-G-M)	2½★
Honolulu Lu (Columbia)	4★
How Green Was My Valley (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
I Killed That Man (Monogram)	3★
I Wake Up Screaming (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
International Squadron (Warners)	3½★
Invaders, The (Columbia)	2½★
Jesse James at Bay (Republic)	3½★
Joan of Paris (RKO)	2½★
Joe Smith, American (M-G-M)	3½★
Johnny Eager (M-G-M)	2½★
Juke Box Jenny (Universal)	4★
Jungle Book, The (United Artists) C	3★
Kathleen (M-G-M)	3★
Keep 'Em Flying (Universal)	2★
Kid From Kansas (Universal)	3★
Kid Glove Killer (M-G-M)	3★
Kings Row (Warners)	2½★
Lady For a Night (Republic)	3★
Lady Has Plans, The (Paramount)	2½★
Lady is Willing, The (Columbia)	2½★
Larceny, Inc. (Warners)	2½★
Law of the Tropics (Warners)	2½★
Look Who's Laughing (RKO)	3½★
Louisiana Purchase (Paramount)	2★
Mad Doctor of Market Street, The (Universal)	3★
Male Animal, The (Warners)	

Picture	General Rating
Maltese Falcon, The (Warners)	3½★
Man at Large (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Man From Headquarters (Monogram)	2★
Man Who Came to Dinner, The (Paramount)	4★
Man Who Returned to Life (Columbia)	2★
Man Who Wouldn't Die, The (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Married Bachelor (M-G-M)	3★
Marry The Boss's Daughter (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Masked Rider, The (Universal)	2½★
Men in Her Life, The (Columbia)	3★
Mercy Island (Republic)	2½★
Missouri Outlaw (Republic)	2½★
Mob Town (Universal)	2★
Moon Over Her Shoulder (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Moonlight in Hawaii (Universal)	2½★
Mr Bug Goes to Town (Paramount) C	3★
Mr. and Mrs. North (M-G-M)	3★
Mr. District Attorney in the Carter Case (Republic)	2½★
Mister V (United Artists)	4★
Mr. Wise Guy (Monogram)	2★
Never Give A Sucker An Even Break (Universal)	3★
New York Town (Paramount)	2★
Night Before the Divorce (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Night of January 16 (Paramount)	3★
No Hands on the Clock (Paramount)	2½★
North of the Klondike (Universal)	2½★
Obliging Young Lady (RKO)	2½★
One Foot in Heaven (Warners)	3½★
Pacific Blackout (Paramount)	2★
Pardon My Stripes (Republic)	2★
Paris Calling (Universal)	3★
Playmates (RKO)	3★
Public Enemies (Republic)	2★
Quiet Wedding (Universal)	3½★
Reap The Wild Wind (Paramount)	3★
Red River Valley (Republic)	2½★
Remarkable Andrew, The (Paramount)	3★
Remember The Day (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Ride 'Em Cowboy (Universal)	3★
Riders of the Badlands (Columbia)	2★
Riders of the Purple Sage (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Riders of the Timberline (Paramount)	2★
Rings on Her Fingers (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Rise and Shine (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Roxie Hart (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Royal Mounted Patrol, The (Columbia)	2½★
Secrets of the Lone Wolf (Columbia)	2½★
Sergeant York (Warners)	4★
Shadow of the Thin Man (M-G-M)	2½★
Shanghai Gesture, The (United Artists)	3½★
Sing for Your Supper (Columbia)	2★
Skylark (Paramount)	3★
Smilin' Through (M-G-M)	3★
Son of Fury (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Song of the Islands (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
South of Santa Fe (Republic)	2★
South of Tahiti (Universal)	2★
Steel Against the Sky (Warners)	2★
Stick to Your Guns (Mono.)	2★
Stork Pays Off, The (Columbia)	2½★
Sullivan's Travels (Paramount)	4★
Sundown (United Artists)	2½★
Suspicion (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Swamp Water (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Tarzan's Secret Treasure (M-G-M)	2½★
Texas (Columbia)	3½★
They Died With Their Boots On (Warners)	3½★
Three Girls About Town (Columbia)	2½★
To Be or Not to Be (United Artists)	3★
Tonto Basin Outlaws (Monogram)	2★
Tragedy at Midnight (Republic)	2½★
Treat 'Em Rough (Universal)	2½★
Tuttles of Tahiti, The (RKO)	3★
Two-Faced Woman (M-G-M)	3½★
Two Yanks In Trinidad (Columbia)	2½★
Unholy Partners (M-G-M)	2½★
Valley of the Sun (RKO)	3★
Weekend in Havana (20th Century-Fox)	3★
West of Cimarron (Republic)	2½★
What's Cookin' (Universal)	3★
Wife Takes A Flyer, The (Columbia)	3★
Wild Bill Hickok Rides (Warners)	3★
Wolf Man, The (Universal)	2½★
Woman of the Year, The (M-G-M)	4★
Yank in the R. A. F. (20th Century-Fox)	3★
You Belong to Me (Columbia)	3★
You're in The Army Now (Warners)	2★



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Its SPECIAL INGREDIENT *Resists*
Ugly "Fraying" and "Peeling"—Resists Water

Are your hands flying through many extra duties? Get DURA-GLOSS Nail Polish right away. Protect your fingernails—all ten of 'em. Keep 'em pretty! DURA-GLOSS is unusual because of its swell special ingredient*—*stays on* your nails, *holds* its coat of protection without "fraying" and "peeling." Don't neglect your nails—keep 'em healthy, strong and brightly shining!

** Special ingredient is Chrystallyne, a pure and perfect resinous compound.*

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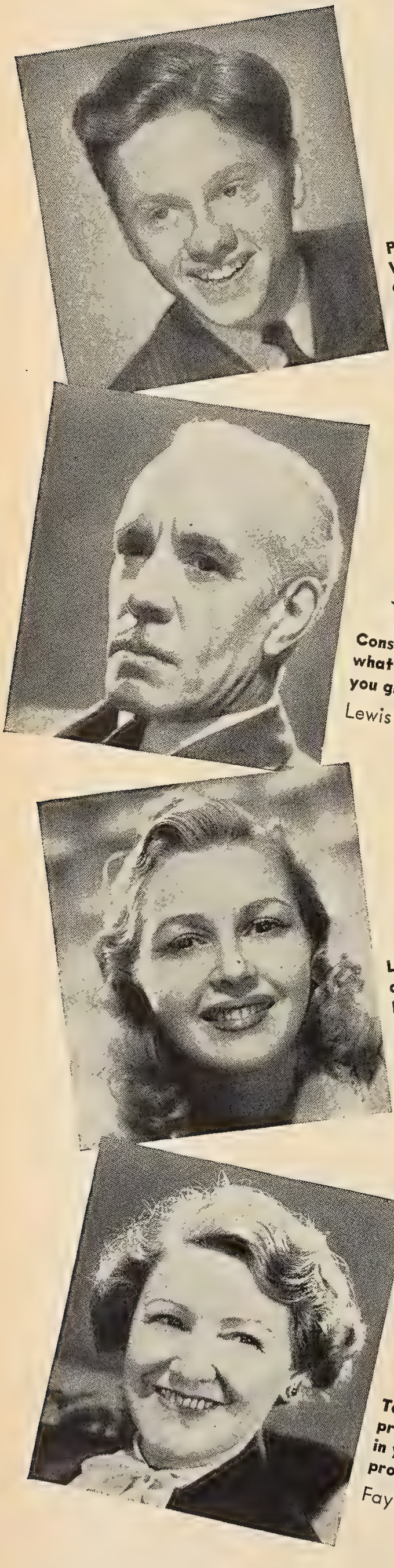


3 new colors for summer— Blackberry Wineberry Mulberry

Copyr. 1942, Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, New Jersey—Founded by E. T. Reynolds

4 STAR SUGGESTIONS

Patriotic pointers for you from the Screen's best-loved family, the Hardys!



★ **Plant a Victory Garden**
Mickey Rooney

★ **Conserve what you grow**
Lewis Stone

★ **Learn about home canning**
Cecilia Parker

★ **Take pride in your products**
Fay Holden

By MARJORIE DEEN

PRESENT them collectively on the screen, and you have the amusing, homey, universally loved Hardy Family. Speak to them individually on the set, and you find each one of them as typically American in thought and deed as the characters they so delightfully portray. Which is the same as saying that right now they are intent on doing everything in their power to further our national war efforts. Fay Holden, for example, was starting a campaign to get everyone she knows to go in for Victory Gardens and home canning. Her very first convert was Cecilia Parker who vowed she would learn, as Fay advocated, how you go about it *the right way.*

Certainly where it comes to home canning, far too many of us are still in the dark and should, therefore, like Cecilia seek further information on the subject. Not next month, mind you, but NOW!

VALUES . . . AND VITAMINS: Victory Garden enthusiasts will rightly point out to you that home-grown fruits and vegetables are most ideal for canning purposes since they are strictly fresh and may be canned within a short time after being gathered. This assures less waste, higher vitamin content and the garden-fresh flavor everybody loves. However, home canning is by no means limited to home-grown foods, for those bought at the market are quite as desirable when carefully chosen. Even with purchased fruits and vegetables, if the homemaker watches for the peak season for a product—when it is most plentiful, therefore least expensive—the savings effected by canning at home are tremendous!

THE SUGAR SITUATION: Latest Government reports indicate that there will be extra amounts of sugar allowed us for home canning purposes, based upon the number of people in the family. However, should there be a drastic sugar shortage, affecting even the recommended home canning of fruits, then you can turn to two substitutes (provided, of course, that these are available in sufficient quantity to meet the suddenly stepped-up demands for them). White corn syrup may be used in proportions of 1½ cups corn syrup to each cup of sugar called for in the recipe, or honey, measured like sugar, cup for cup. Many home canners prefer using half sugar, half substitute, worked out in the proper proportions, of course.

It should be pointed out that neither sugar nor a sugar substitute is essential to the canning of ordinary fruits, since they can be successfully canned in pure water alone. They're not as palatable that way, it's true. But then, at the time the unsweetened fruit is to be served, you may add some sugar from your regular weekly ration.

Also, if sufficient sugar is not available during the season when fruits for

Courtesy Kerr Glass Mfg. Corporation



Put 'em up! We will need more home canned vegetables and fruits. "It is our job NOW to prepare to meet these demands," says the Secretary of Agriculture.

jelly-making are at their prime, then simply put up and store away the unsweetened fruit juices, *carefully.* Sealed in air tight jars these juices will keep perfectly. When the time comes that you actually have some extra sugar on hand you can make up small amounts of jelly at a time. It will be a better product turned out in smaller batches, anyway!

SUPPLIES . . . AND DEMAND: "And what about glass jars, caps and lids?" you may well ask. It seems that even last year there was an unprecedented demand for such things. As a result, dealers everywhere began ordering their 1942 canning supplies far in advance of previous years and manufacturing plants started operating on a twenty-four-hour-a-day basis to fill these orders. Therefore it is fairly certain that you will still find supplies on your dealer's shelves. But don't delay in stocking up. No, this won't be regarded as "hoarding"—provided, of course, that you do not make purchases in excess of your actual canning needs. The important thing is to cooperate with our government in their urgent plea not to allow *any* food to go to waste this summer. So be prepared, well in advance, to go to work on each type of fruit and vegetable as it comes in season.

From present indications the availability of rubber rings and zinc caps for home canning is in considerable doubt. However there is one type of glass jar and closure on the market that uses neither, since an *airtight* seal is accomplished by means of a special sealing composition which is flowed in under the lid. During processing the lid is held in place by a special screw band—which can be used over and over, year after year, if given proper care. Another fine feature is that one of these two-piece mason jar caps will fit *any* mason jar, regardless of make. So, by purchasing these two-piece tops alone, you can "modernize" and continue to use the glass jars you already have.

RULES AND REGULATIONS: Guesswork is out where home canning is concerned since mistakes are costly and waste is unpatriotic. Don't follow part of the instructions of one jar manufacturer, use a recipe provided by your next-door neighbor (with a couple of important steps left out, chances are!) and further increase the chances of failure by cheerily disregarding the need for following an accurate timetable. Instead use recipes, directions and time requirements given by the manufacturer of the jars and closures you intend using—to assure the desired, *perfect,* results!

SPECIAL OFFER

We are pleased to be able to offer you—ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT COST—a splendid 23-page illustrated booklet called THE MODERN HOMEMAKER. This will give you the information you need for easy, successful canning and processing. It contains pointers for your Victory Garden, a Canning Budget, a "fight talk" on "The Big Four in your canning program, peas, beans, corn and tomatoes," plus recipes that enable you to assure garden fresh goodness for the fruits and vegetables you put up this year at home. Fill in and mail this coupon, and we'll send your copy, post haste, in time to help you to cooperate in *Canning Foods for Victory.*

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send free booklet on Modern Methods of Canning and Processing.

Name .....

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(This offer expires November 1, 1942)



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in "He's My Old Man"
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

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Tru-Color Lipstick

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HERE are lovely reds, glamorous reds, dramatic reds... exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick... created in original lifelike shades of red based on a new, patented* color principle discovered by *Max Factor Hollywood.*

Try Tru-Color Lipstick...designed to accent the individual beauty of your type...the color stays on through every lipstick test. Smooth in texture...non-drying, too...it will help keep your lips soft and lovely...one dollar.



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Send Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Make-Up"*.....FREE. 24-7-72

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES [Color]	
Olive ☐	Light ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

YOUR GOVERNMENT SAYS



EAT NUTRITIONAL FOOD

This is the first of a series of important messages to American home makers. By following the simple rules of good nutrition, your joy in eating should increase and the health of your family should improve.

In answer to the question, "What's the difference between eating properly and just eating?" a dietitian friend of mine answered, "It's simply the mighty big difference between feeling full of bounce and energy and feeling full of food."

Each month I shall tell you more about the importance to you and your families of the food groups mentioned in the list below.

Helen S. Mitchell

Principal Nutritionist,
Office of Defense Health and Welfare Services

Every day, eat this way

MILK and MILK PRODUCTS

. . . at least a pint for everyone—more for children—or cheese or evaporated or dried milk.

ORANGES, TOMATOES, GRAPEFRUIT

. . . or raw cabbage or salad greens—at least one of these.

GREEN or YELLOW VEGETABLES

. . . one big helping or more—some raw, some cooked.

OTHER VEGETABLES, FRUIT

. . . potatoes, other vegetables or fruits in season.

BREAD and CEREAL

. . . whole grain products or enriched white bread and flour.

MEAT, POULTRY or FISH

. . . dried beans, peas or nuts occasionally.

EGGS

. . . at least 3 or 4 a week, cooked any way you choose—or in "made" dishes.

BUTTER and OTHER SPREADS

. . . vitamin-rich fats, peanut butter, and similar spreads.

Then eat other foods you also like

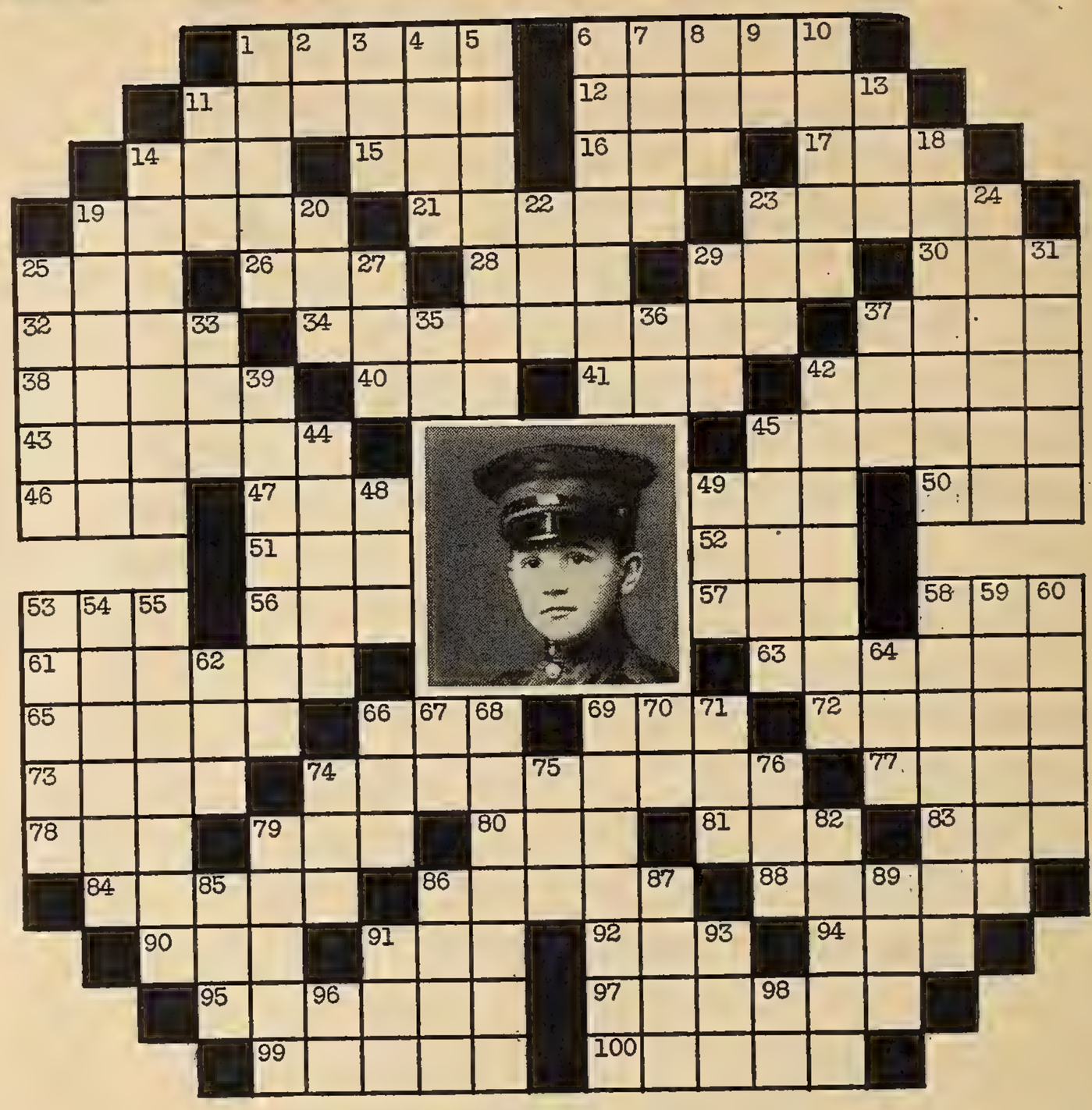
OFFICE OF DEFENSE HEALTH AND WELFARE SERVICES

Washington, D. C.

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OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 104

ACROSS

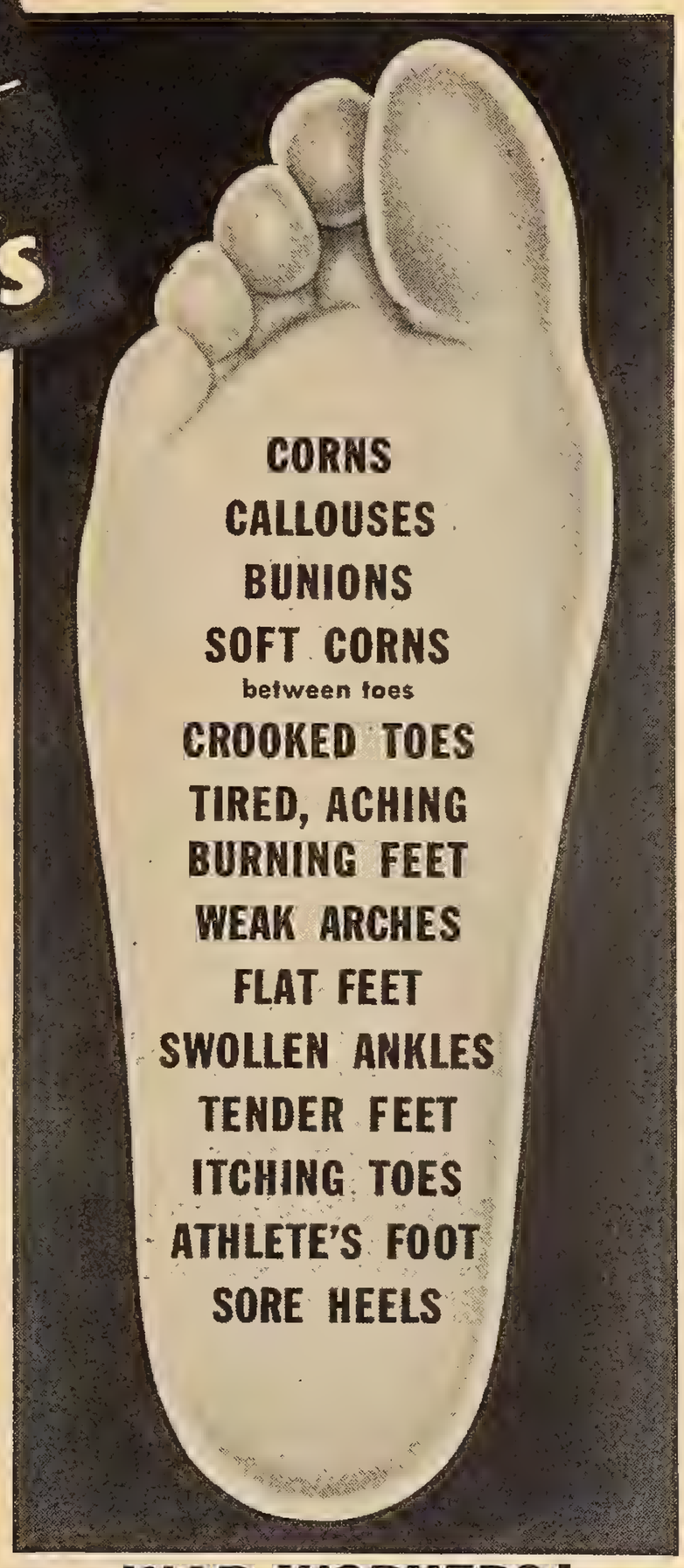
1. "Mrs. Miniver"
6. With our star in "Weekend in Havana"
11. Fonda's wife in "The Male Animal"
12. Writer in "The Invaders"
14. Tot in "Birth of the Blues"
15. Elizabeth B - - - ner
16. Serpent
17. Wife of Joel McCrea
19. The bazooka expert
21. Gal in "My Favorite Spy"
23. Our star's agent in "Sun Valley Serenade"
25. Movie light
26. Dead pan comic
28. Ventilate
29. Principal interest of newsreels
30. William Pow - - -
32. Gloria Jean's stand-in
34. Grand character actor
37. An Abbott-Costello movie setting
38. Wasted time
40. "Susan and - - -"
41. Wrath
42. Ace film director
43. Hero of "I Married an Angel"
45. Brought to life again
46. H - - - n Parrish
47. "The Wolf Man"
49. Mr. Hunter
50. Cereal grain
51. Gilbert R - - - nd
52. What we hate in theaters
53. Lead in "Louisiana Purchase"
56. Hero in "Reap the Wild Wind"
57. J - - - t Blair
58. Manuscripts: abbr.
61. Popular Irish actor
63. Layers
65. Andrea - - - - -
66. A Merry Mac in "Melody Lane"
69. A successful film
72. Mohammedan Paradise nymph
73. Sea eagle
74. Beauty in "My Favorite Blonde"
77. Small bird
78. What Mickey Rooney is to Joe Yule
79. Swiss river
80. Movie enthusiast
81. Fred Astaire's dance
83. Superlative ending
84. Gal in 2 Down
86. Mr. Colonna
88. "Shots" of films
90. Trap
91. Eternity
92. Dawn goddess
94. Japanese coin
95. Tree limbs
97. Tropical lizard
99. River in France
100. What "The Sally" in "My Gal Sal" is

DOWN

1. Star of "Adventures of Martin Eden"
2. "To The Shores of T - - poli"
3. Gal in "An Obliging Young Lady"
4. Errol Flynn's homeland
5. Comic in "Born To Sing"
6. Dialect comedian
7. Lupe's co-star in "Mexican Spitfire" Series
8. A Miranda, not Carmen
9. Beloved star in "To Be Or Not To Be": init.
10. Large sea duck
11. Above: Poet.
13. Wallace B - - - y
14. She's in "Look Who's Laughing"
18. Dancer in "Ship Ahoy"
19. Joan Leslie's real name
20. What wardrobe women do
22. Fifty-two
23. Prohibit
24. Character in "Shepherd of the Ozarks"
25. Featured in "The Lady Is Willing"
27. Spade up
29. Tiny
31. - - - - - Overman
33. "Woman Cha - - - Man"
35. Our star's birthplace: Roa - - ke, Va.
36. "Roxie Hart": init.
37. Seize
39. Mother in "The Magnificent Ambersons"
42. Juvenile: - - - - - - - Howell
44. Lead in "Buy Me That Town"
45. Veteran in 64-Down
48. Skin - - - Ennis
49. Heroine of 62-Down
53. Singer in "Road To Happiness"
54. "Lydia"
55. Popular supporting actor
58. With our star in 2 Down
59. Emphasize
60. Character George Sanders plays
62. "Moont - - -"
64. "Kings - - -"
66. Holden's role in "The Fleet's In"
67. A sports commentator
68. What we buy bonds for
69. Hero of "Joan of Paris"
70. Two
71. Explosive
74. Screen's "grand old lady"
75. - - - aine Day
76. Consume
79. Male film player
82. Who is the actor pictured?
85. Bird's bill
86. First name of 82 down
87. System of esthetic philosophy
89. New Zealand parrot
91. Self
93. Planet
96. Exclamation
98. Ilona's husband: init.

FEET HURT?

FOR QUICK RELIEF AT VERY SMALL COST— ALWAYS BUY **Dr Scholl's**



WHEN YOUR FEET HURT YOU HURT ALL OVER!

Don't suffer! Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, internationally known foot authority, has formulated a Remedy, Appliance or Arch Support for the relief of almost every foot trouble.

Go to your Drug, Shoe, Department or 10¢ Store this week for the Dr. Scholl Relief to make you foot-happy. The cost is small.

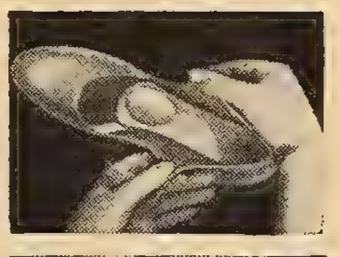
RELIEF-PROTECTION
Dr. Scholl's Kurotex, velvety-soft foot plaster, relieves shoe pressure on corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots. Can be cut to any size or shape.



CORNS, CALLOUSES
Dr. Scholl's Liquid Corn and Callous Remedy. 2 drops relieve pain quickly; soon loosen and remove hard or soft corns and callouses. Dries quickly.



CUSHIONS ARCH
Dr. Scholl's Met Arch Insole, all-leather, featherweight. Elevates Metatarsal Arch; relieves arch strain, callouses. Fits in any shoe. Comforting, restful, cushioning.



REMOVES CORNS
Dr. Scholl's Corn Salve quickly relieves pain and soon loosens old, hard corns for easy removal. Dependable, economical. Easy to apply.



REMOVE CORNS
Dr. Scholl's Fixo Corn Plasters quickly relieve pain and remove corns. Stop nagging shoe pressure. Easy to apply, stay in place. Waterproof.



PROTECTS PAINFUL FEET
Dr. Scholl's Moleskin, soft cushioning padding for relieving shoe pressure on corns, callouses, bunions on the feet. Cut it to any size or shape.



SORE, TENDER HEELS
Dr. Scholl's Heel Cushions give sore, tender heels a soft bed to rest upon. Made of sponge rubber, covered with leather. Easily applied.



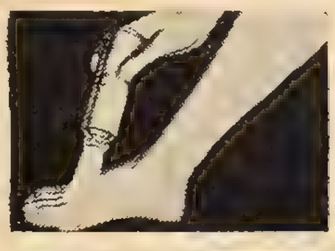
CORNS, BUNIONS
Dr. Scholl's Felt Pads in sizes for corns and bunions, instantly relieve pain by stopping shoe pressure on sore spot. Easy to apply.



WAR WORKERS!

Uncle Sam needs more work from all of us to help win the war. Keeping your feet fit is important. If they hurt, by all means go to your dealer THIS WEEK and get the Dr. Scholl Relief you need to put you right back on your feet again. It pays in many ways!

TENDER, HOT FEET
Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder quickly relieves tender, hot, tired, chafed and perspiring feet. Very soothing, comforting. Eases new or tight shoes.



ACHING, TIRED FEET
Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves feverish, tender, sensitive, tired feet caused by exertion and fatigue. Soothes, refreshes feet. Liquid (Vanishing) or Ointment.



CORNS—SORE TOES
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly relieve pain and gently remove corns; lift shoe pressure; soothing, cushioning, protective. Prevent corns, sore toes and blisters.



CALLOUSES
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for callouses, relieve pain, soothe, cushion, ease pressure on sensitive spot; quickly loosen and remove callouses on soles.



BUNIONS
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for bunions, relieve tender and enlarged joints; lift shoe pressure on the sensitive spot; soothe, cushion, protect it.



CLEANSES FEET
Dr. Scholl's Foot Soap (granular), loosens secretions of the skin; thoroughly cleanses skin pores; stimulates normal circulation; aids in promoting foot health.



PROTECTS STOCKING
Stocking Heel Protector firmly but comfortably grips the heel, saves wear of stocking at the heel, prevents blisters and slipping at heel. Washable.



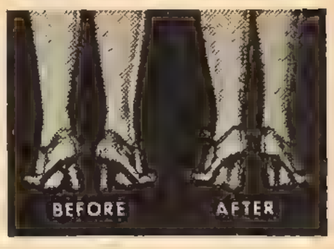
FOOT LOTION
Dr. Scholl's Foot Lotion—a refreshing, stimulating application for relieving tired, burning, tender feet. Excellent for daily use as hand lotion. Dries quickly.



RELIEVES SORE FEET
Dr. Scholl's Bath Salts relieve, soothe, refresh tired, aching feet. Excellent for softening the water for shaving, shampooing and all toilet purposes.



CROOKED HEELS
Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strates prevent crooked heels, keep shoes shapely. Cushion heel. Save on repairs. Easily attached in shoe. For men and women.



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Co-ed

Make your summer vacation pay dividends—financially, romantically! You name it, we've got it!



BY JEAN KINKEAD

LAST year all you had to show for your gorgeous three months' vacation was a sunburn and a tired tennis racket. This year why not really accomplish something? Earn the money for your fall clothes, say, or for part of college; see a bit of the surrounding country; do something definite for "our boys"; chalk up a new conquest or two. Anything can happen in twelve weeks, chums—so name your objective, and bing, you've got it!

Filthy lucre: There are a dozen ways to get rich quick—well, relatively—right in your very own town. F'rinstance, why not get five or six gals together and call yourselves Service, Inc. Your services will include practically everything from boarding gold fish and plants for people who are going away, to darning socks and sewing on buttons for stuck-at-home summer bachelors. You'll walk dogs and wash them; you'll mind children; you'll mow lawns and weed gardens. In fact, for an honest nickel there's just about nothing you won't do. Write yourselves a clever ad, including your rates and phone number, take it to the local newspaper office, and they'll run off a couple of hundred copies for you for almost nothing. Then you whip from likely doorstep to likely doorstep distributing them. After that let nature take its course, and we guarantee more jobs than you can handle.

Another suggestion—Try to sell the editor of your town newspaper on a column devoted to news of local draftees. Contract to do one every week or every two weeks at $10 per. Then proceed to ferret out items like mad. Pump parents, employ spies, build up your correspondence with home-town chaps in the service. Bet you'll up the paper's circulation, and who knows you might be kept on the payroll permanently under classification "indispensable"!

What with everyone vegetables-for-victory-minded, here's a thought. Plant a garden and supply your neighbors with fresh vegetables all summer long. Put in some good-sized tomato plants, radishes, string beans, carrots and beets, weed and water 'em faithfully—and you'll be a vitamin-vendor like crazy by the middle of July.

If it isn't just odd jobs and pin-money you're after, but a career and a fat check every two weeks, try for a defense job. Write or go in person to the defense factory nearest you. State your qualifications, such as typing, filing, etc. If you can't do a thing, tell them frankly, but say you're very anxious to learn. They're taking inexperienced people by the dozen and paying them a minimum wage of fifty cents an hour. Your state employment bureau will put you in touch with other jobs, and it won't charge the usual fee of a week's salary. In writing to the bureau, state your age, education, qualifications, past experience (even if it's as meager as typing manuscripts or private secretarying for your father). If you live in a city, your best bet is to apply directly to the personnel department of the company or store where you'd like to work.

Remember that first impression is terrifically important. No red nail polish, burlesque queen make-up or femme fatale outfit. Wear a trim suit or a simple dress—immaculately clean and pressed. Sober up your hair, look out for ornery stocking seams—and wear a hat! Tell the person interviewing you exactly what you can do or what you'd like to learn, but don't jabber. Don't smoke, don't jitter your hands or feet and don't eye the papers on the interviewer's desk. Vital point: When the session appears finished, don't linger. Smile, thank the person for giving you so much of his time and bow out. (*Continued on page 76*)

Now - Such a thrilling difference in your hair

SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!



Cool as a Cucumber . . . *and the "last word" in smart summer hair-dos! Your beauty salon will know how to do it! Hair shampooed with improved Special Drene.*

Amazing results due to hair conditioner now in wonderful, new improved Special Drene Shampoo! Leaves hair lovelier, far easier to arrange!

The minute you look in your mirror you'll see the difference . . . after your first shampoo with new, improved Special Drene! You'll be amazed at how much silkier and smoother your hair looks and feels . . . because of that wonderful hair conditioner now in Special Drene. And you'll be delighted, too, when you discover how much better your hair behaves, right after shampooing!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene removes ugly dandruff the very first time you use it—and besides does something no soap shampoo can do, not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers." *Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre* than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

So, for extra beauty benefits, plus quick and thorough removal of flaky dandruff, insist on Special Drene. Or ask for a professional Drene shampoo at your beauty shop.

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Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps And Soap Shampoos!



Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo which *never* leaves a clouding film. *Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!* Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother right after shampooing!



Special DRENE Shampoo with HAIR CONDITIONER added

Ah-h-h-h!...



JEAN GABIN

...More than a glamour-boy!

...More than a muscle-man!

...More than a cave man!

AND... he can do more with one glance than most stars can with ten pages of script!

JEAN GABIN

... star of "Grand Illusion" in his first American motion picture... and

IDA LUPINO

in



MOONTIDE

with

THOMAS MITCHELL • CLAUDE RAINS

and JEROME COWAN • HELENE REYNOLDS

Directed by ARCHIE MAYO • Produced by MARK HELLINGER • Screen Play by John O'Hara

A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

COMING!

TYRONE POWER • JOAN FONTAINE in

"This Above All"

By ERIC KNIGHT

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK

Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK



Charles Boyer's interest in Rita Hayworth is the opening gun that fires T.C.F.'s "Tales of Manhattan" into the starlit sky, and we mean *starlit!* Because when names like Boyer, Hayworth, Fonda, Laughton, Romero, Ginger Rogers, Edward G. Robinson, George Sanders, Paul Robeson, Ethel Waters, "Rochester," Roland Young and a raft of others all line up in one picture—ladeez and gentlemen, that is star lighting! Almost blinding! Took ten of Hollywood's best writers to do the story up brown, four costume creators and who knows how many nerve specialists to turn out this O. Henry-type opus in smooth fashion, swift pace and with complete harmony among the assembled celebrities. Promises to be the talk of the year!



Henry Fonda would rather you called him Hank! He's that kind of a guy . . . would trade a gala Hollywood premiere any night in the week for a brisk game of poker and beer in the backroom. No fuss or furbelow about Hank! When wife Frances Brokaw had a son in '40, he flew around the studio shouting, "Boy, I got a fullback!" pleased as Punch! Hates make-up like poison and has to be practically strait-jacketed before they can do him up for the lenses. Six feet two inches, 170 pounds of solid brawn, he takes an icy shower every a.m. of his life. Fusses and fumes from 5 to 10 pounds off during every picture, even tho' they're all gold-starrers (but none so golden as his new T.C.F.'s "The Magnificent Dope").



Ginger Rogers is making her debut as the all-'roundest girl around. She used to be known as her own toughest slave driver, but with her newly acquired Oregon ranch and long trail of loyal hearts—Jean Gabin the most persistent—it looks like she's fast learning how to make merry as well. In season she'll ride with the hounds, having spent over two hundred smackeroos on hunting and hiking boots when she came spreeing to New York recently. That was just before starting on her T.C.F. "Tales of Manhattan" role. Ginger's one lass who's not interested in cutting out calories—unstintingly "giving her all" to Hollywood, it's taken her six years to climb back to the 115 pounds she netted when she made her first picture!



Ernest A. Bachrach

James Craig puts a big NIX on all glamour-boy labels, preferring the easier "out" of being just James Craig. Comfortable only when he's acting natural, Jim shies away from night clubbery, concentrates on home, pipe, fireside. He's happily married, in fact has a Junior James, age three. But get him to talk about the little missus? Not a chance! She's strictly his own. So's the star role in RKO's "Valley of the Sun." In 1912 Jim was born James H. Meador, but ditched the family name because it sounded like a bad Spanish word. He's never broken the ties with his old Tennessee home—practically melts at the mere thought of southern fried chicken and hot biscuits! Dubbed his Boston Bull pup, Killer"!



Irene Dunne has an "edge" on the rest of the girls because she refuses to go gaga over glamour! Just a simple gal with a gorgeousness rated at $500,000 per film. Her southern accent that you never noticed dissolved after she left home burg, Louisville, Ky., when she was six. She and her mom gallumphed around the Middle West a bit until one day Irene found herself first prize winner in a doughnut-making contest at an Indiana county fair. That settled it! Off she trouped, and it's been a muggin' life for her ever since—opera, tragedy comedy, come what may, the Dunne dame does it. Her Universal latest, "Lady In A Jam," shows you what we mean. Irene made it in between Ambulance Corps duties.



Pat Dane was sporting long curls when she took her first nibble at dramatics! Born Patricia Byrnes, in Jacksonville, Fla., she heroined in weekly plays in her folks' garage, amassed enough two-bit admissions to buy a shiny red and chrome bike . . . went on to deck out her dollhouse with a piano! After briefly co-eding at the U. of Ala., she made a dent in Gotham designing and modeling circles. Airlined to the West Coast for a holiday and landed plumb in the heart of Hollywood. Solos in a fabulous Sunset Blvd. apartment, religiously snoozes 8 hours per p.m., never rests from dawn to dusk—what with emoting in M-G-M's "Grand Central Murder," designing her own togs and poetry-penning to keep her busy!



ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



Deanna and Vaughn Paul "never interfere with each other's careers. We'd never have a happy marriage if we did that!" Last April 18th they chalked off happy anniversary number one.

By IDA ZEITLIN

Smart girl!

Marriage may be a private affair to some people—but Deanna Durbin's is public property from here on!

There was general rejoicing when Deanna and her studio kissed and made up. Deanna was happy without reservation. Universal's happiness was shot through by a nostalgic pang. In effect they were saying: "The child is gone, long live the woman." While putting plenty of fervor into the second phrase, they couldn't keep a dash of rue out of the first.

Deanna's twenty. She's been married for over a year. Her being grown up should be taken for granted, but the heart doesn't always accept what the head knows. Since they captivated us six years ago, we've all felt a peculiar tenderness for Deanna and her dewy youth. We'd all like to hang on to the peach-bloom of spring as long as possible.

The studio felt the same way, and not only because the peachbloom had made money for them. Penny, they continued to call her, after the girl in her first picture—or Shnoops or Candy or Charley or Punky or anything appropriate to a kid you love. Answering amiably to all these names, she still insisted on growing up.

That's where the rub came. Not over money, as both Deanna and the studio will testify. "You know how it is with parents?" she explains. "How they feel they still have a child when they haven't, till the child revolts and then something's done about it? They'd had me at the studio since I was a little girl, and I still seemed a little girl to them. You don't consult children. You decide what's good for them and do it. With grown-ups, you ask (*Continued on following page*)



Knitting for the Red Cross, Deanna's last sweater took her three months to complete because she was working under a hectic schedule at the time.



Universal's wedding gift to the Pauls was this fine organ which holds the center of attention in the playroom.

what they think, and if they think it's okay, *then* you do it. There's a little difference there. We didn't see eye to eye about that difference, and now we do. It's not that I intend to go poking my nose where it doesn't belong. They wouldn't put up with that, and I wouldn't try it. I just wanted to be consulted, talked to. What I really wanted, I guess, was for them to realize that I'd grown up."

As a child, Deanna was shy, and the studio protected her shyness, giving rise to a Durbin legend in Hollywood. You came to think of her as remote, withdrawn, hedged in like the sleeping beauty, a flower too delicate for contact with this rude world. And since Hollywood nurtures more cynics than poets in her breast, this in turn created another legend—that Deanna was prickly, difficult, hostile to strangers, resentful of public interest, a kind of baby Garbo.

Five minutes with her explodes the myth. She's a poised, lovely young woman who talks with ease, humor and refreshing good sense. You get no feeling of orchids from her. If there's anything rare and remarkable about her, she doesn't know it. She's friendly, frank and matter-of-fact. Yes, she used to be self-conscious, both about her acting and with people. When, for instance, she'd have to come twirling into a scene deliriously gay, or sit down before a mirror and stick her tongue out at herself, she'd be petrified with embarrassment. All she could think was how silly she looked. Now she's learned to let herself go. She knows that the more freely she throws herself into a scene, the less silly she's likely to look. It's just part of acting. As for people, you meet so many in the movies that you're bound to lose your shyness in the end. That's part of the process of growing up.



After her tour of Army camps, Deanna's letter-answering problem became acute. She said the soldiers treated her like a grownup.



Now that Deanna and Universal are all smiles, she's doing "The Divine Young Lady," Jean Renoir directing. It's about a newsgal.

The state of being grown up suits Deanna fine. She for one casts no lingering glances backward. Nor wondering glances ahead. Like millions of others in a world at war, she clings to the moment. Vaughn has just been called to the Navy for active duty. Living with him in the house they built together is ended for now.

They bought the lot a year before they were married, after a six months' hunt. Sunday after Sunday they'd drive around, beautifully unanimous about what they wanted—something fairly large on a hill with a view. Vaughn spied it first—an acre of perfection in Brentwood Heights—high but fairly level—between a canyon and the blue Pacific. They phoned and found it cost more than they'd planned to spend. Maybe they'd better not—but it was so heavenly—but shouldn't they stick to their budget?—well, anyhow, let's think it over—but somebody else might grab it under our noses—oh, people don't grab up lots that quick—

Several Sundays later she was on the Screen Guild program. Vaughn called her at the studio just before her broadcast. "Sing well," he said, "because I've got something wonderful to tell you." She sang well, but thought her own thoughts about people who left you dangling in mid air. At home he was waiting, waved her into the car, lectured her on the virtues of patience, drove her out to the lot and said: "It's ours."



Deanna can make tea and boil a pair of eggs, but hubby Vaughn's 6 feet, 185 pounds need an expert cook to keep him up to par.



On an acre-and-a-quarter, Deanna and Vaughn built their home that overlooks the city on one side, the ocean on another.

They were married in April and, one lovely morning in May, stood hand in hand, thrilling to the sight of a monster machine as it started breaking ground for their home. By means of two dodges, they escaped the customary housebuilding headaches. First, they found a sympathetic architect, and second, they agreed on everything.

Both wanted a one-story English farmhouse, shakes and red brick outside, chintz and old beams and mellow comfort within—the kind of place that would look lived in from the start, so they needn't worry about watching where the ashes fell. (Their guests' ashes. Deanna doesn't smoke, chiefly because of her voice. Vaughn doesn't smoke, chiefly because he doesn't like to.) The driveway would be gravel instead of cement, bordered with flowers, to give it the look of a country road. Moss between the flagstones, grass round the pool, a few shade trees—planted before the house went up—because they wouldn't be able to get trees that size through the drive. And the pet idea they cooked up together—a refrigerator built cosily into Vaughn's dressing room, so they wouldn't have to trek clear out to the kitchen for a midnight snack.

They moved in just before Christmas. The place was a mess. Newspaper in the bathtubs, excelsior in the rugs, dust in the new dishes, confusion everywhere. But Deanna wouldn't have delegated that job for love or money. Dudi and Julius, their couple, weren't due for another few days, so she and Vaughn, with the help of a lady-by-the-day, spent four filthy, happy days scrubbing and sweeping, reducing chaos to order, taking time out to gloat over their treasures. The highboy, for instance. Deanna didn't think she wanted a highboy —most of them were so stiff—till her eye and heart were caught by this one with its adorable scalloped edge and tiny painted nosegay inside each scallop.

Then there was the dining room set, which they'd almost despaired of. Tables were all round or rectangular, and Deanna wanted an oval, because the dining room was sort of shaped that way. Busy by day, they did most of their shopping between eight and midnight. The watchman would let them in, and they'd wander round the silent store with the decorator, picking this and that. One night they spied the perfect dining room set, oval table and all, the last of its kind in the shop, sold to somebody else at six that evening. If you've ever furnished a home, you know how Deanna felt. Luck was with them, though. The line had been discontinued, but the manufacturer had one set left. That's the one they got. Deanna likes formal dining rooms, so that's the only room in the house which looks at all stiff. Even there, however, they didn't go too far.

They had breakfast in the distinctly informal playroom—its huge window overlooking garden and ocean —its drapes of red and beige matched by the cushions of the long window seat—its hooked rug woven in the same colors. They sit on two green chairs at a small table in front of the Dutch-tiled fireplace, under beams so old they have cracks in them and a rusty old nail sticking out every once in a while. They eat from breakfast dishes Deanna's mother picked up and gave them for Christmas, because they're (*Continued on page 73*)

STRICTLY DYNAMITE

He blows the lid off all formalities—this Flynn fellow.



Flynn recorded his entire hunting trip in three one-reel pictures.



Errol used a bamboo Javelina bow to kill wild boar and big game fish alike. Powerful, pulls 100 lbs.



Hunting was good on Catalina Island when Errol nabbed this wild boar three years back. His pop, visiting from Ireland, agreed.

By JOHN FRANCHEY

Errol Flynn, Prince Charming on a celluloid sound track, is a man with his sights trained on the pursuit of pleasure. His marksmanship (which is no military secret) is deadly.

Flynn, himself, puts it like this:

"Yesterday was beautiful, today is lovely. . . ."

You will notice there is no mention of tomorrow.

Flynn is not to be confused with the genus playboy who lives for the moment, doesn't know what time it is, and has nothing to show for his pains but circles under his eyes and a basketful of unsavory press clippings. The Flynn pursuit of pleasure is down-to-earth, harmless and adult. Above all, it observes a healthy respect for the law of cause and effect which respect, nevertheless, has not prevented him from going a-cropper on occasions.

His passion is the unexpected, doling it out or receiving. He has planted ski poles in the beds of his house guests after they've gone to bed and has waited for hours for them to roll over onto the poles, jump up with a start, and cut loose with all the profanity at

Calls it "living the life"!



Errol's best friend was his Schnauzer. Small wonder master cried when pup was washed overboard.



In 1938, U. S. Maritime Men declared Irish Errol's $25,000 yacht, "Sirocco," too heavy under alien ship-owning law, docked it at San Pedro. He's Citizen Flynn as of 1942.

their command. On the other hand, he has been roused from his own slumber to discover that he was sleeping with a 15-pound mackerel and has laughed louder than the retaliating prankster.

The acme of the unexpected is, of course, adventure. The personification of adventure is Errol Flynn. These troublous times, what with submarines a-prowl in the seven seas, are, naturally, a bit confining to Hollywood's ablest mariner. Eighteen months ago he offered his sailing vessel, the illustrious "Sirocco," to the government. Since then he has been pursuing his pleasures on land and finding them numerous.

For a pleasure hunter he has his paradoxes.

Clothes, except when they're adorning a beautiful woman, do not interest him. He has only a modest wardrobe. Three months ago it was virtually threadbare.

"I have suddenly become clothes-conscious to the horror of all my friends," he says, pointing to his six new suits, a brace of them quite on the gay side—plaid items with huge checks. (*Continued on page 80*)



Errol dates all the girls now except wife Lili Damita. Divorce rites blaze as he completes "Desperate Journey" for Warners.

PARTY OF THE MONTH

High spot of the Maxie Rosenbloom Benetit for the Los Angeles Tubercular Sanatorium was Slapsie himself, who fought strictly clownish, wound up bouting with a midget!

Modern Screen goes to the fights, watches 'em biff and bang it out for charity!



Some two hundred soldiers, guests of Bert Wheeler and Cary Grant, got a bang watching Slapsie tussle.

Eddie "Rochester" Anderson was all hipped up over his new fighter. He and Mrs. A. are building a nursery for a certain third party!



The benefit, dubbed "The Fight For Lives," was one of the Bill Holdens' (Brenda Marshall) final flings before his army induction.



Lower right: Each bout had a movie-star sponsor, who introduced his own fighter. Billy Gilbert brought the missus along to cheer!

Note the suave remodeled schnozzola on Milton Berle! He and wife Joyce Matthews have just adopted a baby.





Mr. and Mrs. "Fun"

BY KAAREN PIECK

TO JUDY AND DAVE THERE'S MAGIC IN THAT

The Rosebushes. That's what Judy's niece calls them. Davy Rosebush and Judy Rosebush. She's four, and she thinks it's the funniest joke in the world. The Rosebushes think it's a pretty good nifty themselves, for four.

To Judy, her husband is still Mr. Fun. His first gift to her—a gold locket for Easter two years ago—was inscribed "From Mr. Fun." Long before they were married, when Dave was just one of her friends, Judy decided that life was finished. Sixteen takes its crushes hard, and hers had eloped with another girl. She might as well die. Only she had a Bob Hope show to do first.

Dave was at the studio. He couldn't stand the look in those woebegone brown eyes. Casting about for balm to heal a wounded heart, he dashed out and returned with a hunk of apple pie. When she got through laughing, Judy began to wonder. Here she'd been planning never to laugh again, and listen to her! Maybe she'd better live for a while yet. It was then that she dubbed Mr. Rose Mr. Fun. "Because," she explained to her mother later, "that's what it is to be with him. Fun."

She considers him an astonishing mortal. The way he breads chicken. The way he can talk and write little notes at the same time. By the end of the evening, he has thirty-five pages scored, and it's all finished. The hat he bought her mother for Christmas. Imagine (*Continued on page 82*)



Judy's penned lyrics for 2 of Dave's ballads, sold 2 tales to Cosmopolitan. On their spring army camp tour, she collapsed after a 24-songs-a-day schedule, was laid up with strep throat.



The big white Rose roost is flanked by trees and flowers, a swimming pool and tennis court. In Judy's next flicker, "The Big Time," she'll co-star with Gene Kelly whom she protegéed after spotting him in "Pal Joey."

MARRIED LIFE OF THEIRS—FROM CHOCOLATE FLOATS TO B-FLATS!



"YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"



JERRY COHAN: "What—is it, Doc?"
DOCTOR (drily): "Well—all signs point to its being a boy."



DIETZ: "It didn't appeal to me either."
GEORGE: "Didn't like it! It's evident you gentlemen have no ear for music!"



GEORGE: "Listen, darling—How would you like to make it a life-time job? Leading lady—no options."
MARY (starry-eyed): "I think I might like it, Mr. Cohan."



SCHWAB (angrily): "Why is Dietz's wife's money any better than my wife's money? . . . Must you give it to Dietz and Goff?"

By Jean Francis Webb



GEORGE (Quietly, tasting the words): "... over there ..."



With a roar of eager applause, the soldiers voices join Templeton's in a surging choral effect. Clearly George's song is an instantaneous hit. Templeton's and soldiers singing, "Over there, Over there."



MARY (looking at George steadily): "Haven't had time. The minute I saw you without your beard, I knew here was a little boy who would need a lot of looking after ..."

Story

A man's supposed to have the gift of gab, if he's Irish. Feet to tap out a fast dance rhythm aren't out of character, either. Nor a song in his throat. Jerry Cohan's (Walter Huston) boy had all of these.

But he had more besides. Perhaps being born on the Fourth of July, with bands blaring and his father rushing home from the theater to bring a small flag as his first gift, could account for the love of America that blazed in George Michael Cohan's (James Cagney) heart from his earliest remembered day. Certainly that love was there!

He was a talented boy, was Georgie. He was only seven when he joined the vaudeville act his trouping parents had made famous.

It was a grand act. Sister Josie (Jeanne Cagney) was the youngest skirt dancer in the business. Jerry and Nellie (Rosemary De Camp) Cohan had been tops for years. Georgie fitted in with violin and dance novelties. Black face or white face, you couldn't beat the Four Cohans for entertainment on any circuit. (*Continued on page 86*)

Production

Close-mouthed Cagney was tickled to death with his role as Cohan, actually broke down and confessed that he considered "Yankee" about the finest thing he's ever done on the screen. . . . His sister, Jeanne, plays the part of Cohan's sister in the movie. This, their premiere performance together on the screen, is the first brother and sister combination to be so featured since the days of Mary and Jack Pickford. Jimmy adores her, says she's really gifted, wishes to heaven he had half her ability to remember steps and routines. She was the darling of the set and received half a dozen moonstones from wardrobe women, set workers and players, after casually mentioning she liked 'em. . . . Another member of the Cagney clan, brother William, was associate producer for J. L. Warner. Before production started, he gave sister Jeanne a good luck gift—a folding armchair with her name printed across the back in giant red letters, JEANNE CAGNEY. All principals rated a chair by studio routine, but none could hold a candle (*Continued on page 87*)



Their theatrically-minded mom had stage aspirations for the girls, yearly entered them in Saratoga, Cal., festival, where Livvy was discovered for Max Reinhardt's "A Midsummer Night's Dream."



As kids they fought so violently their ailing mom had to split them, shipped Joan to a nunnery and Livvy to Belmont. The above's a picture Livvy sent to her pop in Japan.

By FREDDA DUDLEY

Sisters— AND HOW!

Squabble? Squawk? Of course they do!

Else you'd never suspect that Joan

and Olivia were really devoted sisters!

Small wonder there's all this feud talk about Joan and Olivia. They see eye to eye on practically nothing —except maybe that Brian Aherne is *the* only man for a girl to marry. They've been tiffing for years and years, beginning with trivialities like which toys were whose, and working up to such momentous issues as whether Jimmie Lunceford's "Blues in the Night" isn't better than Glenn Miller's "Moonlight Cocktail." You know—real knock-down-drag-out stuff! With it all, however, they're wonderful friends. Phoning each other at odd hours to impart some rich item of news, dashing off on shopping binges together, borrowing



Joan's so in love with husband Brian Aherne, she says she wouldn't care if she never made another picture. Thinks Livvy's at her best in "In This Our Life."



Tho' Olivia earnestly sought the Academy Award and also the role Joan's just completed in "This Above All," she was the loudest clapper when the Award was really made.

each other's clothes, exchanging doodads to suit outfits.

This clothes business is something new. As kids in Tokyo, where their dad was teaching English in the University, they were sort of an Abbott and Costello for size, hence no wardrobe pilfering. Joan, who whipped from one children's disease to the next without even time out for a quick inoculation, was excruciatingly thin. Olivia was apple-cheeked and double-chinned. And they couldn't have had less in common. While Olivia was Tarzaning it from tree to tree in a middy blouse and an old baggy pair of bloomers, Joan was either languishing in bed or convalescing in the garden, dressed to kill. The winter Livvie was captain of the second speed ball team, Joan's activities were limited to following the Japanese gardener around while he did his chores. The summer Livvie learned how to swim, Joan was up to her ears in rheumatic fever.

It didn't make for much close companionship, but they do remember one elegant spree together after they'd moved to Saratoga, Cal., with their mother. They ran away from home—Olivia prompted by sheer devilment; Joan by a romantic desire to see the world.

The sunbonneted pair (*Continued on page 97*)

Bob Stack and Powers lovely, Gale Amber, guest-of-honored at Leon Schlesinger's star Bugs Bunny's shindig at Florentine Gardens. Highlight was showing of Victory Drive cartoon in which Bugs warbles "Any Bonds Today?"

Back from an extensive army-camp tour, Jackie Cooper did the local jump 'n' jive spots without playmate Bun Granville. Above, with Helen Parrish and Eddie Bracken backstage at Mt. Sinai benefit.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred MacMurray at the "Fight For Lives" benefit. Fred's replacing Bob Hope on the set of Bing Crosby's new picture, "True to Life"—the behind-the-scenes story of a radio serial.







Benefit for Volunteer Army Canteen Service at Olympic Auditorium grossed $10,624.17. Ann Miller and heartthrob Blake Gardner roared at fight-m.c. Jack Benny and ticket-raffler Joe E. Brown!



Mickey Rooney came to the fights with the little woman, shed his coat and led the band in his suspenders! Ava, minus her appendix, lays down the law—one night out a week for Mr. R.!

CANDIDLY YOURS

It's a new charity-minded Hollywood—

clicked from the snapster Beerman angle!





Still a-flame, the Bob Sterling-Ann Sothern duo. Second fiddle's her love for fishing (a 259-pound marlin catch sold her on the sport). Made her reservations for the 1942 Mex. season last year!



Fight devotee George Raft was in seventh heaven at the bouts with Betty Grable. She's so absent-minded he's taken to sending her telegrams reminding her of each day's chores!

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE

Since his divorce from Anne Shirley, John Payne's been reclassified 1A in the draft. Above, Anne chinning with neighbor Deanna Durbin backstage at Jeanette MacDonald's concert.

Film screened at Bugs Bunny's party was later handed over to the government. John Loder squired Marie Wilson, who's just been cast in Monogram's "She's in the Army."

Since the Japanese evacuation of the Coast, Vic Mature's replaced his transplanted gardener with a woman horticulturist! Doesn't date wife Martha. Took in the fights with Gregory Ratoff.

During hubby Dan Topping's trek to Washington, wite Sonja took in the fights with Randy Scott. Despite divorce rumors, she and Dan still woo in public!



Ann Sheridan's having such a colossal time wifing it on her Encino ranch with Brent, she's considering ditching pics and settling down to full-time domesticity! Above, with Romero.



After 8 months of matrimony the Franchot Tones (Jean Wallace) are still blissful. F. just gave her a neat $250,000 as token of his esteem! Above, at "Music to My Ears" show.



Milt Berle, Jack Benny, Bob Hope and Red Skelton kept things humming at Mt. Sinai Benefit. Hope's been made honorary mayor of Ozusa, since he made the town famous by his frequent mention!



After Jeanette MacDonald's current pic, "Shadow of a Lady," is reeled, she'll retire to accompany hubby Gene Raymond wherever he's stationed in the U.S.A.



When Dan Cupid hopped aboard the Lamarr-Montgomery bandwagon, he caught a perpetual joyride—and a permanent job!

LOVE THUMBED A RIDE

By ROSEMARY LAYNG

Spring came to Hollywood early this year. It hit the old town smack in the face with a load of orange blossoms when the engagement of Hedy Lamarr to George Montgomery was announced. This romance with its headlong air, its windswept suddenness, can be reduced to three sentences. Boy meets girl. Boy loves girl. Girl loves boy.

The story of how they met seems to have several different versions. Every time you pick up a fresh paper, you find a different story. As George tells it in short, jerky sentences punctuated by a rare grin, it went like this: "Well, it was one Sunday in January. Some time ago I met Fred MacMurray and his wife, Lili, through Watson Webb, a cutter here on the lot. Watson and I went over to the MacMurrays this particular Sunday and just as we were arriving, Hedy and some friends of hers—well, they were leaving. We were introduced all around and stood there in the door talking. That's how it was."

Did he like her instantly? "Gosh, what do you think?" drawls Montgomery of Montana.

What was the first thing he noticed about her? "Well . . . it's kind of funny. You get an idea of her from pictures. The sleepy, slow sort of thing. She isn't like that at all. She's . . . well, you know . . . full of spirit, ready for laughs. You notice first how *alive* she is."

After that first meeting, George telephoned several times. Frequently Hedy wasn't at home; but when she did answer, and George asked for a date, she let him know by tone that she'd like him to call again even though, as she explained, she was busy that night. George is one of those lads who likes to ask for a date about five hours in advance—absolute maximum.

The next thing that happened—and you may lay it to the Los Angeles Bureau of Public Works, but Hollywood insists that Fate was to blame—was due to the torn-up condition of the street in front of the studio. Hedy, in trying to negotiate red lanterns, wooden semaphores indicating excavations ahead, and piles of blasted cement and soil, had driven into a spot from which she could go no farther. Just then George lunged around the corner, recognized her and came to the rescue—streamlined version of the knights of old. He got into the car and manoeuvered it away from the tractors and asphalt carts. Down the street a bit he parked.

As he tells it, he said, "If you aren't doing anything tonight, let's go somewhere." She said she'd love to, so they went to the Mocambo. And thereby hangs one of George's favorite stories about Hedy.

Once at the table he asked (*Continued on page 72*)



Despite TCF.'s investing a fabulous sum to build him up to leading roles, George's still a homebody. Prefers Mom's cookin' to smart spots. His next pic's "Ten Gentlemen From West Point."

meet the CHAMP



Of all Gene's hosses (16 in Cal. and 178 at his Gene Autry, Okla., ranch) Champ's by far the favorite. He's a Tenn. Walker, 15 hands high, sturdy, fast and fussy. Eats a bale of hay per week, prefers carrots and sugar for dessert, is ridden by Gene, trainer Agee and Mrs. A. (the only woman rider he's ever endured). Adores attention and whinnies till he gets it!

Cross-country plane treks,

500 fan letters a month,

$25,000 insurance policies—

it's all stale oats to this

sophisticated 12-year-old!

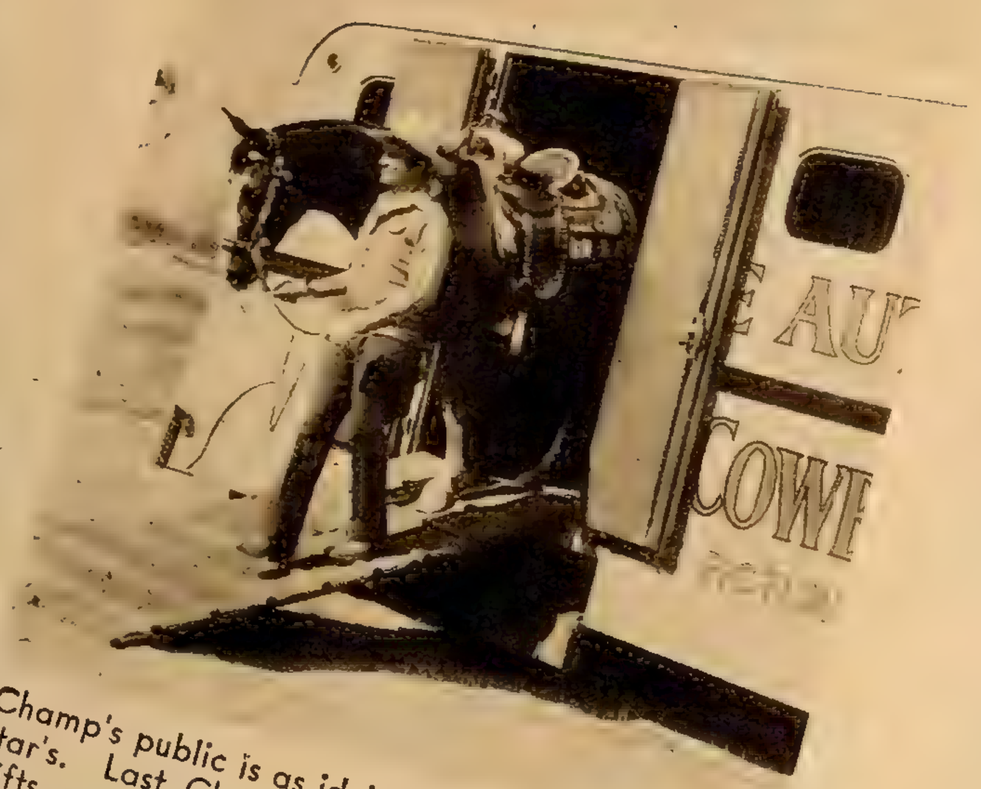
Ask the 1050-pound wonder

for his autograph, and

he'll give you a hoofprint!



Gene bought Champ from his present trainer, Cherokee Indian John Agee, in '34. Experienced after 30 years with Ringling Bros. Circus and 14 years with Tom Mix, Johnny works out Champ an hour a day, took two months to teach him to jump through a hoop of fire. That 50-foot arena cost $20,000 (half price of entire house), opens off living room.



Champ's public is as idolatrous as any Hollywood star's. Last Christmas he was flooded with 300 gifts ranging from curry combs and miniature saddles to sugar and carrots (50 boxes each)!



His best friend in the world is Mrs. Autry's cocker spaniel, Dinky, who was too camera-shy to pose above with Gene, Von and Champ. Closest equine chum is a Palomina parade horse, Pal, his constant companion and fellow worker. Next pic's "Stardust on the Sage."





His nibs enjoys the height of luxury in a trailer with hot and cold running water, padded walls, specially sprung floor to take the bumps, bed for Gene, grain bin and a de luxe stall!

Choicest articles in his wardrobe are 50 Navajo blankets and a hand-tooled, silver-mounted $165 saddle! Three hours a day are spent in pasture, one in grooming. He has a repertoire of 25 tricks, is the only horse who can do a head stand and end-of-the-trail stunt!

GOOD NEWS . . .

By SYLVIA KAHN



Bob Taylor forgot about his wrenched ankle, trekked off to the Hollywood Ball Park opening where he and Phil Silvers ca-runched popcorn!



Since Richard Denning exercised away those extra fifty pounds that made him tip the scales at 230, he's been learning all about glamour girls. Evelyn Ankers used to wait for Glenn Ford's phone calls, now dotes strictly on Dick!

Linda Darnell goes off on her own!

Successor to Lew Ayres is named!

Stirling Hayden goes to Washington!



Gossip-getter Jimmy Fidler bent an ear while Judy Garland raved about her tour of 5 army camps with adored mate, Dave Rose. Judy ate with the enlisted men, not the officers.

Short Shots

Sonja Henie never dreamed it would come to this. Nazi officers are occupying her home in Oslo . . . There will be no more free hose for our top femme stars. The contract clause, guaranteeing the gals a supply of two-threads for picture posing, has been voided by the war . . . Those faces on government posters cautioning "Don't Be A War Dope and Spill War Dope," belong to Abbott and Costello . . . Forget about an early Ann Sothern-Robert Sterling marriage. Ann will be unwound from Roger Pryor by the Los Angeles courts, and the process will take a full year . . . Those balding actors who swear by Ted North's hair restorer are rushing to set in a hefty reserve. War priorities are making the vital ingredients harder 'n' harder to get . . . Phyllis Ava Astaire is the name of the new infant delivered to Mr. and Mrs. Fred . . . Old-time Western star, Col. Tim McCoy, has his eye on a seat in the U. S. Senate. He'll run as a Republican from Wyoming . . . Gas rationing won't disturb Jane Darwell who's the proud owner of a new motorcycle. When the fuel crackdown comes, she'll hire a chauffeur to handle the wheel while she rides the side-car!

Mae West is returning to the screen—as "Catherine of Russia" . . . Ann Rutherford and George Montgomery, once a romance, will be co-starred in "Coney Island" . . . Barbara Stanwyck is penning her personal notes on "patriotic" stationery. The white paper is bordered in red and blue, and her initials are engraved in blue . . . M-G-M will run "The Life of Henry Ford" off its assembly line . . . Maureen O'Sullivan is expecting a second baby . . . Judy Garland spent the last blackout in a large clothes closet. Says it's a perfect blackout room because it has electric light and no windows . . . There's competition ahead for J. Benny and B. Hope. Edna Mae Oliver's making



Following the trend, Dublin-born Maureen O'Hara filed first U. S. citizenship papers. She's Mississippi-born Will Price's (above) colleen, speaks Gaelic perfectly.



State Guardsman Cesar Romero's still looking for the diamond ring (intended for Pris Stillman?) swiped from his home during a blackout. Above, Claudette Colbert explains why she's filing her nails for Victory—makes knitting easier!

plans for a weekly comedy broadcast . . . June Havoc reports her sister, Gypsy Rose Lee, just sold the British rights to her book, "G-String Murders." The title will be changed to "Strip Tease Murders"!

Hollywood Heartbreak

Insiders call him the unhappiest man in Hollywood. He is a top-flight star, known and admired the world over. His career has been long and successful, and he can look forward to many, many more years of great fame and fortune. Yet his life is a tragedy. He is no longer in love with his wife, nor she with him. Both would like their freedom, but for various reasons divorce is impossible.

During the making of his last picture he fell desperately in love with his leading lady. He was gloriously happy when he learned she loved him, too. One night he talked to her of marriage, and she promised to wed him if he left his wife. The star was deeply moved. He left her immediately and went home, determined to discuss a divorce. Resolutely, he stepped through the door, but when he faced his family he realized the situation was hopeless. He would never be free.

Returning to his sweetheart, he told her their romance was ended. She was a wise girl. She left town the next day, refusing to accept other picture offers. But for him there has been no running away. Intimates disclose he is morbid and restless and beyond consolation. He would like to follow the girl, but friends are restraining him. They hope the actress will remain in the East, and that in time, the star will forget her.

Poll Cats

Swing fans! If you could invite an "All-American" dance band to make with the hot licks at your school dance, which music makers would you ask? A national magazine recently distributed 10,000,000 ballots throughout the nation, requesting band lovers to nominate the fourteen musicians they would most like to hear in a composite orchestra. Here are the results:

Gene Krupa, drums; Joe Venuti, violin; Benny Goodman, clarinet; Harry James, trumpet; Charlie Barnett, Jimmy Dorsey and Tex Benecke, saxophones; Alvino Rey, guitar; Tommy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, Jack Teagarden, Jack Jenny, trombones; Bobby Haggert, bass; and Eddie Duchin at the piano.

Terrific line-up, isn't it? But the magazine forgot a very important thing. What about a girl to sing with the band? Do we hear any suggestions?

Supporting Players

Big, strong, able-bodied film actors who have been temporarily exempt from military service, are in a ticklish spot these days. They're finding themselves fighting a war of their own against a vicious, trouble-making whispering campaign, designed to make them look like draft dodgers.

What the whisperers may or may not realize is that every star who is not in the service has been deferred for a legitimate reason. Men like Cesar Romero, Bob Sterling and Glenn Ford all have parents dependent upon them. And a dependent is a dependent, even in Hollywood. Deprived of support, a movie star's family can suffer just as miserably as anyone else's.

Take the case of George Montgomery. Eleven people share his income. Most are full dependents. George hasn't been in the "big" money class very long. And when you're supporting eleven relatives you don't get much chance to save. If George were called away, his parents, both in their middle seventies, would be left almost destitute. True, they're living in an attractive little home. But George is buying it on the installment plan, and there are still plenty of payments to go.

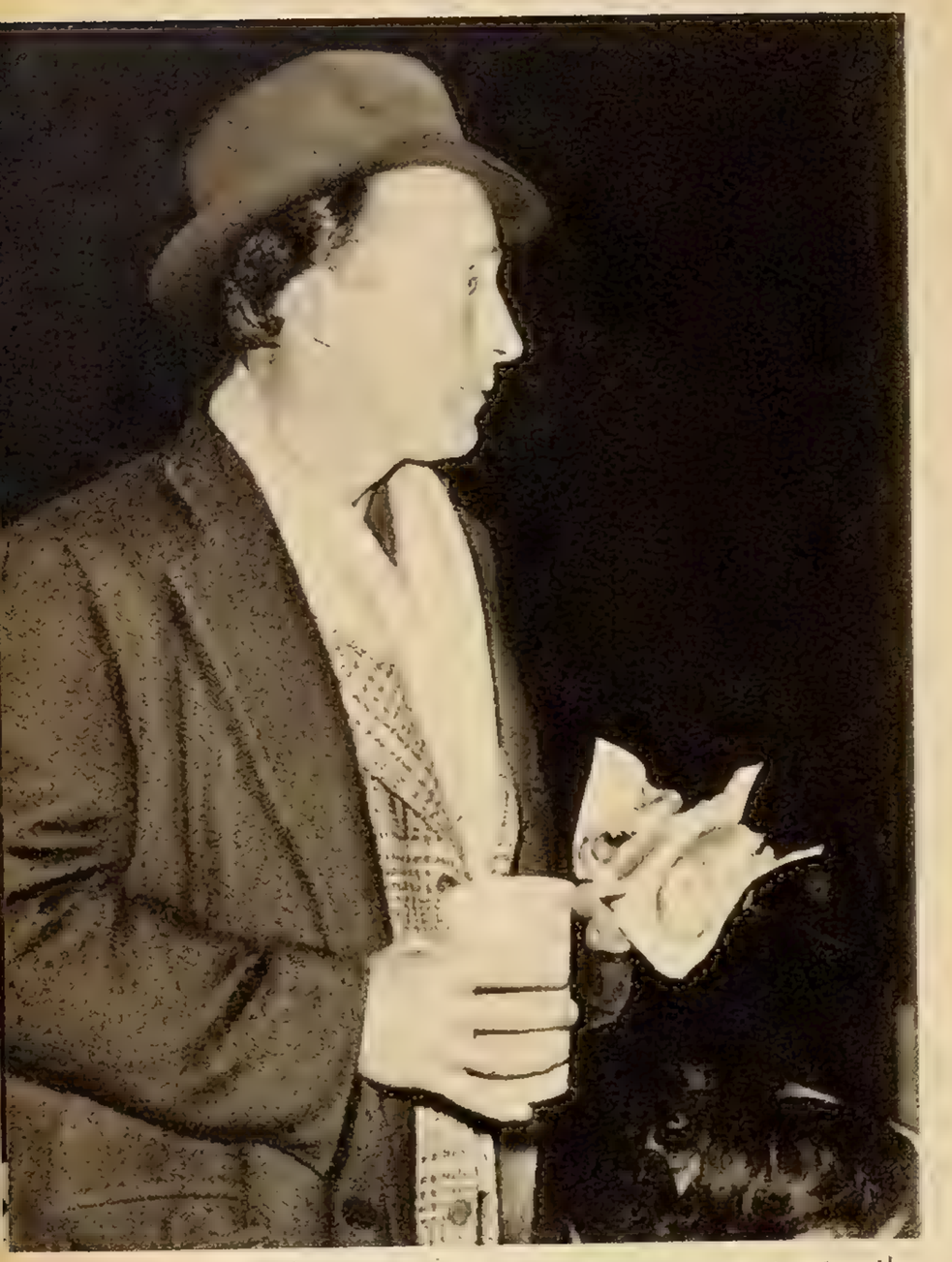
When George and the others are summoned, they'll be happy to join up. Right now it is the government's wish, not their own, that they remain on their jobs until such time as provision can be made for their dependents.

Gable in the Service

Clark Gable is another whom some have dared to criticize for remaining in civilian life. If Clark is aware of the cruel, ill-considered remarks that have been aimed at him, he has given no sign. In the past months, he has gone quietly about his work, attempting to restore some meaning to his life, and, we hope, in some small measure, succeeding.

What few people know is that Clark's war work has already

(CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE)



Bing Crosby came bachelor-style to the Ball Park opening, wife Dixie Lee appendicitis recoup-ing. He downed both dogs!



Never-a-dull-moment Maggie Sullavan and husband Leland Hayward left daughters Brook and Bridget (ages 6 and 3), for "Fight For Lives" evening benefit. For the duration, Meg's given up motorcycling to the studio followed by her chauffeur in limousine.

been cut out for him—and by no one less than the President of the United States! It has just been revealed that Clark wrote to President Roosevelt immediately after Pearl Harbor. He offered his services to the Army and asked to be sent into active combat, preferably in the Philippines. The President, who was among the first to tender condolences when Carole Lombard died, again sent a personal message to Clark. This time he urged him to remain in Hollywood and continue making pictures. His presence on the screen, according to Roosevelt, will be great for public morale.

There's no doubt about it. Few stars are as well-equipped as Clark to hypo our spirits. So thank you, Mr. President, for your thoughtfulness!

Untarnished Lady

Strange as it seems, one of the pet pastimes in this town is the business of taking raps at Linda Darnell. At cocktail bars and knitting bees, the guys and gals tear Linda apart, laugh at her shyness, sneer at her sweetness. Anything for a good laugh, the winking nudgers explain.

"What that kid needs," the jaded sophisticates tell each other, "is a big romance, something to shake her emotionally, something to take the stars out of her eyes."

"Just wait," they always say. "One day she'll bust away from her family, and we'll really see some goings-on!"

Well, Linda has "busted away." She's left home and moved into her own apartment. But the wise guys will do some tall waiting before they see any goings-on! Or else some tall, purely fictitious story-telling!

"I know people are gossiping," Linda confides. "They can be pretty heartless in what they think and say. And they can be wrong, too. I'm living alone, yes. But with the full approval of my parents. We agree that the demands made by my work should not be imposed on the rest of the family. When I'm making a picture, I set my alarm for 5:30 A.M. It isn't fair to have the others blasted out of their sleep at that hour. In the evening I study and go to bed early. It's hard to do either if the house is noisy. I have a younger brother and sister. It would be wrong to ask them to mouse around just because I don't want to be disturbed.

"I'm aware of how people talk. I couldn't help hearing about the stories. I can't say it doesn't upset me. It does. But I'd be weak and foolish to alter my plans in order to quiet them."

Heartsapoppin'

You gals who go to bed with a photo of Stirling Hayden crushed to your bosoms, sit up and take note. We have news for you. You can dry your tears and save your sympathies. Your Stirling is not out on a cold unfriendly sea, nursing a broken heart dealt him by a hussy named Madeleine Carroll. Quite the contrary. According to reports reaching us, Stirling is doing all right! Our Washington agents advise us the Blonde Apollo is at present in the nation's capital—and Madeleine is with him!

This communique, arriving on the heels of one from New York informing us that the pair had visited there, had us puzzled at first. We were a bit skeptical, but now, after thinking it over, we're inclined to believe the rumor sweeping the East—the rumor that Stirling and Madeleine are married. . . . and have been for many months!

The Forgotten Man

Don't be surprised if you hear that Bonita Granville's new beau, Jack Briggs, has upped and left her. Briggs knows Bonita is a marvelous girl. He loves being with her. But there's a limit to what a man can endure!

Briggs' complaint is Jackie Cooper. He has never spent an evening with Bonita without being reminded of her ex-steady. Bonita probably doesn't realize it, but the trouble all arises from her passion for walking. She is the greatest walker in Hollywood. When less energetic friends are ready to drop in their tracks, Bonita is just warming up. And no date is safe when she gets that "let's march" look in her eyes.

However, it isn't the foot work that bothers Jack Briggs. It's the incidents resulting from their jaunts that upset him. Like the one the other evening.

Bonita and Briggs dined at the Hollywood Brown Derby and then set out for a turn or two around the block. They'd gone only a few yards when they were stopped by a soldier who asked for Bonita's autograph. Bonita smiled, accepted the slip of paper the soldier handed her and, turning to Briggs, said: "Here, Jack. Will you hold my purse?" Briggs took the purse, but a second later almost dropped it when the soldier exclaimed: "Jack? Why you must be Jackie Cooper! Boy, this surely is my lucky day! Say, will you sign next, Mr. Cooper!"



Sophisticated sixteen-year-old Jane Withers wears two silver anklets—one inscribed with Buddy Pepper's first name, the other from boy friend Freddie Bartholomew. Despite the soda fountain, kitchen and dance floor in her own soundproof playroom at home, Janie enjoys sporting about town for variety.

"I didn't mind the first time," Briggs later admitted to a friend. "But it happened a half dozen times before we finished our walk! I'm beginning to feel like Joan Fontaine, haunted by the ghost of Rebecca!"

Good News About Ruth Hussey

Ruth Hussey is in love. The lady makes no bones about it, no giggling apologies, no rapturous expositions. It's the first time. They'll be married if he's not called into military service immediately, and some day they'll have two kids, they hope. Any advice for the would-be Mr., we asked her? "Stay as sweet as you are," she smiled. Any advice for a would-be Mrs.? "Do stay in love. Don't fall out," the Hussey voice of experience admonishes. As for sisterly advice on how to get Butch to propose, Ruth, denying that her own method was a ruse, says, "I just sat still so he could talk"; P.S. It worked. She met him for the first time ages ago, when he was Link Fogarty, pride of Brown University's football eleven . . . and she was Ruth Hussey, editor of Pembroke College's Senior Year Book . . . all she remembers was that the orch was tooting "Please Give Me Something To Remember You By" . . . and he gave her a hunk of gum culled from the depths of his soup 'n' fish pockets . . . They met again years later on the West Coast, and you know the rest. She's told him all about her two worst sins . . . being late and being unable to remember names. The last seems incurable. But train-missing? "I'm really correcting it," she says coyly. "The studio has put me on a time budget and lately they say I'm so much better!" Rehearsal stuff is done under the dryer when she's having the make-up dept. do her hair in the a.m. . . . hair that was long before Hollywood chopped it, her buckets of tears unavailing. From out of the sacks full of mail that come each day, Ruth remembers the fan letter that amused her most . . . a note from a man in South Carolina who wrote that he was adopting her as his hobby . . . nice trick. Also recalls with more amusement now than she did then, the time when the fellas in charge of her publicity and press agentry took it upon themselves to announce her engagement to another guy just as she was getting ready to tell the world about Link . . . but she took it from whence it came and smiled . . . probably because her Pembroke degree declares her to be a Bachelor of Philosophy . . . which reminds us of her interesting philosophy of life . . . quoted just as she puts it . . . that her way is to "Sit at the foot of the table so you will be asked to sit at the head." Philosophy of life? Just call it the Ruth Hussey Success Technique.

Didja Know

That Mickey Rooney refuses to remove his wedding band? In "A Yank at Eton" the precious ring will be covered with flesh-colored tissue . . . That Philip Dorn will take over the Lew Ayres role in the "Dr. Kildare" series . . . That orchestras have

(CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE)

Rosalind Russell thought Chairman Ken Thompson's story was a howl, at the Victory Committee luncheon tendered by the Advertising Club of Los Angeles. Rumour is Roz will rent her honeymoon home and, between pix, rove around wherever newly-citizenized Army husband Freddie Brisson is stationed. She's broken with M-G-M, now asking $150,000 per pic.

the same problem as movie stars? To avoid being "typed" as a radio and recording band only, Kay Kyser will take his outfit to Cedar Grove, N. J., for a night-club stint at the Meadowbrook there . . . That Jackie Cooper shelled out $300 for drums he'll use on his army camp tours . . . That Carole Landis was mighty embarrassed by the rumor she flew to Washington to wed Gene Markey? Turned out she spent most of her time with D. Lamour's ex-feller, Greg Bautzer . . . That Fred Astaire, in doubt about his age, wrote the Court Clerk in his native town in Omaha, asking whether he was born in 1899 or 1900? Clerk said it was '99 . . . That Katharine Hepburn who used to turn up her nose at fine feathers, astounded the town by revealing the bulk of her 1941 living expenses ($83,000) went for clothes?

That George Montgomery sealed his engagement by giving his Hedy a five-carat, blue-white diamond set in platinum . . . That Lucille Ball's newest gown is a silk print of Desi Arnaz's face? Cost her $40 . . . That Cary Grant's been presented with the annual award of the Screwballs of America, Inc. . . . That Marjorie Weaver's ex-husband, Lieut. Kenneth Schacht, U.S.N., has been reported "missing in action in Pacific waters" . . . That Leslie Fenton, former Hollywood director and husband of Ann Dvorak, received a leg fracture when he was injured by a bit of shrapnel during a British Commando raid on France . . . That Ted North is the sole heir to the $57,000 estate left by his father?

Good News About Richard Travis

What did Benvenuto Cellini have that Richard Travis hasn't? Dick says emphatically—looks! For no understandable reason other than cockeyed whimsy, Dick declares that he would rather look like the little man with the cunning goatee than anybody else living or dead! . . . but for the present, Dick shaves twice-over at one time when he's working on a picture . . . Far call from the day when, caught smoking corn silk on the front porch of his Arkansas home, 8-year-old Dickie was forced to listen

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 89)



Joe E. Brown joined bigtime batter Babe Ruth this side of the home plate—at the Hollywood Ball Park opening. Joe's just returned from a p.a. tour of Alaskan Army camps via dog sled!

—and STRIPES



It's stripes and shorts for Martha O'Driscoll and Susan Hayward, now in Paramount's "Reap the Wild Wind."

BY ELIZABETH WILLGUSS



Claim to fame for this red and white seersucker town suit is the abundantly pleated skirt, $4.64



Red, white and blue cotton shirt, $1.83, tops the smart, longer-length, Mexicana cloth shorts, $2.98.

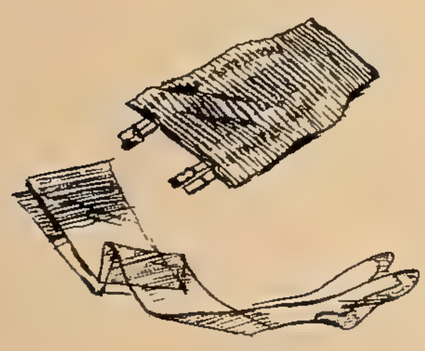


Blue and white chambray dirndl hen you want to dress up. $3.71. All dresses at your local shop or Macy's, N.Y.



Striped rayon panties, $.29, and fully mercerized cotton socks, $.15, keep down the cost for play.

● This is a summer when stripes stare you in the face and you can't get enough of them. With all the crisp, fresh cottons in the stores, you probably will have a striped chambray in the wash and a seersucker in the closet, and striped shorts or slacks on. Just so you won't have a guilty conscience about wanting to buy so many dresses, even though they are reasonable, figure out a way to save on other items. For instance, buy your cotton socks in the five-and-dime, also rayon panties, special-occasion girdle and stockings. Then go ahead and splurge on colorful cottons.



Save for your pet extravagances by buying a lightweight girdle at $.29 and ringless hose at $.25, in your local five-and-dime.





The more doodads the merrier. Especially like these. Flower pin, $.10; earrings, $.10, and shell necklace from Cuba, $.25.



When you want more than a pocket and less than a handbag, put your belongings in a flowered purse, $.10.

ALL ACCESSORIES AVAILABLE AT KRESGE'S OR YOUR FAVORITE 5 AND 10.

TO HAVE



DAZZLING BLACK AND WHITE. The better to complement the brunette beauty of Inez Cooper, M-G-M starlet, next to be seen in "Once Upon a Thursday." Look for this elasticized velour Jantzen, with its flattering flared skirt, when you vacation-shop. Pack it in your week-end suitcase, smugly knowing you will not go unnoticed.

RED, WHITE AND BLUE. That unbeatable combination reads in left-to-right panels. For the very slim, like petite M-G-M starlet, Dorothy Morris, soon to be seen in "Tulip Time" with Van Heflin.



● You'll swim this summer as always, but with the present emphasis on physical fitness, you will be more aware of what swimming does to tone up your body. Those of you who really swim, you waterbabies, know from your own lithe figures, what the scissor kick does for your thighs, and the breaststroke for your bosom, and the backstroke for your tummy. Swimming pools, outdoor or indoor, are just as much fun as the beaches, even more of a challenge. How many lengths can *you* do without getting winded? Don't feel sorry for yourself if you are stuck inland or in the city. Search for the nearest pool and budget enough for two, even three new bathing suits. Not just to avoid the clammy, wet-suit feeling, or to rotate for longer wear, but to please yourself and friends.

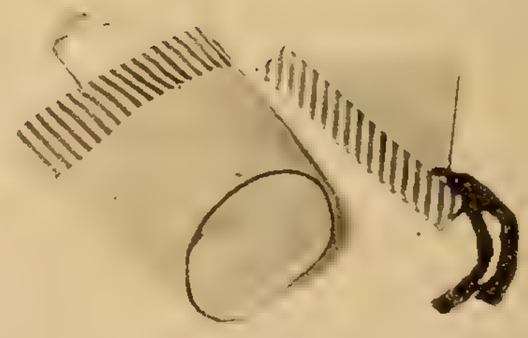


A multicolored play shoe to wear with slacks or shorts or a dirndl. Step-in sandal, broad strap, $1.95.



For anything you want to cart beachwards, including knitting, take this rope-handled cotton bag, $1.00.





You'll be a Yankee Doodle dandy with this yellow and blue denim set. Beach bag, $1.25; hat, $.79.

CASUAL AND CAREFREE. Answering your pleas for more printed cotton suits. Happily priced and nationally distributed like all Jantzens, it will team, as Inez Cooper shows, with good ol' Sol.

ND TO KEEP

by Elizabeth Willguss

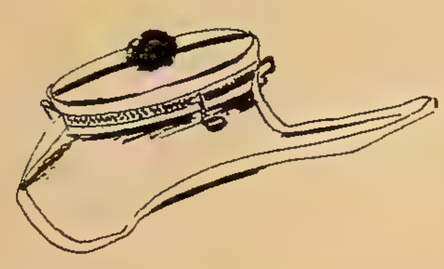
● Things being as they are, you won't need much prodding to take good care of every new piece of beachwear you buy, to say nothing of last year's stuff which, on going over, you've found to look almost like new. Here is crossing our fingers that you put away even your second-best bathing caps with loving care last fall, long before you were aware the counters in the five-and-dime would not, like other years, overflow with bright colored caps. If you should find some, they are last year's crop, so treat them with the respect that any 14-karat article deserves. Waterproofed beach bags are not to be tossed lightly aside when you come back from the beach, either. Wipe the lining with a cloth wrung out in fresh water, turn the bag inside out to dry. Whether your bathing suit is cotton or velour, rinse it immediately after wearing. Invest in some rubber cement to mend any tiny rip in rubber that is still fresh. Below are some rules from U. S. Rubber Co. Cut them out and paste them up!



AFTER THE SWIM. Rinse your cap in fresh water, dry, line with tissue paper. Remember swimming pool chemicals are just as destructive as ocean spray for rubber-rotting!



AFTER THE GAME. Last year you may have thrown your Keds in the closet, but now you look them over, and if they're soiled, you wash them carefully in warm, sudsy water.



A bag like a squashy beret, even to red pompon. With waterproof lining and shoulder strap. $1.95.



DON'T'S

1. Don't place rubber articles near heat.
2. Don't allow them to get near oil, grease, or gasoline.
3. Don't let them stand in sunlight.
4. Don't hang them over sharp objects or in any manner that will cause permanent strain.
5. Don't store carelessly in a wrinkled or creased condition.

DO'S

1. Dry all rubber goods slowly at room temperature.
2. Always clean rubber articles before putting away.
3. Provide a convenient, dry closet away from heat and light for storing your most commonly used rubber goods.
4. Inspect regularly all rubber articles not in use. The government needs useless items to supply the nation with reclaimed rubber.

SEERSUCKER SUBSTITUTE. Naturally you don't begrudge the 35-to-96 pounds of rubber that goes into each airplane tire, but wasn't it smart of the designers to dream up a novel substitute for the rubber bathing cap? Save your pennies for this new "air lite" turban. It is adjustable and waterproofed. Put on the loose cap, then tightly wind the long band with its spaghetti-fringe bow and your locks are safe and dry. Worth the $1.95.

FOR ACCESSORIES, TRY BEACH SHOP OF YOUR LOCAL STORE OR WRITE MODERN SCREEN

SO LONG, BUTTON—

He said it with a grin, she smiled in reply.

But when Ronnie went riding off to battle, he left his heart behind him!





Ronnie's plumb crazy about hosses and the steeplechase. Made spouse Janie equestrian-conscious by telling her how superlative she looked in jodhpurs and boots!

By Cynthia Miller

The Reagans aren't superstitious, but they had a funny feeling when a story he penned ages ago (about an actor called up to the colors) came true for him this year!

NOSE



Warner Bros. is screen-testing Ronnie's brother, Neal "Moon" Reagan, West Coast radio announcer.



Janie did a complete turnabout when she met Reagan. Switched from nightclub bloom to sportswoman. They used to worry 'cause they didn't have anything to fight about!



Cast as sweethearts in "Brother Rat," Ronnie and Janie ended up playing the real thing. Engagement ring's an enormous 52-karat amethyst (his birthstone), which she wears only on state occasions!

It's Jane's war now. It had been just The War, till one day she got home from the studio, and there was this funny expression on Ronnie's face— Now it's Jane's war.

She'd read about it. She'd worked for the Red Cross and been wakened by anti-aircraft fire and entertained the boys at army camps. She'd seen Ronnie's sick face bent over a picture of the small swollen bodies of children starved to death in Poland. "This," said the war-hating Reagan between set lips, "would make it a pleasure to kill." That night he'd stood a little longer beside the crib of Button-nose the Second, who'd inherited both the nose and the name from her mother.

She'd known Ronnie would go, that he'd probably have enlisted after Pearl Harbor if he hadn't been a member of the Cavalry Reserve. Five years ago, as a sports announcer in Des Moines, he'd grown friendly with some of the boys at the Fort and joined their outfit, mostly for the fun of riding a horse. After war broke out, they both knew it was only a question of time. Exams came from Washington, Ronnie toted books to and from the studio and boned up between shots. His papers were returned by the War Office, marked excellent.

"Yes, I suppose he's going," Jane told herself and didn't believe it. He was there every day. She couldn't imagine him not there. Till one day at the beginning of April she came home (*Continued on following page*)

from Twentieth Century-Fox where she was making "Footlight Serenade" on loan-out from Warners—

She came home mad. It had been one of those days when everything went wrong. She stormed upstairs to spill it to Ronnie, her safety valve. He generally laughed. For some reason, he thought her tantrums funny. Let him laugh. She'd get it off her chest anyway—

Ronnie was lying down. He'd had one of his rare days off from "Desperate Journey," his current picture. The letter had arrived after Jane left. He'd spent the hours waiting, fighting a sense of oppression, hoping something would happen to give him an idea how best to break the news—

She burst in and slammed her hat on the bed. "Has *this* been a day! So help me, Ronnie, nothing can happen to touch what's happened to me today—"

He didn't laugh. He looked at her, and there was this funny expression on his face. Before he said it, she knew what he was going to say. "Sorry, honey, because here's something else—"

He gave her the notice, calling Second Lieutenant Ronald Reagan of the United States Cavalry Reserve to active duty on April 20th at Fort Mason, California. A piece of white paper that changed their lives. You can expect and expect a thing to happen but, till it hits you, it's as if you'd never expected it at all. Now it's real, she thought. Now it's Ronnie's war and mine.

Neither ate much that night. They avoided direct reference to what lay ahead. There were business details



Ronnie's last picture before induction was Warners' "Desperate Journey" with Errol Flynn and Arthur Kennedy. Janie's making "Footlight Serenade" for TCF, plans to continue with her career.



Ronnie used to tease Janie by calling Maureen "Nutsie" and "Monkeypuss." Broke all nursery rules babying her and violated THE cardinal principle by picking her up whenever she wept!

to discuss—nothing of any consequence, since they own everything jointly—what's Ronnie's is Jane's, and the other way 'round, including their salaries. But Ronnie had always kept the books. Now Jane would have to. That was all right. She understood his bookkeeping system. She'd made the entries when he was busy, and she wasn't. Some night he could go over the whole thing with her. He'd always said she'd make a good business woman. Here was her chance to show him.

They were both working and, as it happened, Ronnie worked nights through most of those two weeks. That was tough luck, but they wasted no time bewailing it. Both have stamina and balance. Neither is the kind to indulge in emotionalism. After the first day or two of avoidance, the subject of their coming separation slipped into the open, and they found it a relief. The weight rested less heavy inside. "Like ten million others," said Ronnie, "I'm sorry that such a thing has to come to the world. Also like ten million others, I wish that twenty years ago when they had a chance to finish it, they'd finished it. Now it's a job that has to be done—the job of ten million others and yours truly."

They kidded about it. "Turned out all right, your love affair with horses," said Jane. "Second looeys get prettier uniforms than buck privates."

"Listen, hon. When they find out Reagan's in the army, those damn Japs'll crawl right back into the hole they came out of! What do they call it? Tokyo?"

He laid out a schedule for her. The bills rolled in from the twentieth of one month to the tenth of the next. She figured that by giving it (*Continued on page 84*)



Like to Read Other People's Mail?

May not be polite—but it's fun!

The cream of their correspondence—love letters and nutty notes—from Lamarr,

Mature and gang to their intimate friends!



Red Skelton

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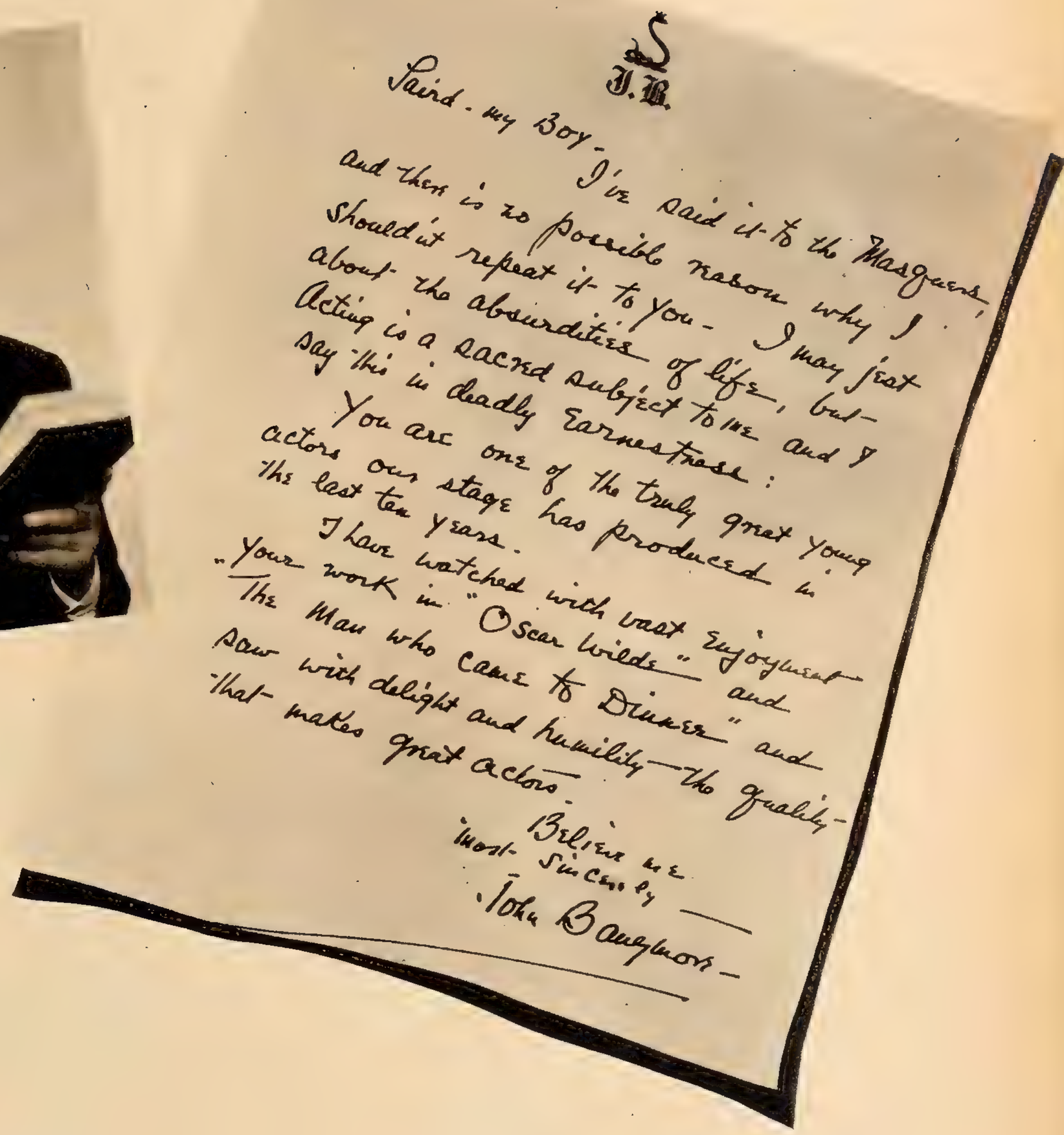
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THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR THE AUTOGRAPHED PICTURE TO MY NEPHEW MARVIN IF YOU HAVE ANOTHER ONE I WOULD SINCERELY LIKE TO HAVE IT FOR MY PERSONAL COLLECTION. THANKING YOU VERY MUCH FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION. SINCERELY=

RED SKELTON



John Barrymore



BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

A raid on Hollywood letter files shows that film kids are prodigious letter writers, scratching out notes at the drop of a yo-yo, saving them, too; that their elders are more lax in writing, preferring to wait until they meet each other (could it be caution?) to say their say.

Long known as wire-pullers, the filmsters are great wire-senders, too, briskly dispatching to each other telegrams of congratulation, tender sentiment and just plain old fun. Cagney is a card at the latter sort of thing. Ask Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh, Lynne Overman and the other boys who dine together regularly at Chasen's on Friday nights. Fight night.

Love letters and letters of artistic appreciation vie for first place, with artistic appreciation winning in the photo-finish. The stars like a bit of flattery, as much as you do. They're human, too. So let's take a look at what their personal, very private files disclose. . . .

Hedy Lamarr to Ann Sothern: A hurriedly scribbled note, but sincere, from an A-1 Glamour Girl, Hedy Lamarr, who knows the anguish of such moments, to "Pluto," otherwise Ann Sothern ("she has such big eyes, like Pluto the pup," explains Hedy) at a needed time in Ann's life—the time of her separation from Roger Pryor:

Dear Pluto:

This alone business is no good for the first little while. So I plant myself on you for dinner tonight, then you go home with me for a few days. We will chitter together all night like in boarding school. Or we won't chitter. Only come.

My love to you,
HEDY

Louis Hayward to Ida Lupino Hayward: Comes now Love, the runner-up in the letter handicap, with a husbandly note from (*Continued on following page*)



June Havoc

Dearest Gypola:

Whaddya mean "It must be nice to sit in the California sun all day?" I want you to tussle your bussle into a chair and really take a double gander at these lines. Listen Gyppie: I get up at 5 a.m. ... I stagger to my car after falling through an orange ... I drive blindly thru the dawn with my radio blaring "Scrub Me Mamma With a Boogie Beat," but loud (otherwise I would slump gracefully on the floor and give up). When I get to the studio, I am grasped firmly by the pathetic top-knot left on my noggin and given a triple-threat shampoo, then placed before the mirror where I can disconsolately gaze at my weary, worn features, and "done". That means my hair is put up and then I am thrust under a dryer and forgotten for twenty minutes - twenty LOVELY minutes - at the end of which I am scraped from under the dryer and carried to the make-up room. They hopefully massage my face with Brillo - place lovingly two pounds of grease-paint on it - then they look at each other and shrug and I am on my own. Ah yes, the California sun is lovely - I wonder what shade it is these days?

I have lost ten pounds out here and now they are considering me for the title role in "Frankenstein's Debutante Daughter." I'll make it yet.

Love and all that silly sister stuff,

June

JANE WITHERS

Dear Freddie:

I've racked my brains (at least I hope they've brains!) for something that would fit into that book of yours, and it seems to me that the best advice I ever received was from Will Rogers, years ago.

Believe it or not, I had been asked to coach Mr. Rogers in a few impersonations -- imagine me doing that! But I did, and when we finished he said something to me that I shall always remember.

"Jane" he said, "never forget this . . . it's great to be great but it's greater to be human".

And I've never forgotten it. Will this do?

Good-bye until Friday -

Jane Withers



Jane Withers and Freddie Bartholomew

Louis Hayward to Ida Lupino ("Loopy") Hayward. Outwardly it may sound completely Mr.-and-Mrs., but to Ida it marks the felling of an evil rumor, current last autumn, that the Haywards had "pffft."

Dearest Loopy Woman:

Why do I call you that?

What am I doing here when you're there?

I've seen a lot of people and read a lot of plays and hoped a lot of hopes, and the rest is uncertainty. Read the topper last night—God, how I'd love to do it!—a part like nothing I've ever done before. Which sounds like John Barrymore playing a ham, so let's leave it till I get home. Starting at the crack of dawn, four in the

morning by the southern route, and no stopovers. Object: to see your silly beautiful face again as soon as possible. Don't worry. I'll eat, I'll keep my feet dry, I won't pass on a hill or slaughter so much as one dear little cottontail.

Don't wait up for me, and if you hear footsteps in the dead of night, make sure they're not mine before calling the cops. The password is you-know-what.

I hope you're taking things easy on the set. Sure. And I hope Hitler died yesterday.

Do you still love me, my lovely?

Your
LOUIS

William Holden to Glenn Ford

Dear Gwyllyn:

So you're going to Quebec. Personal appearances, huh? Well, you're the shy type, and the folks'll love you. Don't push it too far though. Scrub behind the ears and keep your fingers out of your mouth.

Mind if I talk to you like a mother, Gwyll? After all, you've spent most of your life among the hillbillies of Santa Monica while I've had the big-town advantages of Pasadena. So for handy reference, just stick this in that farmer's pocketbook you call a wallet. To city slickers you may be just another setup, but to me you're human.

Memo for New York: Brooklyn Bridge, Central Park and the Bronx Zoo are nailed down. Don't make a down payment on them. Even the monkeys are not for sale, and besides, why bring another monkey to Hollywood? Where it says keep off the grass, keep off. If a cop gets you, and you tell the judge you're a movie actor, he'll pop you into jail without asking for a second crime.

Don't wait for a streetcar on Broadway. Take a taxi, and don't talk back to the chauffeur. He knows more than you do about practically anything. The guy at the hotel door isn't a general, no matter how he's dressed, so don't try to get by with a salute. Tip him and tip him good, or next time he'll jam your finger in the taxi door.

Memo for Quebec: Leave your tommyhawk home. The Indians don't live there any more. Don't try to talk French. If they don't understand English, use signs. That way, you won't be lynched for lynching their language. Don't try to impress them in the restaurants by asking for frogs' legs. Frogs' legs to them are ham and eggs to you. If you have to be different, ask for a nutburger and see what you get.

General: You may get a few requests for autographs. Don't mention "The Adventures of Martin Eden" in the first breath. Mention "Texas" instead. I was in that, remember? You might even say, Bill Holden was in that, remember? This will give you a reputation for modesty. You can then sign my name in their books, and before you know it, they'll be swarming, pulling buttons off your coat and hairs off your head.

Oh, that's all right, Gwyllyn. I know you'd do the same for me.

Sincerely your friend,
BILL

Vic Mature to Vic Mature

Listen, jerk, this town's a fight ring. Today you're the champ, tomorrow you're a bum. Now they're glad-handing you, pretty soon they'll be tying a can to your tail. You asked for it, brother. Lap it up while it's good. If it goes sour tomorrow, you've still had a run for your money.

And don't kid yourself, bo. The world's full of better actors who never got a break. Believe your publicity. You're just a lucky hunk of ham.

Katharine Hepburn to Lucille Ball

A real prize, and one treasured by Lucille Ball . . . a note from Katharine Hepburn, angular script on chaste white card, thanking Lucy for the imported English cashmere scarves she sent following their work together in "Stage Door."

Lucille, now that's what I call terrifically angelic. How could you bear to part with them? I couldn't have. But then I'm a pig from way back.

They couldn't have come timelier. Up at Pathé they're trying to freeze me out. Shiver, and they say: "Huh! Temperamental." Since I've been wearing your scarves, they think I'm wonderful. Cooperative they call it. I call it warm.

Warms my heart too, your thinking of me.

Affectionately,
KATE

And, golly, how they match my suits!

Ann Sothern to Ann Sheridan Brent

Annie Poo:

Does the lucky stiff know what a lucky stiff he is? (As between us girls, I think you're doing okay too, toots. Good thing you saw José first—)

Incidentally, what do you need that looks good with a monogram?

And nifties aside, I'm happy as a grig for you both. That's from the heart.

(Continued on page 78)

Two Madly Flattering
SUMMER SHADES

Pond's New Dreamflower Powder

For Blondes—"DUSK ROSE." Gorgeous new soft rose-beige. Sure-fire glamour with the wonderful rosy undertones of sun-kissed blondes.

For Brunettes—"DARK RACHEL." Richest of all 6 new Dreamflower shades. Makes toasty brunette tan look velvety—but unpowdered!

You'll adore Pond's new "misty-soft" Dreamflower texture . . . and the adorable new BIG Dreamflower box—only 49¢! 2 smaller sizes, too.

"Such a *lovely* powder! Pond's new Dreamflower shades are so fresh and sweet—and the new texture is ideally smooth and soft-looking on my skin."
MRS. ALLAN A. RYAN



New Pond's "LIPS" —stays on Longer

5 full-of-ideas "Stagline" shades—with flaming Rascal Red the big summer news.

Actual 10¢ size!
(There's a larger size, too)



FREE! 6 New Dreamflower Powder Shades

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-PG, Clinton, Conn.
Just so I can be absolutely sure to get the Dreamflower shade perfect for me, please send me FREE SAMPLES of all 6 of Pond's new Dreamflower Powders, including Dusk Rose and Dark Rachel.

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*City*_____ *State*_____
(Offer applies only in U.S.)

BEAUTY and the BATH



Using refreshing, fragrant bath aids, Martha makes her bath and shower a delightful luxury rather than a chore.

By CAROL CARTER



Lovely Martha O'Driscoll, Paramount player appearing in "Young and Willing."

Here's how Hollywood lovelies keep cool and well groomed despite klieg lights and summer sun!



She uses cooling skin fresheners, toners and colognes for further invigoration and fragrant loveliness.



After her bath, a light dusting of fragrant bath powder or talcum keeps her skin satiny smooth and petal soft.



Frequent pedicures and applying lotions and creams keep feet smooth and help ward off foot discomfort.

Creamy gardenias wait expectantly on your dressing table. (They just arrived!) Your gayest party dress is carefully spread on the bed and delicious trills of excitement tingle in your spine. For there's no doubt about it; tonight is going to be something special in dates. And, of course, you're going to insure your *beauty* with a bath, using all the glamour tips of the Hollywood stars.

And aren't you glad you have already laid such an excellent beauty foundation when you learned long ago that everyday cleanliness, well-brushed and shampooed hair, clean teeth, sparkling eyes were the beginnings of all good looks. Then, on important date nights like this when you want, above all, to look dainty and unflurried, you have all your preparations made. Good grooming will proceed like clockwork. No rummaging through crowded drawers for toilet articles. No sudden realization that you haven't a single clean slip to your name. Your lingerie is always petal fresh. For everyday use, you've kept a box of snowy soap flakes or a bar of easy lathering, floating soap with your beauty aids so that while running your nightly bath you can whisk your stockings and undies through a foaming basin of suds. Here's an extra glamour hint: pour a generous splash of your favorite toilet water or cologne into the final rinsing water. You'll always be surrounded with a faint but delicious cloud of fine scent that lingers on refreshingly.

Before you step into your bath is the time to examine your nails. Polish a bit cracked or chipped? Well, get out your lacquer remover and prepare the way for a fresh, gleaming coat of polish to be applied after the bath is finished. Remember to match it with the color of lipstick and dress you intend to wear. If your sandals are revealing, plan to give toe nails a coat of polish, also.

Polish off? Then plunge your hand into a jar of cleansing cream and smooth rich gobs of it all over your face, your neck and arms. Remember, your complexion does not end with your jawline. It's important —especially with evening clothes—that the skin of your arms and neck be smooth and soft as cream. If you've been a girl with foresight and budgeted your time carefully, you can relax in the tub with cream on your face. This is an effective home treatment for softening and toning the skin, as delightful in its results as a luxurious salon facial. The warmth from your tub will not only smooth your complexion, it will also set your hair if you cooperate by pinning it in curls before your bath. Protect your head with a net and splash all you want. The warm, moist air will set your hair neatly.

You'll feel like a pampered darling, if now, before stepping into the tub, you (*Continued on page 70*)


Barbara Day

MODERN SCREEN'S GOOD GROOMING *chart*

FOR	DO THIS	WITH THESE
COOLING OFF	Refresh yourself with a lukewarm bath, using bath salts, water softener, bath oil, toilet water or cologne in the water. Lather all over with mild cleansing soap and relax. After bathing, apply after-bath rub or cooling cologne or toilet water. Dust yourself with bath or talcum powder. Apply a deodorant or perspiration check.	bath salts or water softener, bath oil, toilet water, cologne mild soap, after-bath rub, bath or talcum powder, deodorant perspiration check.
FRAGRANT DAINTINESS	Keep yourself fresh and dainty by bathing daily or oftener. Apply deodorant wherever skin touches skin and to other perspiration areas. Use anti-perspirant several times a week. Sprinkle deodorizing powder into shoes and other close-fitting garments. Spray body with favorite scent.	bath accessories, deodorant, anti-perspirant, deodorizing foot powder, favorite scent.
DEFUZZING	Remove excess hair from arms, legs and underarms weekly or whenever needed. Follow carefully directions for the use of the type of depilatory that you prefer—whether cream, wax or liquid or one of those handy little abrasive mitts. Apply skin cream or lotion afterward.	depilatory—cream, wax, liquid or abrasive mitt—skin cream or lotion.
IRRITATED SKIN	Bathe skin with lukewarm water and mild soap, or cleanse with light, fluffy summer cream. Apply cream or lotion daily after bathing, and dust on bath or talcum powder.	mild soap, light fluffy cream, protective lotion or cream, dusting or talcum powder.
A REFRESHING BATH	Sprinkle bath salts, bubbles, cologne or toilet water in tub of lukewarm water. Lather body with free-lathering soap and scrub with soft bath brush. Remove rough skin on elbows and feet with pumice. Follow up with a brisk rub-down with after-bath rub, cologne or toilet water, and apply fragrant talcum or dusting powder freely.	bath salts, bubbles, cologne, toilet water, soap, bath brush, pumice, after-bath rub, talcum or dusting powder.

FOOTNOTES ON BEAUTY

by CAROL CARTER



Lana Turner, appearing in "Johnny Eager," is beautiful from head to toe.

What with the tire shortage and your increased interest in sports and defense work, you're going to be going more places than ever on your own two legs this summer. And though you may have the face of an angel, you won't be any man's conception of a dream walking unless your footwork is perfect. That requires trim, comfortable feet, lovely-to-look-at legs and a graceful way of carrying yourself.

You may not have thought of it before but it's patriotic, as well as to your advantage, to take care of those underpinnings. The listless girl whose feet are forever hurting her slows down whatever activity she enters. And while she's suffering needlessly, she's destroying the good impression she hopes to create—by an edgy disposition or strained facial expression.

If you want to have pep that makes for popularity and efficiency, too, be smart and wear shoes that fit your feet—not your idea how small they should be. Men tell us they seldom notice the size of a girl's shoes, but it's easy to spot the girl who wedges her feet into shoes that are too short or too narrow. Her feet just plain hurt, and she can't relax and enjoy herself—whether dancing, walking or just sitting and chatting. If you want graceful, comfortable feet, be sure also to select stockings that are long enough, for undersized hose cause almost as much discomfort as shoes that are incorrectly fitted.

These summery days when even the most normal feet seem to swell and become too big for shoes, make it a point to give your feet a little extra care. After your daily bath, massage with a soothing foot cream or lotion. Then, sprinkle a little powder over them and into each shoe to keep feet dry, cool and comfortable. If yours is the kind of job that keeps you standing all day long, don't stop with these small attentions. Relieve your tired feet nightly with a thorough foot bath, using all the antiseptic, soothing preparations made specially to draw out soreness and aching. You'll feel like someone gave you a new pair. Here's how you do it:

Dip your feet into warm water and let them soak for at least 10 minutes.

Then, with a stiff brush and sudsy soap

You'll go places this summer if you keep your two feet comfortable and well groomed and your legs trim, shapely and lovely to look at!

or a special foot soap, go over your feet briskly, concentrating mostly on the soles and around the toes and cuticles. Then, rinse your feet in alternate baths of warm and cold water until your feet feel soothed and relaxed, and dry them thoroughly. (This bath and successive rinsing are particularly effective, if your feet are inclined to perspire too freely in summer weather. Also use special foot salts in your water to help correct this condition and be lavish with powder before slipping into your pumps.)

Next comes a stimulating, yet soothing, massage with foot cream or lotion. Grasp your foot firmly with both hands near the toes and with a firm pressure smooth upward from toe to heel and up your ankle. When both feet have been eased, dust them with powder.

Even if your job doesn't require a lot of leg work, give your feet the above treat once a week. It will keep your step lively and graceful and improve the appearance of your feet. And the latter is something you ought to be concerned about always—but particularly this time of year when you wear revealing sandals for dancing or spend holidays at the beach. If you have any ugly foot disfigurements, get rid of them. They're often caused by improperly fitted shoes, so first correct your footwear, then give those blemishes proper treatment.

For instance, if you have a corn, apply a specially medicated pad or special lotion after bathing your feet. In a few days, the corn will soften sufficiently so that it can be easily pressed out with a blunt instrument, such as your orange stick wrapped in cotton. If it's a callous that detracts from foot beauty and comfort, get rid of it by applying a special callous pad or lotion. Generally, this heavy tissue can be peeled away within several days. However, if a callous is particularly tough and resistant, visit a good chiropodist.

Always be wary of blisters; they not only put a damper on your fun temporarily, but may cause you serious trouble, if neglected. First, try to prevent them by discarding shoes which rub or by inserting specially designed devices into your shoes which make them fit better. If, however, you do get a blister, keep it clean and protect it with antiseptic gauze or a special gauze pad applied with adhesive. Never apply adhesive tape directly over an injury.

Film stars, dancers and aqua belles everywhere whose figures are part of their fortunes, never miss giving their feet as much care and grooming as their hands, so why not follow their lead and give yourself a pedicure at least once a week? You want to be proud of your feet when you go swimming with the crowd. Every thorough pedicure, of course, begins with a foot bath and massage. Then take off old polish with special remover and cleansing tissue, and file or clip your nails straight across to avoid ingrowing at the corners. With a cotton-wound orange stick, go around the bases and under the tips with cuticle softener to remove dull, ugly tissue. Scrub your toes briskly with a firm-bristled brush and dry them with a thick, fluffy towel. Then, apply a bit of nail white under the tips and rinse again.

Last, highlight your nails with a polish shade to match your fingertips. Even if you don't intend to expose your feet to public view, you'll find them fascinating to watch when you walk about in your own room and you'll have the inner satisfaction of knowing you're flawlessly groomed from top to toe. Separate your toes with tufts of cotton or cleansing tissue so polish won't smear, then apply your lacquer evenly, stroking downward.



Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2 *under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .*

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.
3. See how *gentle* FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading vanishing cream is not greasy—not gritty—and not sticky.
4. See how *convenient* FRESH #2 is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.
5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.



Make your own test. Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. If you don't agree that FRESH #2 is the best under-arm cream you've ever used, the test will cost you nothing because your dealer will be glad to refund your purchase price upon request. FRESH, Louisville, Ky.

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

It's sweet to be a "smoothie" with

IMRA

IMRA* de-fuzzes delightfully! This amazing new cosmetic cream depilatory removes superfluous hair quickly, pleasantly. Pure white cream. **No bad smell!** You smooth it on legs, arms, under-arms...Later, rinse it off. Skin is hair-free! **No nicks, no scars, no ugly razor stubble.** Two sizes: 65c and $1. Trial size (at drug or 5&10c stores), 25c.

Or send coupon below.



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I enclose 28c_____72c_____$1.10_____(stamps or coin, including Federal Tax) for a tube of IMRA. (Check size)

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Let's consider legs, too. They come in for their share of attention always—whether you're in a swim suit, shorts or just swinging along the street in a smart summer frock. So don't let an ugly growth of excess hair detract from their shapely beauty when defuzzing takes just a few minutes. Whether you use a modern cream, liquid or wax depilatory or one of those handy little abrasive mitts, you'll find any of them effective.

If you go stockingless this summer, you'll want those legs of yours to be smooth as satin, so massage them regularly with a rich emollient cream or lotion. And don't forget to use special make-up on your legs to give them a lovely dull finish that's as flattering as the most expensive hose.

Is your walk lithe and graceful, expressing poise and youthful buoyancy? Why not watch yourself as you pass a shop window or a long mirror? If you find that you mince, wobble from side to side, toe in or out or have any other ungraceful mannerism, set about to correct your walk. For allover loveliness, it's as important to use your feet and legs gracefully as it is to keep them well groomed. An attractive carriage, of course, begins with good posture, so remember to hold yourself tall with shoulders back, tummy tucked in so that an imaginary straight line might run from your ears, through your shoulder to your ankle bone. Then, walk, swinging your legs rhythmically forward from your hips, keeping your knees straight but not stiff. Be sure that you toe directly forward, placing your weight briefly first on the ball of your foot then on your heel. If you find it hard to maintain good posture while walking, practice moving about with a book balanced on your head.

This will be a summer of dancing, walking and cycling for you—and your legs are always in the limelight. To be 1-A in the glamour classification, you need to keep your feet comfortable and healthy and your legs shapely and well groomed.

Summertime, particularly this summer, 1942, when more walking than ever is in order, is an excellent season to start catering to your feet and to avail yourself of all those aids that help keep your walkers cool, healthy and happy. Every week should be foot comfort week to you, but to bring the how's and why's of foot care to the attention of the public, Dr. Scholl inaugurated a National Foot Comfort Week twenty-six years ago. This year it's June 20 to 27, and stores everywhere selling foot aids will cooperate through trained personnel, counter and window displays and informative literature to help solve your foot problems.

BEAUTY AND THE BATH

(*Continued from page 65*)

smooth a sweet-smelling bath oil over your body. Then for extra bathing spice, swish a generous handful of bath crystals or water softener into the water. The really fastidious gal never steps into a tub without using some form of water softener or crystals. After they're used there is never any unsightly ring to mark the tub and, incidentally, the skin is left soft and smooth. For a bracing, tonic effect, try cologne or toilet water in your bath, also.

Now that you are in the tub relax completely. Stretch luxuriously in the scented water and work up a good lather with a fragrant soap to harmonize with your bath aids or, if you prefer, use a clean-smelling, floating bar soap. In any case, remember that a mild free-lathering one is your surest beauty aid. Then, to work with the bath brush! Scrub vigorously, paying special attention to elbows, heels and the section of your back between the shoulder blades. Feet in particular respond to this scrubbing. The massage sends the blood tingling, makes your step lighter and more buoyant. Smooth off foot callouses, tough cuticle and rough skin with a piece of pumice or one of those clever new files made expressly for the purpose. You'll be dancing more radiantly later on because of this short interval of foot care.

Finish your bath with a flesh-tingling, exhilarating shower. Reach for a clean, soft towel and dry yourself briskly. Be particularly careful about drying your feet. Don't neglect one of your ten precious toes. Dry them carefully and then, to be certain that your feet remain bath-fresh all evening, dust them with a special foot powder.

Perhaps the nicest thing about the bath ritual is the after-bath routine. For now is the time when you apply a cool, tangy body lotion, after-bath rub, cologne or toilet water. The universal method of applying them is to swish the lotion of your choice on in generous handfuls. Or you might prefer to use it in an atomizer and to bathe yourself in a cloud of fine scent. Allow it to dry. Then gently sift a fine talcum or dusting powder all over yourself.

Now, spanking clean and freshly perfumed from your bath, is the proper time to use a deodorant. For you want to preserve your brand new daintiness all through the evening. Your bath alone is no protection against perspiration that will form during an evening of active rhumba-ing to your favorite orchestra. Also, if necessary with your deodorant, use any effective, authorized perspiration check in either liquid, cream or powder form. And remember, the underarm is not the only area to be safe-guarded. Use your favorite anti-perspirant freely on your back and wherever skin touches skin. As a matter of habit you should, of course, be using a good anti-perspirant every two or three days. If you perspire freely it would certainly be a good idea to tuck a miniature size of your deodorant into your purse for the proverbial ounce of prevention. You'll realize that the question of complete personal daintiness is pretty important when you hear these surprising statistics: Fully 50% of women suffer a heavy annual loss in dresses through perspiration stains. Why, one woman alone who uses no anti-perspiration measures will ruin $39.50 worth of dresses in a year! And there's no counting the number of lost romances. Your legs, arms and underarms are, of course, smooth and free of unsightly hair. A necessary part of beauty, this, achieved by regular use of your favorite depilatory whether it's cream, wax or liquid, or a convenient abrasive mitt.

You are now completely fresh, cool and dainty from your bath. This ritual has heightened all your natural beauty and now art is coming to the aid of nature! You turn to your make-up table confident that you are thoroughly and immaculately feminine. Your face has been lubricated and revived by the earlier creaming while in the tub. Now to close the pores and strengthen the

muscles, pat on a crystal-cool freshener.

Now, your face powder. A fresh puff goes without saying, of course. But before you fluff the lightest dab of powder on your cheek, make certain that you have smoothed a fine complexion base on face and neck. Work it in well, don't be too stingy with it. Then over this satin-smooth foundation, carefully and generously pat your favorite face powder. The technique used in Hollywood studios is to put as much powder on the puff as it will hold and then gently press it against the skin. Never slap your face with the puff to get the last grain of powder. Your skin is too delicate for such rough treatment. Brush off excess powder with a fine complexion brush that also does a good job of blending. Then, a glow of rouge to brighten your eyes. Brush out your hair, flicking a bit of brilliantine through it with your comb to bring out all its sheen.

Here is where you can make use of all the coquettish perfume tricks that beautiful women have been bewitching mere males with for centuries. Spray on a whiff of good scent. Lightly trace the outline of your brows with it. Or mark the part of your hair with a faint touch of perfume; sheer enchantment for a night of dancing.

You want your lips to be soft, dewy and lushly feminine-looking, so avoid ugly smears by using a lipstick pencil. You'll be surprised at what a neat job you can do with this handy aid. For longwearing lips, try this Hollywood trick: After the first application of lipstick dust your lips with powder, whisk off the excess with a soft utility brush and then apply a second coat of lipstick and blot away the excess with cleansing tissue. The first layer of lipstick makes an impregnable base.

But don't let your lips steal compliments from your eyes. Highlight them with cream, cake form or liquid mascara, brushed on in a filmy coat to accentuate the natural warmth and color of your eyes. Darken your brows with brisk strokes of your eyebrow pencil and subtly apply shadow.

To retain that delightfully invigorated, fresh feeling you have after bathing, dust yourself all over with a soothing, cooling bath powder. If you're looking for one that will spread as smooth as satin, why not try Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. It has the same fine quality of face powder and the delicate fragrance that men love. Be cool, be dainty this summer. Let Cashmere Bouquet Talcum give you charm.

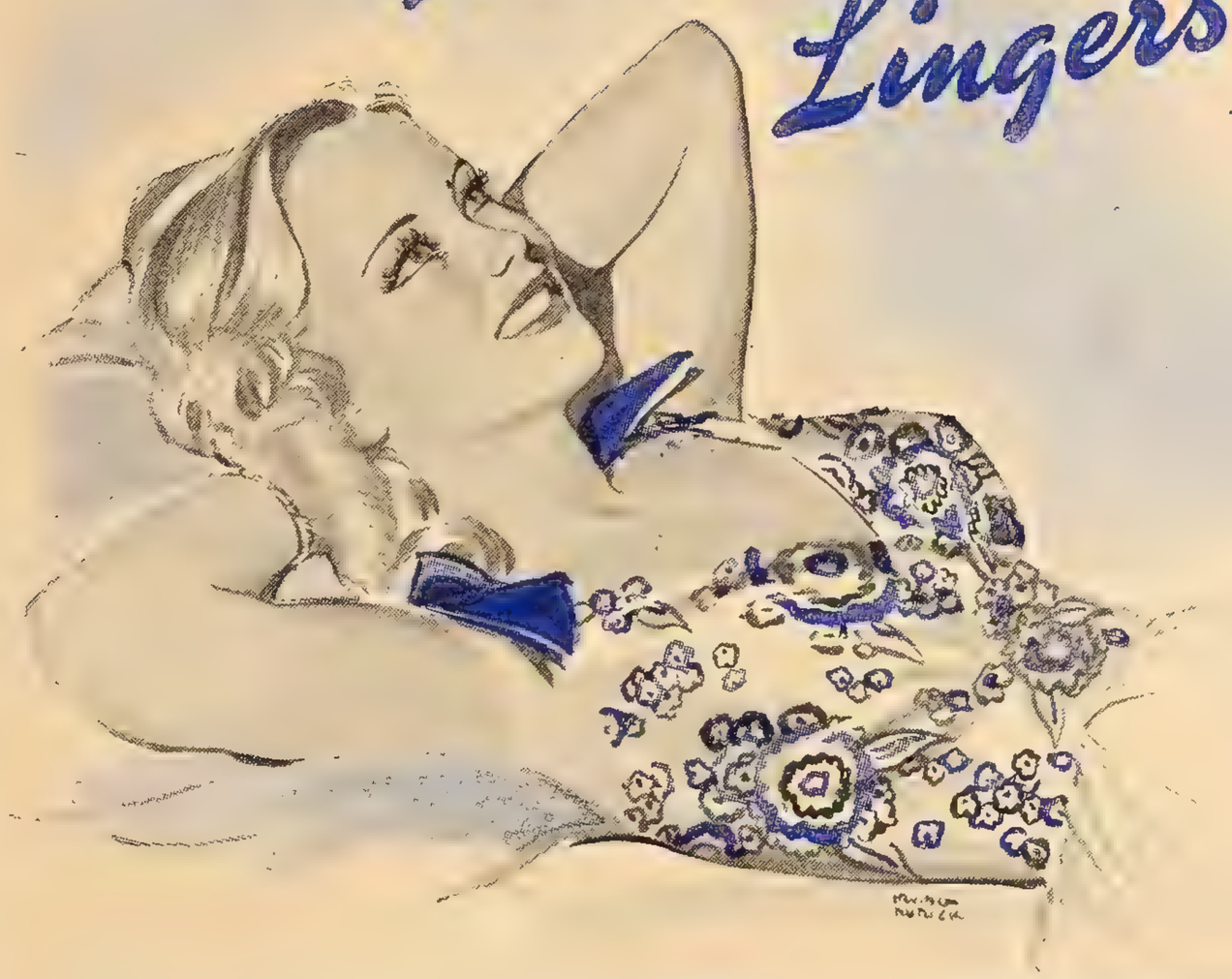
If you want to do your bit for Uncle Sam, conserve your hair pins and use them over and over again. They're made of valuable steel, you know, that can be converted into war uses. Why not get off to a right start now and equip yourself with a Victory Hair Pin Kit which contains sufficient pins for a complete hair-do. It's smaller than your compact and as light as your powder puff, so take it with you to your hairdresser's or keep it handy on your dressing table for setting your own locks with ease.

TO GENE AUTRY FAN CLUBBERS

Dozens of requests have been flowing into the offices of MODERN SCREEN for a color portrait of Gene Autry which your publication announced we were giving away. Unfortunately, we made no such offer at any time, and, while we should like to oblige fans, we find it impossible to meet the demand.

THE EDITORS.

The Memory Lingers On



This was it . . . the real thing . . . the night you dreamed about ever since freckles and pigtails.

And now you re-live every precious minute . . .

That look in his eyes when you floated down the staircase.

The way he held you close as you danced. And how he sulked, when the stag line caught up with you!

Then like the climax to a great play . . . he suggested a stroll in the moonlight. You felt like a leading lady, walking with him on the terrace . . .

And to think you almost didn't go tonight . . . almost called it off!

If it hadn't been for Jane, you'd have let trying days of the month rule your life! But remember how she laughed at your worries . . . made you promise to switch to Kotex sanitary napkins?

As she put it—it's comfort you want most, and most everyone knows Kotex is *more comfortable!*



Because Kotex is made in soft folds, it's naturally less bulky . . . more comfortable . . . made to stay soft while wearing. A lot different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch.

Then, too, Kotex has flat, pressed ends that do away with bumps and bulges. And a new moisture-resistant "safety shield" for *added* protection. No wonder your lingering doubts and fears vanished completely!

So you've decided that from now on Kotex is "a must". Now you know why it's more popular than all other brands of pads *put together!*

Be confident . . . comfortable . . . carefree

—with Kotex*!



'TAIN'T IN TEXT BOOKS! Where's a girl to learn all about her "problem"? The new free booklet, "As One Girl To Another" tells all. Mail name and address to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MM-7, Chicago, and get copy postpaid and FREE. (★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

LOVE THUMBED A RIDE

(*Continued from page 45*)

her what she wanted, and, from the sheet-music menu, she selected a beverage with an exotic name. George said he'd have the same. "I was brought up to think you should always do that when you take a lady out," he explains this most charming of Western mannerisms.

When the order arrived, it was a triumph. Cracked ice in a bowl almost big enough for a family of fish; inside that was a tall, thin, iced glass. George felt that he had done the right thing—for etiquette's sake and the photographers—so he said to the waiter, "Could I have a glass of milk, please?"

Hedy looked up at George and smiled. "Could I have one, too, please?"

So, on their first date, George and Hedy hid two glasses of milk behind a pair of elaborate bar concoctions and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. They danced. They didn't talk very much; sometimes words aren't necessary when eyes meet and cling.

hamburger heaven . . .

After Mocambo closed they drove down to the beach and watched the furious pounding of winter surf. Then they went to a drive-in to have hamburgers. "How do you feel about onions?" he asked Hedy.

"I love them," she confessed.

"What a girl!" To the carhop he said, "Two hamburgers with *everything*."

George is a hamburger connoisseur. During the one year he attended the University of Montana, he worked his way through by serving as a cook in a hamburger stand. He insists that he is a 4-star chef; he learned this knack from an old sheepherder when the two of them used to be isolated for weeks at a time out on the range. "I can make the best biscuits you ever flapped a lip over," he says. "Flannel cakes, corn bread, potato pancakes with sliced onion . . . I can really turn 'em out."

Lucky Hedy—because she doesn't cook. She says that she's lazy. The only thing she makes—and does it in larrapin' style—is what she calls her "million" island dressing.

George gets a huge kick out of Hedy's occasional struggles with English. The other day as they were hiking along a country lane, she looked up at him and said eagerly, "Some time we'll go back to Amorocco again, won't we?"

George says that whatever Hedy wants, he'll get for her—forever—but this request had to be cleared up. "Where?" he asked. After all, Hedy has traveled a great deal, but she and George haven't yet had time to discuss many of the places she knows well.

"The Amorocco," she repeated. "You know, where we went for our first date—the night we fell in love."

Dawn. "Oh, the MOCAMBO!"

They clung to each other and laughed. From that moment to this they call the Mocambo the Amorocco.

Almost immediately after they met, both George and Hedy went into pictures. Hedy was working days in "Tortilla Flat" and George was working nights in "Ten Gentlemen From West Point." But they couldn't bear to let a day go by without seeing one another. Somehow they m a n a g e d it—George would spend an hour or so in the morning on the M-G-M set where Hedy was working and Hedy, the instant she was through work, would rush over to the 20th lot to spend an hour or so with George. Only when he was on location at distant Idylwild (which Hedy calls Isle Wyle) did they miss that daily visit.

By the way, to illustrate George's rapid-fire sense of humor, when he was asked if "Ten Gentlemen From West Point" was a "period" picture, he grinned. "Well, considering the circumstances at the time, for me it was a 'coma' picture."

No matter what happened during the week, George and Hedy managed to have their Sundays together—long, golden days filled with the magic of early California spring. They drove into the country where the fields were green with young grain. George explained how oats looked. Then he explained the difference between oats and barley. Beans and cabbage and cauliflower.

Imagine Hedy, in the eyes of the world the super-sophisticate who knew Vienna, Paris, Budapest and Biarritz, learning about farm products! Hedy of "Ecstasy" riding along with a sun-browned cowboy from Montana! Hedy of "Algiers" trying to tell barley from oats in a wind-blown seaside field!

George says he wasn't able to cross her up very often; she studied her grains seriously. "What's that?" he asked one morning, pointing to a field filled with feathery leaved plants.

"*That* is falfala," she said quickly.

George didn't have the heart to correct her. "She was so earnest."

When he tells stories like that about Hedy, George's voice goes deep with tenderness. For him, this is first love; he had told interviewers only a few months ago that he had no intention of marrying for years. He had been pretty sure of his bomb-proof heart. He didn't dream that his slim, dark-haired girl would change his life completely.

As for Hedy, her two previous marriages seem to have made no deeper impression upon her personality than do the light-hearted romances of an American high-school girl. Sometimes, when with George, she must have marveled at the world of joy and laughter he was opening to her, because he says she would become silent for long miles.

lucky penny . . .

"Penny for your thoughts," he would say. And, after this had happened several hundred times he shortened the query to "Penny?"

That became their password. George gave her a hand-tooled Western belt mounted with silver. Along the silver clasp that holds the tail of the belt in place is engraved the word "Penny." For Easter, George sent over to the stage at M-G-M where Hedy was working, a blue and white canvas set chair. On the back in large letters is printed "Penny."

Hedy gave George a money clip—the type that holds currency in place—and mounted on the top arm of the clip was a shining new penny.

There were other gifts, too. On the little finger of his left hand, George wears the ring Hedy gave him. It consists of three narrow gold bands: one band is white gold, one yellow gold, and the third rose gold. The top surface is engraved to give the bands a rope-like design, and the three bands are so linked together that, on George's finger,

(*Continued on page 77*)

SMART GIRL

(*Continued from page 29*)

sort of red and beige plaid, like the room.

Vaughn breakfasts with her even on her working days, when it means getting up at six. Those are the days when she doesn't bother with make-up, since all that will be done at the studio—just showers, dresses and combs her hair, never the same way twice. If Vaughn had his way, she'd never wear make-up off the lot. She likes it, he doesn't, so they compromise. When she's going out, she takes the works—lipstick, rouge, eyebrow pencil, mascara—just a little of each for color. At home she pleases the lord and master by wearing no make-up at all.

"Take it easy," says Vaughn, like males the world over, as she hops into her gold-brown Cadillac. It was he who taught her to drive, and they went through the same routine we all go through when our husbands or brothers or sweethearts thus condescend, the general theme being that he's impatient, and she's stupid. Deanna's chief trouble was forgetting to put the clutch in and stalling the car. "Throw in the clutch," he'd yell, and she'd jam on the brakes, and end by moving out from under the wheel with a frosty, "*You* drive." He thinks she's a swell driver now. The "Take it easy" is just extra insurance. Ironically, the car she finally bought was a clutchless Hydromatic.

She loves that early morning drive to the studio. With the car top down, weather permitting, and the radio on, there's something wonderful about driving all alone down the twisting canyon road. It gives you the feeling of ice-skating, says Deanna—sort of like jumping from foot to foot as you take the curves. Besides, she can tune the radio on as loud as she likes, which is louder than anyone else likes. What the program is doesn't matter, as long as it's music, and that includes jive. Driving home is less fun. She's tired, and the traffic's heavy, and she just wants to get there and get cleaned up for dinner, which isn't till seven-thirty or eight, because it takes so long to get her make-up off. Pancake make-up won't stay on her skin, so she has to use grease.

around the house . . .

She's no sluggard, even on her days off, and unless she's been out very late the night before, gets up at eight, slips into a housecoat, and prepares for a busy day, doing nothing much. She thinks housecoats are fun, changes to a dress for lunch and wears slacks only when she feels particularly lazy. Vaughn doesn't care for them, but that's not why she avoids them, she's just not crazy about them herself.

With reading, knitting, answering mail, a dip in the pool or just sitting somewhere and looking, the morning goes. Puttering is the best thing she does. Her mind's eye retains an accurate picture of the decorative scheme of each room. If a rug's been moved or an ashtray shoved out of place, that's simply dandy, she has such a fine time pushing them straight again. She won't trust her precious linens to the laundry. They're done in the washing-machine on the back porch and left on her fourposter, so she can put them back on the shelves herself. She's a tidy housekeeper. "But not like my mother," she says firmly. "Mother has to have the house spring-cleaned every day, so of course she has



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Makers of the World's Most Famous Lipsticks



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•

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED..."The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... always flattering.

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WE are constantly seeking to give our Tangee Lipsticks exactly those qualities you tell us you want most. That is how our new and exclusive SATIN-FINISH was created. *You* demanded a lipstick that would give your lips a softer, glossier sheen... with a texture *not too moist,* yet *not too dry*...that *really* stays on without smearing or smudging.

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TANGEE *Lipsticks*

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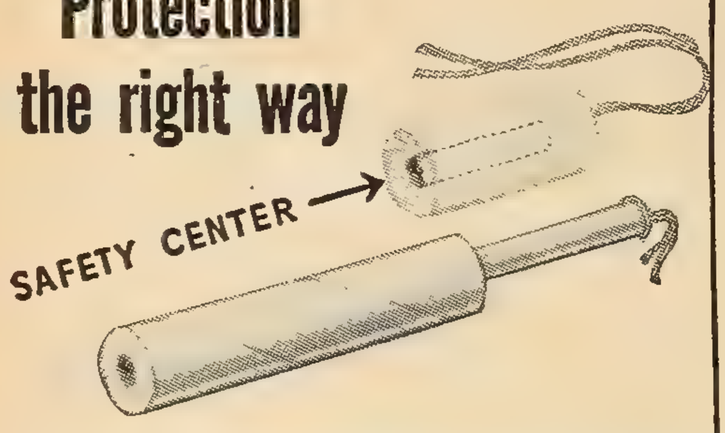
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The Modess Tampon

lots of trouble with maids and things."

Bills and checkbooks are her *bête noire,* but she thinks she ought to wrestle with them. She wrestles in the den with a fire for company. When she gets them balled up, Vaughn comes to the rescue. Vaughn can make figures jump through hoops. She takes a voice lesson every day, because lessons are more fun than vocalizing by yourself, and you've got to do one or the other—as in any game requiring practise—or you'll soon find you're not as good as you were. She enjoys fixing flowers, though she's rather a dub at it. Since their garden's new, most of the flowers have to be bought. But the vegetable garden Vaughn planted three months ago is paying dividends. There was never a lettuce like the first they had out of the garden. So tender. Such a pure green. No brown spots like in the store.

They're both hearty eaters and razz each other about weight. What Deanna likes best is everything fattening—spaghetti, pie à la mode, water with meals instead of between. "Of course my husband gains right and left," she notes, "while he's telling me not to." She's always loathed vegetables. Her mother tried to force them on her for a while, but it took so much out of them both that she gave up. Now Deanna's stern with herself. "You're a married woman, you'd better grow up about eating." When Dudi asks, "Will such-and-such a vegetable be all right?" she writhes, says yes and tries it. The most she can say for them is that they go down a little more easily than they used to. Last month, however, eating an artichoke for the first time, she found to her mingled chagrin and glee that she loved it—chagrin at what she'd been missing all these years. She's perverse about artichokes, too—prefers the tough leaves to the tender heart, and trades her heart for Vaughn's leaves. As for calories, she doesn't really have to worry. Excess poundage melts when she starts working, and working's lots easier than saying no to a dish of spaghetti.

They fix their own dinner on maid's night out—steak or stew or tamales. Vaughn's the better cook. She doesn't know where he learned—Boy Scouts or something—just all of a sudden he stood there and knew how to cook. She washes the dishes, because she won't trust him to stick to her system—glasses first, then silver, then china, then pans. "Why?" asks Vaughn.

"Because that's how it's supposed to be done."

"Why?"

"I heard so five years ago."

night life . . .

They go dancing occasionally—to Ciro's or the Cocoanut Grove—but not nearly so often as before they were married. They go to the movies, which they're nuts about, and hold hands. Mostly, though, they just talk about going and wind up in front of the playroom fire, listening to the Capehart. There's something about a new home, they've learned, that makes you a homebody.

Or they'll head for the couch—which is long enough to hold one at each end, with their feet up—and read. Deanna's just finished "Ivory Mischief." Vaughn goes in more for current affairs. Each freely interrupts the other with a passage that has to be read aloud. Or they'll just gab. Gabbing, says Deanna, is what she'd miss most out of marriage—having someone you can talk like mad to about anything—music, the war or Swedish massage. To get one of these big discussions started, she'll blithely call black what she knows is pure white.

Friends may drop in—Anne Shirley who lives across the road, or Laraine Day or kids they know in the technical end of the business whose names mean nothing to the movie-goer. Then it's records or games or they roll up the rug and dance. I was curious to know if Deanna ever sang for them. "Not to stand up and sing. I might break out, but they pay no attention. I have wonderful friends. They ignore me."

Vaughn calls her Edna, as do most of her intimates. Deanna would sound as strange from them as Edna would sound at the studio. If she sticks a *y* on your name, that means she likes you. Clarency she calls her brother-in-law. But she doesn't say Vaughny, it's generally darling. He brings her gardenias, her favorite flower, as he did before they were married. When they're going out, he'll ask if she wouldn't rather have something else. She never would. He comes home with new records, which she's not allowed to look at. He's got to put them on the machine and surprise her.

tit for tat . . .

She bought him a pair of gray fuzzy slippers for Easter, rigged them up with eyes and ears to look like bunnies and stuck them in a basket, faces peeking over the top. Not being too handy with her fingers, it took her all afternoon. Once in a while she'll bring him a new photo she thinks he might like, with an inscription he likes still better. These are strictly for his dressing room, where Deanna in her wedding gown holds the place of honor. They don't have photos stuck all over the house, think it looks conceited.

Affectation in any form is a red rag to Vaughn. Telling him the story of a picture she was to make, Deanna kept referring to the girl as she.

"*You're* going to play it. Why don't you say I?"

"What's the difference?"

"Sounds phony. How'd you like me saying, 'She goes coy on him and he bangs her over the head'?"

So, for the pleasure of having her ears slapped down, Deanna feeds him bait. Separated for the first time on her recent camp tour, they phoned each other often. One night she talked her head off, the bill was terrific, and she got bawled out by mail. "Can I help it," she wrote back sweetly, "if I'm so fascinating that you can't tear yourself away?" The answer to that one was a honey, but private.

She slaps him down, too. For not standing up straight. Ever since she's known the guy, she's been after him to stand up straight. They even made a deal. If she'd quit biting her nails, he'd quit slumping. She did, but he didn't. Also he leaves the door of the cedar closet open, and she has to keep slamming it shut. She's of two minds about that. It makes her mad because it's bad for the cedar. On the other hand, she wouldn't care for an overorderly man and gets a kick out of picking up after him.

Badminton is the only sport they share. Vaughn goes in for squash which is too fast for Deanna—tennis which she's not much good at—and golf which she doesn't like. She loves a horse. Vaughn's only attempt at riding brought on severe pains in the side. "Because you don't do it right," his bride assured him. "I'll show you." But she hasn't got around to it yet.

For Christmas of '38 he gave her an exquisite wristwatch, set with rubies, her favorite stone. She was so mad about

it that he had her engagement ring designed to match. Her wedding ring is the old-fashioned gold band. With her hair back, she wears earrings, mostly costume stuff—likes the real thing, too, but doesn't own much of it—a gold bracelet with rubies from her mother and two lovely clips which were wedding gifts, one of amethyst, one of topaz, ruby and diamonds from Joe Pasternak.

Her taste in clothes is conservative. She likes them fluffy and tailored, red and yellow and green, but thinks she looks best in blue. Vaughn wouldn't be caught dead shopping with her and doesn't comment too lavishly on what she wears. Just says, "Pretty—" if he thinks so. If not, there's a certain kind of face he makes. She's more articulate on the subject of his clothes, feels that dark suits—especially navy—bring out the best in him and wore him down about a flat-crowned hat he'd fancied. He got so sick of hearing that men with round faces shouldn't wear flat crowns that this particular number became a rain-hat.

She hates phoning and soap when it's down to a sliver. She has a weakness for bargain-hunting, buying doo-dads for the house and Richard Hickman. The last is an understatement. She adores the ground her only beloved nephew walks on.

He's a little over a year. When he tries to say auntie, it sounds like ahwah and like heaven to Deanna. He has an ear for music. Only when Ahwah's around, does he ask to be sung to sleep. "Boo!" he says, and she sits beside his crib and sings "Boola Boola Boola Byebye"—the lullaby she's always loved best. He was at the station when she got back from her camp tour. "And remembered me," lilts Deanna. "He held his arms out."

Her camp tour had nothing to do with the criticism unfairly heaped on her head in connection with a projected trip to England. Some time before we went to war, she was approached about entertaining the soldiers abroad. While she and Vaughn were considering the possibility, Pearl Harbor put an end to it. Meantime some overzealous or misinformed official had broken the story prematurely, and folks started clacking, how about our own soldiers? Deanna needed no reminder that our own came first.

soldiers' songbird . . .

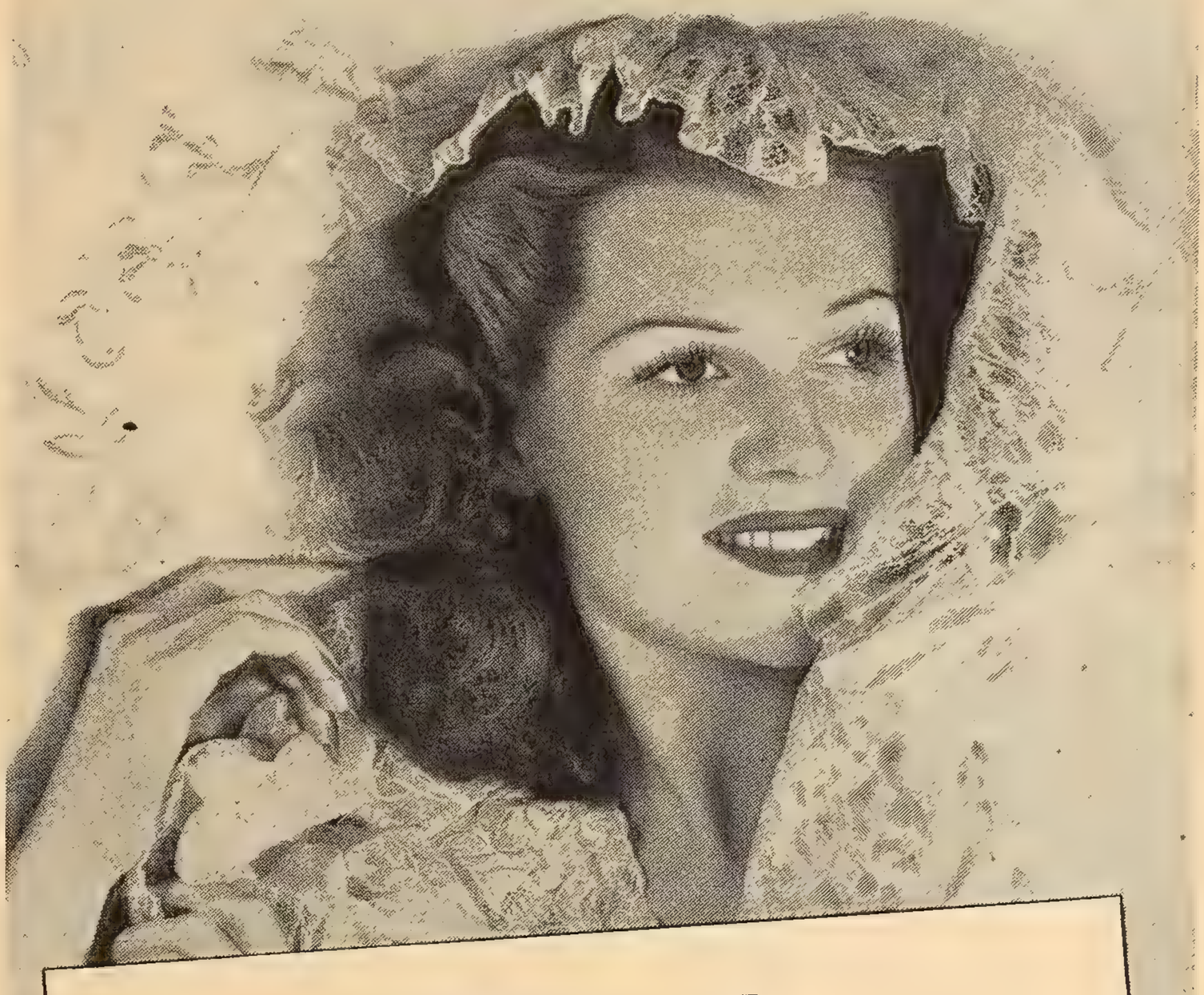
Like most of Hollywood's stars, she signed up with the Victory Committee to do whatever she could. They mapped out a tour which included Camp Edwards and Ft. Devens in Massachusetts, Forts Monmouth and Dix in New Jersey, Indian Town Gap in Pennsylvania, Belvoir in Virginia, and the Aberdeen Proving Grounds in Maryland. She joined a regular vaudeville unit, giving two shows a night and says the boys did infinitely more for her than she could ever do for them.

They stuck "Welcome, Deanna" posters on the mess hall walls. They had cakes baked, decorated with the regimental colors and her name. They presented her with their insignia, which meant they had to go out and buy others for themselves.

"Anything they do becomes so big," she fairly wails, "because you know all the trouble they have to go to, to do it. Just the fact that so many came to the show. They had to walk three or four miles from barracks. They had to stand on line. They had to pay twenty cents—which they don't any more, thank goodness." She'll never forget the two boys who sent her two gardenias. "At twenty-one dollars a month, two gardenias cost

"Wake up looking lovely... try my Beauty Nightcap"

RITA HAYWORTH, CO-STARRING IN "CARNIVAL IN RIO", A COLUMBIA PICTURE



says Rita Hayworth ...

"Your complexion can grow lovelier. I know. Just have a Nightcap nightly with Woodbury Cold Cream.

"Why Woodbury? Its beauty oils help relieve the dryness that may lead to tiny lines. You'll see!"

Nightly, Rita cleanses with Woodbury. Then, removing this cream, she dabs on fresh Woodbury Cold Cream for all-night marvels. She can trust Woodbury, for an exclusive ingredient is constantly acting to purify this cream right in the jar.

For a dazzling complexion, try Rita's Nightcap!

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Nightcap of the Stars



Try Rita Hayworth's Nightcap. Today get Woodbury Cold Cream. Large jars are 50¢ to $1.25. Introductory sizes 10¢, 25¢.

For special skins—special creams. If your skin is normal, Woodbury Cold Cream is all you need. If oily, cleanse with Woodbury Cleansing Cream. If dry, use Woodbury Dry Skin Cream at night. For any skin, use new Woodbury Foundation Cream for a powder base.

Glamorous Hair helps Sue get her Man



ALL BRIDES ARE LOVELY but Sue was especially radiant. As the soft candlelight danced in the sparkling highlights of her hair, I thought . . .



COULD THIS BE THE SAME GIRL I discovered weeping one day because her hair was so dull and drab-looking? Right then I told her about Colorinse and how my beautician recommended "Colorinsing after every shampoo". That very night . . .



SUE GAVE COLORINSE A TRY and what a difference in her hair! It had a warmer, richer color—it was softer, silkier—so much easier to manage. And her whole face seemed more radiant for the lustrous highlights that Colorinse gave her hair reflected lovely soft tones in her complexion. Today . . .



A HAPPY BRIDE says "*thanks*" to Colorinse for teaching her the age-old beauty secret—"Romance begins with glamorous hair".

P. S. *And here's something* else *that Sue discovered. "For a lovelier hair-do, use Nestle Shampoo* BEFORE *and Nestle Superset* AFTER *Colorinsing."*

Buy DEFENSE STAMPS at your favorite 5 and 10¢ store



10¢ & 25¢ sizes

a fortune!" Nor the boy who played the piano at Camp Edwards. He asked her to sign a valentine he'd bought for his bride-to-be.

"But I wouldn't want *my* husband to send me a valentine with another girl's name on it," she protested.

"My girl would," grinned the soldier.

Some of the boys were shy at first. To break barriers down, she'd spend afternoons in the service clubs, eat with them in the mess halls, serve them their food. They got a bang out of that. To keep the show informal, she wore prints instead of evening gowns, announced her own songs, talked to them from the stage as she'd talk to a roomful of friends, which indeed they were. She sang ten songs every night and kept them light. Nothing classical. Nothing patriotic. The fact that they were there proved how they felt. They didn't have to be sold on anything or reminded. As a matter af fact, she didn't want to remind them. They were there to have fun. That's what she tried to give them.

They'd stamp and yell when she announced "Amapola" or "Embraceable You." They'd hum along when she sang "Taps 'Til Reveille." "Rose O'Day" got a terrific hand. Till she proved it, they seemed doubtful that she could manage the double talk. While she was singing, you could have heard the proverbial pin drop. Afterwards, she bawled.

"They seemed so happy, and I felt just the opposite. You do so little and they think it's wonderful, and the whole thing's out of proportion." Some of the letters they wrote her she swears she'll keep as long as she lives. With the two gardenias.

She returned to prepare for "The Divine Young Lady." She misses Joe Pasternak who guided her course for six years, but Bruce Manning, her present producer, reminds her of Pasternak. He's not just the man who runs things. He's someone you can talk to, and he understands.

unknown tomorrows . . .

Her contract has two more years to run. Beyond that, she's making no plans. Whatever comes, comes. She's never been a dyed-in-the-wool career girl. She loves her work, but she loves her husband better.

Right now their lives are shadowed only by the shadow that darkens the lives of all young people today. Vaughn has been called into service. He hated leaving her as much as she hated being left. But like most men, he wanted to go. Deanna can't be happy about it. The most she can find is comfort in the knowledge that she's sharing the lot of millions of women. And that Vaughn is doing what he has to do, for the sake of something bigger and more enduring than themselves.

"You can't help being comforted by that," says Deanna, grown up.

LAST MINUTE NEWS

As we went to press, word reached us that due to Vaughn's recent induction into the Navy, Deanna Durbin was putting her honeymoon home on the market and moving nearer to her studio. Good luck, Ensign Paul and Deanna!

CO-ED

(Continued from page 16)

Adventure: Lucky you if your family's remained solvent so far and your allowance is still rolling in. A job isn't your ticket, but how would you like to try a walking tour or a bicycle expedition? Get two or three of your pals together, pack a minimum of clothes in one of those knapsack arrangements and depart. If you live in the city, proceed by train to some walkable or bikeable territory. Set some real point of interest about 75 miles distant as your destination. (You can do about fifteen or twenty miles comfortably in a day.) Stop over night at Y. W. C. A.'s or at one of the places the town's chamber of commerce will recommend. It's smart to map out your trip and write for this information in advance. Take along your camera and immortalize the most exciting summer you've ever had.

Girl Scout stuff: Ever stop to think that here you are in your nice safe house sleeping like an angel till all hours every morning and stuffing in Good Humors most of the day while thousands of boys —some of them no older than you—are fighting and dying so you can continue this super-okay American way of life? They make us all feel pretty humble, and we want like the very devil to deserve them. There isn't very much we can do to help the chaps overseas except buy defense stamps and more defense stamps, but there's lots to do for those future MacArthurs—our camped cronies. Fudge and brownies fill one void, but there's another great big one. They're starved for news from home. See that your local boys get the hometown newspaper, send them snapshots of the gang. Write often and breezily and don't be a dope about who owes whom a letter. Give them parties when they're home on leave. Make much of them—they're the swellest bunch of guys you'll ever really want to know.

Romance dep't: And of course you can't live without love—but it's no cinch to snag a stag come summer. Their standards seem to go up with the thermometer. To rate a bid to the local cinema palace, you've got to be an Alice Marble with a tennis racket, a Veronica Lake with a bathing suit and a Dottie Parker with the small talk. Haven't you noticed? Badger one of your female cronies to help you with your tennis. Go at it faithfully every day till you're really good—then watch the Almost-A-Tilden who brushed you off in chemistry class come around.

For that Veronica Lake figure: No more than nine hours sleep! It's that blissful tenth hour that pads the old waistline. Not too much ice cream. A little daily exercise rather than a frightful workout once in a blue moon. As for the small talk, read the newspapers, listen to the radio and read at least one good book a week. That should supply you with adequate conversation pieces in the line of news, comic strips, current swing and good literature.

Now you're on your own. Take summer in your stride and happy hunting!

LOVE THUMBED A RIDE

(*Continued from page 72*)

they can be slid one over the other in an endless design. But when the ring is removed, the three bands remain interlocked. There is a legend engraved within the three bands, but George refuses to show it to anyone. There are only three persons in the world who know what the fine, secret writing says, and those three are George, Hedy and the jeweller who did the work.

Hedy's engagement ring is a huge, square-cut diamond. One Hollywood columnist mistakenly announced that George had purchased the ring in a pawn shop. Of course, this was a ridiculous statement. A few doors away from the M-G-M administrative building there is a small shop run by a man who has long been known among studio personnel as an expert on fine stones. Mickey Rooney ordered the magnificent engagement ring he gave Ava Gardner from this man. Hedy's ring was ordered in the same way. Not that it really matters. Hedy would cherish it in a ten-cent box of crackerjacks.

When did he give Hedy her ring? "Oh, round about lambin' time," says the guy from Great Falls to indicate the early part of March. George's parents may be Russian, right enough, and he may speak Russian fluently with them at home, but he's one hundred per cent western American in idiom, action and idea.

Hedy speaks German and French in addition to English, yet she had no common language with which to discuss George when she met Mrs. Letz. Afterward, George's mother told him, "That's a nice, sweet girl. Pretty, too."

The reaction of Hedy's mother to George was the one usually voiced by women. "My, isn't he a big man!" Jimmy, Hedy's three-year-old adopted son, simply adores George and George feels the same way about Jimmy. "He's the cutest, smartest little kid I've seen in a long time," he says. "I'm nuts about him." George likes all children and hopes that he and Hedy will have "about three, and I'll teach 'em to ride as soon as they can walk."

angel on horseback . . .

George's first motion picture appearance was on horseback when he rode up a flight of stairs in "Conquest," and his first big part was doubling for the "Lone Ranger." "Nothing quite like a good horse," he says, so it is to be expected that he would start at once to teach Hedy to ride.

She had never been on a horse in her life until George drove her out to a small riding academy and selected a mount for her. Was she frightened?

"Say, she's not afraid of anything," George answers with pride.

She's learning to ride a western saddle—not English. "When you ride the ranges in Montana, you've got to have the right support," George explains. "Hedy got the general knack right away. Of course there were things she had to learn."

So George began to explain the important points of managing a horse. Let him know who was boss right away. Don't be simply a passenger—be in command. Keep your head up and your heels down. Sit straight in the saddle, but not stiff—be relaxed. That's right. Now, hold your reins in your left hand. Never hold them in your right hand—you might need that right hand for something else.

There were about seven different ways



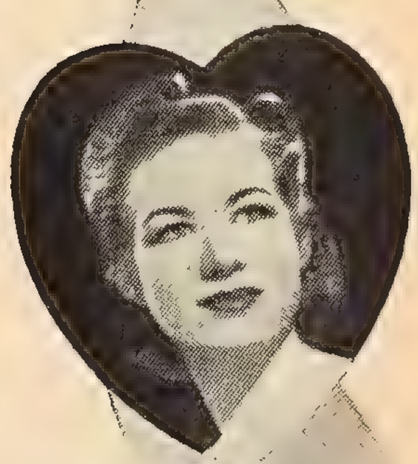
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Be glamourous, too! See if gentle Odorono Cream doesn't stop perspiration safely for *you*—up to three whole days at a time! Non-greasy, non-gritty, no waiting to dry. And it will not rot your most fragile frocks. Follow directions. Get a jar—begin today! Generous 10¢, 39¢, 59¢ sizes.

The Odorono Co., Inc., New York



Jean Bjorn, Nassau teacher, holds partners entranced by her exquisite daintiness.



Stops PERSPIRATION SAFELY 1 TO 3 DAYS

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of holding the reins in the left hand. One rein could slide through here, and one through here—the thing was to keep the tension equal. . . .

"Say, George, honey," Hedy burst out, "don't you tell me so many things all at once. You tell me one thing at a time. And slowly."

At that, George leaned down from his saddle and told her one more thing—with a kiss—while the horses obligingly stood still.

Nowadays, whenever picture schedules will allow it, they ride every day for several hours.

Not only do they like the same things, they are burned up by the same woes. Neither of them relishes the amount of free advice handed out in Hollywood. Since the instant they knew they were in love—the night of their first date—they have been the center of attention. One group tried to get them to elope at once; the other faction drew long faces and said the marriage should be postponed indefinitely. They muttered darkly the word "Career."

George ignored them. He says, and means it to the soles of his 12-D shoes, that he can always go back to Montana "to the harvest." Around Hollywood his most frequently worn outfit is a pair of blue denims and a red plaid shirt, open at the throat. He makes no secret of the fact that he wants to get enough money to buy himself a good, big ranch near Great Falls. And when he goes back, Hedy will go with him.

Of course, that's probably far in the future. By the time you read this, George and Hedy will probably be married. They hadn't—late in April—decided whether the wedding would be large or small, in Los Angeles or across the state line. "We've never had enough time together to settle down to such little details," George says sincerely.

When you're in love, when every moment together is bliss, when you walk on air and breathe stardust, how can you be practical? George would like to know.

This much they have decided—in a burst of down-to-earth-ness. They will rent a "place"—George didn't know whether it would be a house, apartment, flat or what—halfway between M-G-M and 20th. "Then we can decide what we want to do next."

Meanwhile there's always today. "Please excuse me," George says. "I have to make a telephone call." His calls are brief—never more than five minutes. He uses the telephone strictly to make arrangements. Anything else he has to say is better spoken eye to eye.

When he is away from Hedy, what does he call her in his mind? Does he have a secret, special pet name for her? "Well, yes," he says seriously. "I call her *mya adushatska*. I'll try to translate it for you. It means a lot of things. It means everything. It means 'my love, my life, my heart, my soul.'"

That is what Hedy Lamarr means to love of her life George Montgomery.

LIKE TO READ OTHER PEOPLE'S MAIL?

(Continued from page 63)

—Say, what is a grig anyway?
Call me the minute you get back.
Love to you both—
ANN

Gracie Allen to George Burns

Dear George:

I got into a big discussion with the family last night about whether you suit me in husbands. Like that blue suit you bought, George, remember? That didn't fit you, because they put a hot pastrami sandwich in the pocket with coleslaw and two pairs of pants? You don't like hot pastrami, so they think I might not like you.

The family has to be very careful about you, George, because my aunt Mamie eloped with a two-headed glamour boy from the circus, but you only have one head, George, which makes you twice as dangerous, unless you keep the other one in the icebox, but I said, how could you with the Pepsi-Cola and all, you certainly can't drink a head. You see, I trust you, George.

Mother likes you very much, George, but the idea of my falling in love gets her so nervous, we had to have all her teeth pulled to keep her from biting her nails.

George, I love you very much, but the next letter you write, please put enough postage on it. There was two cents due on the last, but we sold the postman a cup of coffee for a dime, and made a nice profit on the deal.

Am sending you kisses by the next mail, as I could not get them all into this envelope.

Your
GRACIE

Walter Brennan to Gary Cooper

And then we have the pal-to-pal note from Oscar-winning Walter Brennan to Oscar-winning Gary Cooper:

Dear Coop:

I was never one to heckle a friend. So this isn't a heckle, it's just a nudge. You owe me ten bucks, Coop.

Remember one day last year, we were sitting outside stage 7 at Warners, trying to grab a little sun. You were whittling one of those doodads for the kid. I was just sittin'. They'd had a tough time talking you into "Sergeant York." I asked you why. "People won't believe me," you said. "He's a big man. He's alive. People remember what he did. They'll say, that's just Gary Cooper, the jerk."

Well, I'm one of the people. At the time, I'd never laid eyes on the Sergeant, but I remember what he'd done and from what I knew about you, I thought you could play him. "Ten bucks says you get the Academy Award with 'Sergeant York'," says I.

"Easy money for me," says you and we shook on it.

Well, I was there last night, Coop. I saw them hand the Oscar over. So hand the ten over, bud. I need it for another bet I'm laying on this guy that's playing Lou Gehrig for Goldwyn. Want any part of it?

Your pal,
WALTER

Penny Singleton to Robert Sparks

Domestic love, with official embellishments. Just to be different, Penny Singleton Sparks, whose husband, Robert Sparks, produces her "Blondie" series, jots down a memento. Sweet and silly, isn't it? Love's like that.

Dear Mr. Sparks:
They tell me you're to produce our next picture. Oh, Mr. Sparks! I've long admired you from a distance and to think I'm going to get to see you real close. Oh, Mr. Sparks, is your hair really hair, do your eyes open and shut, can you squeak when you're squeezed, Mr. Sparks? Dear *Mr. Sparks, may I have your autograph. Scrawled any old way will do, at the bottom of a check. The name is*
PENNY SINGLETON SPARKS
P.S.—Mr. Sparks, honey, Ah loves you. Here's to a smash hit!

Gene Raymond to Jeanette MacDonald

There was plenty of humor mixed into the Jeanette MacDonald-Gene Raymond courtship. For instance, in the case of the Lovely Egg-Plant. (Gene abhors them!) This *billet-doux* came from Florida B.M. (Before Matrimony).

Dear Miss MacDonald:

I smelled an eggplant on my doorstep this morning with your card attached. I don't quite know how to thank you, though I'm getting an idea or two. They have lovely scorpions here, guaranteed to bite. Or would you prefer something in tarantulas as a house pet? I esteem you so highly that on second thought I'd be willing to stretch a point and send you both. Don't thank me. It's nothing really. Just varmints to a varmint.

I'll keep the eggplant always—in the garbage can. As to what I think of you, remind me to tell you some time.

I'll be back next week. Will you keep Friday night for me?

As always,
GENE

Joan Crawford to Edward Arnold

Dear Eddie:

Mind if I write you a fan letter? So I'm a sentimental sap, so what? It's not just that I loved working with you and didn't mind how many scenes you stole—there's an admission from an actress!—because stole is the wrong word, Eddie, you took what was yours by right of a great performance. But never mind all that. It's you I'll miss—talking to you, hearing that laugh of yours, knowing you're around. You could make a fortune renting yourself out, Eddie—just charge a small fee for walking into a room, because the minute you walk in, people's spirits lift.

I hate endings and I love beginnings. So I'm going to forget this ending and look forward to beginning another picture with you—the sooner, the better.

With gratitude and affection,
JOAN

Donald Crisp and Walter Pidgeon to Roddy McDowall

Master Roddy McDowall, 12-year-old English actor at 20th Century-Fox, regretted that he had to miss the New York showing of his first American hit "How Green Was My Valley." The sacrifice was compensated, though. His father, the doughty Tom, sailing with the British Merchant Marine, swooped down on

the family, unannounced. Then, the morning after the Manhattan opening, came these wires. (Reverend Gruffydd was Pidgeon's name in "How Green—")

There's a grand actor you are Roddy my boy. Imagine how good you wanted to be, then multiply by three and that's how good you were. It would have done your mother's heart good to hear them cheer you. My love to you all.

DONALD CRISP

It was your night, Roddy. The fans were polite to the rest of us but kept looking under our arms for Huw. They loved you Roddy with capital letters that won't go into a wire. So do I.

REVEREND GRUFFYDD

Regis Toomey to Edward G. Robinson

Dear Eddie:

I've been sitting here, listening to your show. That's what got me started. Big Town's never been just a radio program to me. I don't want to slop over, God forbid, but I know what this country means to you. So many of us take it for granted till we're jolted to our senses. You've never done that. I've always felt your intense love for America behind this program of yours. Call yourself Steve Wilson, it's still Eddie Robinson fighting to make America a better place for Americans to live in. That's why you show us how kids going wrong can be straightened out, and the horrors brought about by reckless driving, that's why you keep pounding at us about the war—because you can't stand the thought of Americans losing what America's always stood for.

As another American, I want to say thanks. I've had an urge to get this off for a long time, but you know how it is where deep feelings are involved.

REG TOOMEY

Edmund Goulding to Sig Rumann

For over ten years big Sig Rumann, the "So-they-call-me-Concentration-Camp-Erhardt" Gestapo Colonel in "To Be Or Not to Be," has been hoarding a honey from Director Edmund Goulding:

Dear Mr. Rumann:

Owen Davis happened to be with me when your note came. I said: "This is from Sig Rumann." He said: "Did you see him in 'Grand Hotel'? Then you missed the finest piece of acting done hereabouts in fifteen years." If a man failed to pass on to me such a tribute from such a source, I'd send my ghost to haunt him. To escape similar treatment from yours, I'm passing this on.

I'll be glad to send you a copy of your test, and please don't mention payment. The company's richer than you are, and owes you thanks besides for having made the test. It convinces me, for one, that when you're ready to go into films, the films will be ready to take you.

With best wishes,

EDMUND GOULDING

Ruth Hussey to Kathryn Grayson

New England-born Ruth Carol Hussey, not given to extravagant praise or unwarranted enthusiasms, writes to Kathryn Grayson, very new to the Hollywood scene, after Ruth pinch-hits at the Lynchburg opening of Kathryn's best film to date, "The Vanishing Virginian."

Dear Kathryn:

Here I sit in Lynchburg, feeling like a base intruder, butting in on what should have been your party, talking to people who want to talk to you, hearing compliments they'd give their eyeteeth to pour straight into your ears. Oh, Kathryn, it makes me sick that you couldn't come. But where's the sense in piling it on? I'll tell you all about it when I see you, only I always did hate warmed-over meals.

Of course they've been very nice to me. They're much too courteous and hospitable to say or even to hint, what in thunder did they send you for instead of the girl who played our darling Becky? But I see it in their cheated eyes and hear it in the million questions they ask me. You know who asked the most questions? Rebecca Yancey Williams, the author herself, whom I met after the premiere. "You can't imagine the thrill," she said, "of seeing your humdrum self played by a lovely creature like that. Tell me all about her." Naturally I told her you were a hag in disguise, and the whole thing was done with mirrors. I won't make you blush by repeating what I really said.

Anyway, they were mad about the picture and you, and you'll just have to come here some day, because they'll feel abused, and I'll feel guilty till you do. Guilty or not, though, I've had a swell time as your scrub team, and at this moment am being paged for a ride. The horse champs at the gate, so I've got to fly. Never mind, dear. If the chance ever comes, I'll get you to sub for me. Then you can feel guilty—thinking how I should be in your shoes!

Affectionately,

RUTH HUSSEY



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WHY rob your hair of its natural luster, dim its radiant color . . . by *"soaping"* it? Scientific tests prove that all soaps, even the finest, leave dulling soap-film on hair . . . film like "washbowl scum."

Halo contains no soap, leaves *no* soap-film. With Halo, you don't even need a lemon or vinegar rinse! Thanks to its patented new-type ingredient, Halo's rich, cleansing lather rinses away completely, with just plain water. Even *hard* water.

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MORE ABSORBENT Drinks in moisture. Ideal for beauty care and a thousand and one uses everywhere.

AT 5 & 10¢—DRUG & DEPT. STORES

STRICTLY DYNAMITE

(Continued from page 31)

They are made by De Gez, the New York tailor. His staple is the dark blue suit.

As for the bow ties which he is credited with restoring to popular favor, he began wearing them for a gag, discovered that they nettled his boss (and good friend), Jack Warner, and settled down to wearing nothing but bow ties.

He goes to night clubs by spurts, gets surfeited and swears he's through with them. He'll avoid them for as long as a month, after which it's the old routine all over again.

Most Hollywood stars would almost prefer to be caught chiselling on their income tax return rather than admit that classical music bores them. Flynn is very straightforward about it. Heavy music tends to make him heavy, which is a condition he'd just as soon skip. He's the nonchalant, light-hearted one, he is. No jive fancier, he likes his jazz "subdued and conservative."

He loves to watch good dancers, but only when they're not annoyingly aware that they're good. His specialty is the rumba. "I definitely like to be flattered," is how he answers the question: "Who are your favorite dancing partners?"

He is quite a connoisseur of foods, heavy on the garlic. At home his kitchen reeks with garlic at dinner time.

"I have it in everything but my strawberry short cake," he says.

Pressed duck, all kinds of game and sea food, Hawaiian style, are his favorite dishes. He gets by with a minimum breakfast, a light lunch, and makes quite a ritual out of dinner which he generally has at Dave Chasen's establishment on Beverly Drive. He likes Chasen's for two reasons: the good food and the Finnish baths which Chasen's friends are allowed to use as a house courtesy. Those baths do double duty. They keep the Flynn figure, recently picked by the experts as Hollywood's finest, at the desired 178 pounds, and they serve as backdrop for his daily reading. High up on the top tier, reserved for none but the brave, Flynn sits reading newspapers and magazines while steam swirls around his head.

outdoors-y guy . . .

He hates exercise as exercise. He's bad at golf, excellent at tennis. He has never finished out of the money in the movie colony tennis tournaments. He's a better rider than Gene Autry, but except for the times when he is leading the charge of the light brigade on his favorite mount, Onyx, he stays on terra firma.

This past winter he discovered skiing, plunged into the sport with typical Flynn enthusiasm, spent 12 hours daily climbing up and down mountains in the environs of Sugar Bowl Lodge (above Reno), and came home nights so tired that he would fall asleep over the dessert at dinner.

No important man in Hollywood sets less store by other important men, as such, than does Errol Flynn. His close friends are few, include no star except Bruce Cabot, whose home he occupied during Cabot's absence last winter and with whom he has perpetrated many a wassail. His buddy is a soft-spoken, stunt man from Dixie with the demeanor of a football coach and the left-hook of a professional leather-pusher. Other friends are Mr. and Mrs. Bud Ernst (formerly Gwynne Pickford, Mary's niece); Charles K. Feldman, his agent; "Big Boy" Williams, the character actor; and Johnny Meyer, the Warner press agent.

John Barrymore he regards with a sort of hero worship, mostly because Barrymore, like Flynn, regards laughter as the best defense against life. He is Barrymore's best audience, roars when John lifts that eloquent finger.

When he roisters, he roisters wholeheartedly. The Flynn roistering is neither weakness nor obsession. It is an impulse, easily checked, always in hand. He is not fond of hard liquor, tolerates chiefly Scotch. He is a fancier of wines—burgundy and port.

Fond of horseplay, he cannot abide rudeness.

"I set as great store by the little politenesses as I do by a soft bed to sleep in and a good lamp to read by," he said on one occasion.

well manor-ed . . .

He loathes all card games but gin rummy, plays poker rarely and disastrously, detests (but doesn't know) bridge and has "an adamant attitude against learning the game." He shoots dice every now and then, but his heart is never in the game. He calls craps-shooting "gruelling."

He likes to fly, is an excellent pilot. He doesn't fly because he has no license. He just didn't bother to log all his solo hours aloft. He drives a very fast green Cadillac roadster, a custom-built, $6,000 item with seats that fold back into beds.

Despite the fact that he himself has said in a light-hearted moment that "there is no justification whatsoever for labor," he is one of the most hard-working men on the Warner lot.

"Acting doesn't come naturally to me, so I have to work hard," he explains.

Always wary of meeting strangers, on the set he is inclined to be especially tense, prefers to do his turns without the benefit of spectators, finishes a scene and heads for his dressing room rather than horse around with the boys. His favorite director is Michael Curtiz who once told him:

"As an actor, you are a bum. I know why you get such a big salary. Your profile is disgustingly beautiful."

Flynn laughed so loud that Curtiz felt self-conscious. He blushed when Flynn called around at noon and took him to lunch.

Once more a bachelor after being married six years to Lili Damita, Flynn lives in a brand new manor house on a hill sloping toward the San Fernando Valley and overlooking the studio for whom he is eternally rescuing Olivia de Havilland (he married her in four pictures) at $250,000 per annum minus tax. In the distance are the Sierra Nevada Mountains which doubtless delight nature-loving Flynn who is an authority on Irish birds. Mulholland Farms, as the manor is called, is rimmed by a white rail fence, comprises a modest five acres, over which there rambles a brace of peacocks. The house (California colonial) is neither large nor lordly. The porch, a covered terrace the floor of which is lined with flagstones, looks out over the oval swimming pool. From the living room, a solid row of French doors leading to the terrace, Squire Flynn can squint at the great Vega and Lockheed

aircraft plants busy turning out planes that will crush Hitler.

The motif is simplicity, and the tone modest. Flynn hates show, even as he hates show-offs.

Number One Boy at Mulholland Farms is Max Carmel, an Austrian, who served 12 years in the United States army. Max has long since given up trying to instill in Flynn a military man's instinct for order. There was a time when Max worried himself sick wondering whether Flynn would get up in time for his 7 o'clock calls at the studio. Flynn, miraculously enough, has never overslept. Flynn would like to change the sentence around so it will read: "he has never slept." Four or five hours of fitful sleeping is enough for Flynn who rebels at the very thought of snoozing the proverbial eight hours.

"What! Sleep away one-third of my life with Death lurking around the corner! Ridiculous!"

No gadabout, he spends three nights of every week at home, devotes two of these to writing, one to reading. He's writing a commentary on Hollywood which, despite his inscription that it's been written with malice toward none and amusement for all, will blister the hide off many good Hollywoodians.

Toward money he exhibits what he calls a "mal-inspired attitude," whatever that means.

"I find it a completely unembraceable medium, as far as I'm concerned personally," he says. "I am the worst business man in the world although I must confess that it took years to convince me of this. With me saving begins methodically and ends in chaos."

Every week Flynn's business manager sends his client a weekly statement which his client religiously avoids examining. As of now, Flynn, who is addicted to what he refers to as a "very airy habit of making broad gestures," is on an allowance of $50 weekly.

He hates hats, pillows, dowagers and overbearing people. He loves people who've never heard of Hollywood (and consequently Errol Flynn), ballerinas, New York and practical jokes which he plays even on his boss Jack Warner. His great ambition is to write a book that stenographers would enjoy reading. He would like for an epitaph on a tombstone "They read my stuff."

He has no fondness for evening clothes, jewels or perfume—on Errol Flynn. He spells badly, is eternally tardy and forgets names instantly. He dotes on caviar, detests crêpes suzettes.

He says, speaking of the bachelor life:

"It's truly marvelous to have arrived at a state of mental equilibrium."

He most emphatically does not plan to get married—not in a hurry, anyway!

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MR. AND MRS. "FUN"

(*Continued from page 35*)

a man going out and picking a hat for his mother-in-law! The way he found room for his trains at the new house.

Dave didn't care what kind of house they bought. As long as the backyard was big enough for his railroad. Next to people and music, he loves trains. His first and only locomotive ride was to Dave what Christmas is to a kid, with the circus thrown in. It happened in the spring, when Judy made her tour of the army camps, and Dave's bosses at Mutual-Don Lee gave him time off to go with her—a kind of belated honeymoon.

In Texas they got permission to travel a hundred and twenty miles with the engineer. After twenty miles of rattling, swaying and fire-roaring, Judy yelled: "Let me out of here." A hundred miles later her husband joined her. She recognized him by the teeth, gleaming in a grin of pure bliss. The rest of him was black.

Dave's house in the valley, where he'd lived before marriage, was fine for the trains but not so good for Judy, as the single bedroom boasted a single closet. Since both were working, they could snatch only minutes for house-hunting and must have looked at a hundred and fifty. When the house was nice, there was no room for the trains. When there was room for the trains, the house was horrible.

on the dotted line . . .

At last, tired out, they compromised on an old place in Brentwood. They could do it over. There was a gully behind. They could fill it in. At a somewhat exaggerated estimate, all this would take ten years and cost eighty million dollars. The real estate agent came over with the papers. "By the way," she said as Judy, pen in hand, was about to sign, "there's a house that just came on the market this morning—"

The bride turned white. "If I never have a pretty house in my life, I won't look at another."

"Come on," Dave coaxed. "It'll only take fifteen minutes—"

They walked in, and that was it. So entranced was Judy that she forgot the trains. Not till the deal was sewed up that night did it dawn on her that she'd been a bad wife. "Look, Davy—that cliff behind the house—. Oh, Davy, *where* will you put the trains?"

"I'll move the cliff."

"You'll *what?*"

"Move the cliff back six feet. That'll just give me room."

He did, too. Or rather, four colored men did. They arrived at six every morning, looking like the Hall-Johnson choir and sounding like anything but. For four weeks the Roses were blasted from slumber by the din of riveting machines. But the trains got in.

Judy never knew you could get to love a house as you do a person—every beam and corner. It's a modern house, full of light and color—chintz-hung walls, blue-carpeted floors, the living room gay in coral and silver and canary yellow. She always wanted a bedroom with a fireplace and a big bay window, and that's what she's got. Dave always wanted a workroom where he could spill ink and ashes uninhibited—maybe even grind cigarettes out and still keep his good name. So Judy had one bedroom laid with black linoleum—then to surprise him and for an extra fillip, had a music staff painted in red across the floor.

She's learning to cook. It used to be that when Mrs. Gilmore heard her daughter's plaintive "What you doing today, Mom?" over the phone, she'd realize it was maid's day off and pick up her cue.

"Nothing special. Want to come up for dinner?" Even the best breaded chicken grows monotonous, and Judy's sole culinary accomplishment was fudge.

Now the picture's changing. It started at the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago, where they made the revolutionary discovery that eggs can be scrambled without butter. It's done, not with mirrors, but a double boiler. Since butter in any form is poison to Dave, Judy cajoled the chef out of the recipe and tried it when they got home. Her eyes followed Dave's first forkful into his mouth. "Does it taste like the Blackstone?"

"Better."

That started her on a program of expansion. Her mother's phone rings at half hour intervals. "I've got it in the oven, and it's this color. What happens next?"

One night she phoned at nine thirty. "Mom, how do you fix steak and French fries?"

"Haven't you had any dinner?"

"No, we weren't hungry."

"Where's Louise?" (She's the cook of the moment.)

"In her room, reading."

"Have you steak in the house?"

"Dave's going down. What kind shall he get?"

She told them to get a New York cut. Even if they ate it raw, it couldn't hurt them much.

icebox orgies . . .

Dave's eating habits are strange and wonderful. He'll have a hamburger at six, no dinner and pie à la mode at nine, topped by a chocolate float. Chocolate floats are his passion. To milk, ice cream and Hershey's chocolate, he adds Pepsi-Cola, then goes back to his room, starts writing small notes and gets nervous indigestion. Judy comes running with the Alka Seltzer. She hates to protest, thinks she hasn't been married long enough. Anyway, it's no use. No chocolate float tonight, he promises. Fifteen minutes later he's mixing one in the kitchen. So it's better if she goes down and mixes it. At least she doesn't put so much stuff in.

There's also a concoction known as the Rose Special. Mrs. Gilmore was invited to partake one night. After watching them spread smoked salmon on a slice of rye, chopped onions on the salmon, tomato on the onions and cheese on the tomato, she said thanks just the same, but she'd have some hot chocolate.

Neither has a grain of sense about money. Judy gauges her bank account by the number of checks in her book, and there are always more books where that came from. Her mother finally took over and calmed her down. Dave's brother Harry handled his business affairs till he was called into service, leaving Dave helpless. He cast longing glances in Mrs. Gilmore's direction but wouldn't impose. She had equally admirable qualms about butting in.

"Dave's in an awful jam with his accounts," hinted Judy one day.

"Why don't you tell him to do thus-and-so?"

"Mom, would you tell him?"

"I'm not going to be one of those mother-in-laws—"

"Well, of course! We wouldn't want to unload his headaches on you, too—"

Mrs. Gilmore's supervising all the accounts now. The years, she trusts, will bring their own cure.

Her good offices were also enlisted in the help problem. To a succession of maids, Judy was a little girl they'd seen in the movies, and they walked all over her. Her own self-consciousness about giving orders didn't help. Neither did Dave. Dave would hire a gardener without the formality of finding out whether he could garden and pay whatever he asked because the poor guy doubtless needed the dough. He'd amble into the kitchen to consult the chauffeur about his evening's plans and change his own if they interfered with the chauffeur's. Which was nice but led to complications.

So Mrs. Gilmore found Rose and Manley—"the most wonderful couple," says Judy with fervor, "anybody ever had." They refer to her as the Mrs., which delights her soul. Gentle, kindly colored folk, they combine a protective tenderness for her nineteen years with proper regard for her dignity as a married woman. They don't consider it unreasonable that she should ask to have her hats stuffed with tissue, or wood laid ready to burn in the fireplaces. Nor does she mind being babied by Rose and Manley. If Rose lets slip an occasional "darlin'," that's fine, as long as she throws in "the Mrs." once in a while. And when they fixed her a bowl of colored eggs for Easter, she wanted to hug them.

They're off on Sundays, so Judy drives down to Beverly for the kind of coffee cake Dave likes, comes home and gets breakfast—orange juice, toast and coffee, eggs à la Blackstone or waffles, which she's just mastered. Conversation lags while she buries herself in the funnies and Dave in the rest of the paper. Then she washes the dishes—the Mr. will have no part of them—and cleans house. Making her own beds, running the vacuum over her own carpets is Judy's idea of a whale of a good time.

Maybe the family comes over in the afternoon. The Rosebushes are lucky in their in-laws. Mrs. Gilmore's one in ten thousand. Dave's mother and wife form a mutual adoration society. Judy started by calling her Mom Rose, then changed to Eva at Eva's invitation. Till lately Dave didn't call Mrs. Gilmore much of anything, because he didn't know what to call her. The first time he said Mom, it made Judy feel good.

casey jones rose . . .

Jimmy and Sue, her sisters, their husbands, Mr. Gilmore and baby Judelein complete the circle. Judelein takes possession of Dave. They lie in the sun, coloring pictures with crayons. But not for long. The baby is Dave's most appreciative passenger. Pretty soon the bell's clanging, the whistle's blowing, the smoke's belching, the train goes careening round the edge of the cliff, Davy in front, Judelein behind with his cap on wrong side foremost, the dogs racing alongside and barking their heads off.

Judy got sore at Dave once because of

the trains. The only time since they were married. When he decided that the ideal spot for his stationary steam engine—a birthday gift from her—was his bathroom, she let it pass. Even when the engine spurted oil all over the place. After all, it was his bathroom. But they gave a party one day, and though it was pouring rain, the men decided to go out and run the trains. Dave handed out overalls. He keeps seven pairs on tap for just such contingencies. Presently they trooped back, happy host and guests, across the hall, up the stairs, while Judy's stricken eyes watched each pair of feet trail mud over the beautiful blue carpets.

"I don't think you should've done that," she told Dave. It didn't sound very formidable, but he looked sort of scared and her heart smote her. "I wouldn't care," she wailed, "if you'd just wipe your feet off."

From the supper table she was called to the phone by a wire. "Dear Mrs. Rose," read the operator. "I'm having a lovely time at your party, and I'll never track mud on your carpets again." It was signed Duh-vode, the silly version of David she sometimes uses, and by feminine logic, it made her feel like a pig.

That was their only big party. They'd rather have a few intimates in to listen to recordings or play games—Indications and gin rummy and Star Reporter. Sometimes they go to Charlie Foy's and take the girls—the girls being their respective mothers. Dave isn't much for dancing. His limit is usually one. If there's another man in the party, Judy gets a few more in. Otherwise she's content to just sit by and hold hands with her husband and enjoy the music.

But most of their evenings are spent at home. When Dave works, Judy sits with him for company and reads. Often he'll play a passage for her reaction. He respects her instinctive musical taste. If she makes a suggestion he likes, he'll use it. If not, he'll explain why it's no good. He never gets too absorbed to watch her and the clock. "You look tired. Better go to bed." She hates going to bed, but trots up obediently, lies wide-eyed for a while, hears Dave in the kitchen and trots down again just in time to swipe half of his Rose Special.

His ways with music never cease to astonish her. One night he was reading a symphonic score. "Gosh, this is beautiful!"

"What do you mean this is beautiful? Can you *hear* it?"

She made him promise to teach her to read. That lasted about two weeks. Driving along, he'd quiz her. "What's the note on the third line of the G-clef?" Then she started "Me and My Gal," and the whole thing was off. She vows she's going to learn though—from one of those old men like David Warfield in "The Music Master," who charges fifty cents a lesson and knows his stuff. Dave says when you know what the orchestra's playing, when you hear a chord and can recognize it as a G-seventh diminished, it's like a whole great new world opening—

mutual fans . . .

They steer clear of each other's workshops. He feels he doesn't belong on her set, and she feels the same way about his broadcasting studio. Like any layman, she tunes in to hear him, and he sees her pictures when they're released. She did go along, though, when he made his first Victor recordings two months ago. This was a goal she'd long set her heart on. Dave was pleased but contained. Judy was in a dither. The first record he made was a waltz he'd written for her and asked her to name. "Our Waltz" she named it, and it's sort of their theme song. The recordings were super. He's going to do an Academy Award Album for Victor, the winners of the last eight years. As for Judy's pictures, he doesn't say much. They're neither of them ravers. When he squeezes her hand, she knows he liked it—really an awful lot.

He's finicky about her clothes—a little harsh, she calls him. "You look all right, but the shoes are wrong—" or "I don't like the hairdress." Loud colors are taboo, he doesn't mind slacks if they're well tailored, on hats she can go overboard—the crazier, the better. Imagine a man like that!

About once a month he comes home with a huge box, which he dumps on her bed. They're both diffident about handing out gifts, feel silly watching the other open them, so they sort of sneak 'em in. Judy's big box holds a dozen little ones—a silly doll he's picked up, perfume, a lapel gadget, bath powder, a cute little lipstick. Once she found a bathtray all set up pretty as you please in her tub.

Before they were married, they'd hang on the phone for hours. Ten minutes after a long confab about nothing, Dave would call again. "Whom do you love?"

"You."

It's abbreviated now. Dave comes in and says, "Whom?"

"You," says Judy.

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SO LONG, BUTTON-NOSE

(Continued from page 58)

half an hour each evening before going to bed, she could keep things under control. In front of the checkbook, methodical Reagan pasted their charity list—on the tenth a check to so-and-so, on the 15th to such-and-such. Ronnie remembers everything. Jane sometimes forgets. To remind herself, she promised she'd leave notes to herself all over the house. One thing she always forgets is to have the cars lubricated. He put a big sign up in the garage. "LUBRICATION AT SUCH AND SUCH A MILEAGE."

Each kept up a show of spirits for the other. Alone, Jane drove herself, so she wouldn't have time to think. Luckily, she had a goal to drive toward, something tangible to do for Ronnie.

Two weeks earlier they'd moved into their new house, with the bare essentials for living. The rest they'd planned to do at their leisure. Now Jane resolved that Ronnie should see it finished. The idea of his leaving a naked house seemed somehow pitiful and more than she could bear. If she and Connie Rennick, her decorator, could get the stuff in, then at least he could give it the once-over, and whatever he didn't like, they could change later. And he wouldn't have to wonder, poor lamb, what his home looked like.

To make it harder, this was all to be sprung on him at a surprise party the day before he left. She and Connie worked like mad. People with samples of this and that beat a path to her dressing room door at Twentieth. They all vowed to deliver the goods not before twelve-thirty nor after three on Saturday the 18th. They all kept their word.

Jane's picture wound up on Wednesday. Ronnie was still "Desperate Journeying" on Thursday—with Errol Flynn, Alan Hale and Arthur Kennedy. There was something calculated in Hale's joviality that day. After every crack, he'd throw a glance Ronnie's way to see if he was laughing. At lunch in the commissary he went around laying bets that the war would be over by Christmas. There was one point at which Ronnie quit grinning. When they told him his scenes might stretch into Friday. "I'm through stretching," he said with finality. "The last two days are for Mamma."

li'l' white lie . . .

On Friday there were business things to take care of—papers to sign, a small checking account to open that would see him through till his officer's pay started. He and Jane spent the evening at home. Her hardest job was to tell him that Twentieth had called her back for retakes on Saturday afternoon. Button-nose the First blows up, she tells people off, her tongue can blister. This is largely because her nature craves open dealings, openly arrived at. By the same token, she hates a lie and all but foundered over the first she'd ever told her husband.

By pre-arrangement, Irving Kaplan phoned. He and Betty, his wife, are Jane's oldest and dearest friends and, with Bob Cobb, proved invaluable co-plotters. "I hear Jane's working tomorrow. Bob wants us to lunch at the Derby with him, and take in the ball game."

Ronnie said he might as well. Jane got him out of the house by twelve. At twelve-thirty the procession, headed by Connie, started. Drapes were hung, rugs laid, lamps connected, furniture placed. Tearing round, Jane breathed a prayer of thanksgiving for Bob and Irving.

After the game they lured Ronnie to Bob's house. "Look," he said, "I'd like to go see my wife and kid, do you mind?" Irving dashed to the phone and reported that Jane wasn't in yet. They started on war and politics, themes on which Ronnie is generally good for the night. That held him till six-thirty, when he headed for the phone.

"I just this minute got home," said Jane, and to ease her conscience, threw in a truth with the lie. "I'm dirty and tired and have to get dressed. You stay with the boys till I call you."

"I've seen you dirty and tired before," he said mildly, "but if that's how you want it—"

For once in their lives the guests were all on time. This party of Jane's for Ronnie had to be perfect—the first in their new home, the last she'd give till the war was over. She'd told them to dress informally, since Ronnie would be coming from a ball game. The boys drove him up at seven-thirty. Not till he saw the cars did he get an inkling.

"What's all this about?"

"Oh, I guess Rennick's with Jane."

"Rennick and sixteen Cadillacs, that's fine."

Pat O'Brien—the love of Ronnie's life, Jane calls him—pulled the door open and they all yelled surprise! and he stood taking them in—the Jack Bennys and Stanwyck and Taylor and Sheridan and Brent and Charlie Einfeld and all their good friends in a beautifully appointed room which had been little more than a barracks that morning, and Button-nose over on the sidelines, grinning tremulously.

two alone . . .

The first hubbub over, he tracked her down to the kitchen. "I swear I could cry—"

"Don't do that, Ronnie. Just say you forgive me for the fib. It's the first and last, but I had to work things out somehow."

"What fib?" he asked against her hair.

They wound up at one in the den with an old-fashioned singing bee. Ann Sheridan gave Ronnie a St. Christopher. Kissing her forehead, he whispered: "Don't forget Janey while I'm away."

Sunday was awful. Like some baleful spirit, 9:46—the time of the train's departure from Glendale—peered at Jane from every corner. She was torn between wanting to hang on to Ronnie tight and wishing that the wrench of parting were over. After that minute, things couldn't get worse, so they'd have to get better. She might have gone up to San Francisco with him, but they'd voted against it. The military hadn't taken him into its confidence. He knew he'd be at Ft. Mason the first day, and that was all he knew.

They were alone only for breakfast. The families—Ronnie's mother, brother and sister-in-law, Jane's mother and sister—came to lunch and spent most of the afternoon. When they'd said their goodbys and gone, it was time to pack. That didn't take long. Boots and uniforms, socks, underwear and shaving kit. The leather brush-case Jane had given him. The case to match from his stand-in, with dictionary, address book and writing materials. The baby helped with the packing—an enchanting game invented by Dada for her amusement. He'd hand her a sock and she'd roam, dropping it where the fancy seized her.

Jane gave him a frame holding photo-

graphs of Maureen. She also extracted from among his belongings an enormous print of one of their wedding pictures. "Where will you keep it?" she asked sweetly. "On the horse's tail?" and substituted a smaller one. For which he has since found cause to be grateful.

As usual, Maureen was bathed and fed at six. As usual, she stayed up till seven to play with her father. As usual, he hugged her, kissed the top-knot on which he's been known to tie a mean bow, and stuck her in the crib. If he departed from routine, it was only to stand there an extra moment, to plant an extra kiss on the soft cheek. "So long, Button-nose," he said and went.

Downstairs the farewells were damper. Goldie, the cook, wept. Fay, the maid, wept. Jane stood by dry-eyed, while Ronnie consoled them with pats. "Take care of Mrs. Reagan and the baby while I'm gone."

"Yes, sir," they wailed.

One long look at the house, to stamp it on his memory, before he drove off. They called for Lou and ate at the Brown Derby on Los Feliz, which is halfway to Glendale. Jane slipped her hand into Ronnie's and let the men do the talking. Later, at the station, she was glad that the train stopped for only four minues, limiting the agony. Lou had left them alone. "You two have things to say to each other—"

And suddenly there was nothing to say and they were clinging together and the guy was yelling "All aboard," and Ronnie was on the platform waving, and then he was gone.

Jane hasn't shed tears in five years but, driving home in the seat lately warmed by Ronnie, her eyes grew blind with them. The harder she mopped, the faster they came, so finding herself a menace to traffic, she turned down a side street, shut off the motor and cried her heart out as she hadn't dared cry while Ronnie was there.

Goldie, with a long face, was waiting up for her. "You feel bad, don't you, ma'am? Would you like me to fix you a drink?" Poor Goldie couldn't understand why Jane's only answer was a wild look after which her head went down on her knees and her shoulders shook.

Uneasily Goldie approached. "Are you laughin' or cryin', ma'am?"

"How," asked a strangled voice, "are you supposed to tell?"

She didn't sleep well that night, but was all right next morning. Though the house is lonely, she doesn't brood. She does heave a sigh of relief though, once the baby's asleep. Maureen misses her father. She thinks he's playing her favorite hiding game and goes hunting for him in all the corners he used to pop out of. Not finding him, she knocks at his dressing room door. "Dada?" she calls. Which doesn't make things easier for her mother. "But that's fine," says Jane. "I'd hate her not to miss him."

Ronnie needn't have worried about her social life. Their friends, if she'd let them, would keep her busy every night. The one thing she won't do is go out with men. Ronnie has bachelor friends who'd be glad to take her, and Ronnie would be glad to have her taken. But she knows her Hollywood. "Let me walk into a night club, and some guy on the press who doesn't like me—and there are many such," says Don't-Kid-Yourself Wyman—"is going to take a crack at me. Well, Ronnie has enough to handle without being bothered by that kind of truck."

They write each other every night. Once in a while Jane phones—not often—they feel it's a form of self-indulgence that shouldn't be overdone in times like these. "Want to say hello to your kid?" And hearing his voice, his kid will gurgle, clap hands, dance a jig, go straight through her bag of tricks, under the delusion that her dada can see her.

As this is written, he's still in San Francisco. If he's there when she gets her first week-end off, Jane will go up. Meantime, she works, keeps the books posted, the car lubricated, plays hide-and-seek with the kid and rejects sympathy.

"Naturally, if he went ten miles away, I'd miss him. But what business have I got to squawk? Every woman who's losing her guy feels the same way."

Then the jaw juts out in grim determination. "Besides, I'm betting with Alan Hale. Now that Ronnie's in the army, it's bound to be over by Christmas."

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YANKEE DOODLE DANDY

STORY

(Continued from page 37)

But there was a feeling among stage folk that you *could* find kids easier to work with than brash, cocky young George. He had the conceit of a king. He knew he was good and never hesitated to tell you so.

From the night he made his first smash hit, as "Peck's Bad Boy," there was no holding him. He acted and talked like a star. If only Jerry Cohan had been the kind to warm the lad's britches—

But Jerry wasn't, not quite. The Cohans were so close together that, in the eyes of one, none of the others really could do wrong. True, there were occasions when if Georgie had behaved a little better, big Broadway managers would have billed the act. True, their stage acquaintances kept muttering that Jerry and Nellie and Josie could go far if they cut the loudmouth adrift. Yet the Four Cohans never even considered becoming Three Cohans. The mere notion was sacrilege. Years sped away.

man meets miss . . .

It was backstage in Buffalo, after a performance in which he'd played Nellie's father, that George—grown up, now—met Mary (Joan Leslie).

She was a pretty thing, young and shy and with a burning ambition to become an actress. She had a low sweet voice, and from the moment George heard it he believed in her. That was why, when the Cohans next tackled New York, on one of those campaigns for Broadway which George's boastfulness always managed to defeat, Mary came along.

He had a show of his own to peddle, this trip. Score, book and lyrics all by George M. Cohan! Of course he thought it was terrific.

One thing about Mary was that she thought so, too. Patient and brave and confident, she made the rounds of managerial offices with him. They started at the top. They ended at the bottom, which was Goff (Chester Clute) & Dietz (George Tobias).

And even there, George's masterpiece was cold-shouldered. All his spirited plugging of its numbers, all Mary's sweet-voiced rendering of its songs, couldn't put it over. Goff & Dietz weren't buying.

In bleak discouragement, George returned to the boarding house where the Cohan family was weeks behind in rent. Like a whispering chorus, now, everything everyone always had said kept taunting him. George was the sore thumb in the outfit! Plenty of jobs for the others, without George! Three Cohans could eat again, if the fourth Cohan——

Putting over the lie he had to sell them was one of the most brilliant bits of acting in George's versatile career. But they had faith in him. They, alone of all the world, could believe his show had sold and was to hit Broadway in a few months. They, alone, could be deceived into accepting his suggestion that the three of them take another whirl on the road as a trio while he stuck in town for rehearsals.

After he'd seen them off at the station, a lonely and dispirited George dropped into Rector's—where the theater's big shots congregated—for one last gesture before he faced facts. And there, disguised as a young man and an old man, Fame and Fortune were waiting.

They didn't know they were waiting for anyone. They thought they were holding a conference of their own, as to why the old man (whose name was not Fortune, but Lawrence Schwab) should back the new melodrama written by the young man (whose name was not Fame, but Sam Harris). Harris (Richard Whorf) had a good many reasons. Schwab (S. Z. Sakall) could see none of them. Schwab wanted girls. He wanted lights. He wanted music and laughter.

George, shamelessly listening, intruded himself upon the conversation like a bomb exploding. He had a musical, didn't he? If that was what was wanted, well—It didn't take Harris long to catch on. A partnership was formed with a mere handshake.

They didn't even stop to ask each other's names till afterward.

So the desperate lie became a dazzling truth. "Little Johnny Jones," turned down all over Broadway because it waved the stars and stripes so shamelessly, became the hit of the country. Schwab provided the gorgeous girls, a theater, the costumes. Harris provided the genius for staging.

George? George provided the songs, the script—and George M. Cohan to sing them to the world so the world sat up and begged for more!

bright lights . . .

Sam and he had names for themselves by next season, when it was time to do another show. And George had a dream. He wrote a song for Mary into the new score, and called it by her name. When they had the amazing luck to land the great Fay Templeton (Irene Manning) as their star, and she insisted on taking that hit number herself, his heart all but broke.

He took Mary the loveliest roses he could find, trying to make it up to her. But right in the middle of apologizing, he suddenly was telling her he loved her and asking her to marry him. . . .

Templeton was glorious. She had only to step into a spotlight, gown and jewels and smile all glittering, to bring an audience to its feet. And in "Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway," she was singing Cohan songs. America was wild for them. The dam of the lean years had burst.

Abe Erlanger (George Barbier), one of the shrewdest men in show business, described George M. as "the whole darn country squeezed into one pair of pants." His writing, his music, even the way he walked and talked, touched something deep in the hearts of people everywhere. He had found the mainspring in the Yankee clock and touched it every time a curtain rose.

George brought back the family from the road and starred the Four Cohans on Broadway at last. "George Washington, Junior," was as solid a smash as the earlier Cohan-Harris offerings. Upward and upward they spun.

Only once did they fail, and that was with George's one arty attempt to write a serious drama. He apologized in the papers, to the people he had let down with a play as bad as "Popularity."

But nothing on any stage in Creation could touch the drama which burst suddenly upon the world with a roll of cannon grimmer than any orchestra drums. The *Lusitania* had been torpedoed! The country was plunged into sudden, blasting war! George was one of the first in

line at the recruiting office, to answer the appeal for volunteers.

They turned him down. They turned him down, the greatest dancer on the American stage, because he had flat feet.

Futility steeped in his heart as he stumbled out onto Broadway again—unwanted, still a civilian. A band was playing. A bugle note rose high, calling for soldiers "over there." George's lips puckered. He began to imitate the bugle's trill. "Over there—OVER THERE—"

It was the greatest song the war produced, his "Over There." Nora Bayes (Frances Langford), top vaudeville singer of the day, introduced it at Camp Merritt for the soldiers—with George to help her. It swept the country like a forest fire, igniting every heart it touched. It leapt across scarred fields of battle. It was a hymn of a fighting country, its pledge of high courage, its anthem of victory.

Then peace again. Peace, and more great successes.

end of a day . . .

But the whirlwind speed of the cyclone was slowing. It had to slow. George wasn't a boy, any longer. The years were flowing on, inexorably. Jerry and Nelly Cohan both were dead. Josie, too, after years of retirement and happy marriage. Things weren't the same without them.

After his hit in "Ah, Wilderness!" therefore, the last of the Four Cohans broke up his great partnership with Sam Harris. He and Mary had their fireside, their memories—and a lot to look forward to, as well. Things there hadn't been time for, on the wild upward rush. Quiet, gentle, peaceful hours to share.

He came back once, to play Franklin Roosevelt in "I'd Rather Be Right." But the rest was stillness and content and a slow savoring of those riches of living which had stored up inside his heart and Mary's. He hadn't thought he would live to see the world in flames again. He was getting old. If war must be, the fight was for the young and strong.

Yet only a few weeks ago, in a great Eastern city, a grey-haired man stood with the crowd beside a curb and watched long columns of the infantry of the United States swing by.

He was the only man in the throng who didn't burst into remembering song as the band blared near. But its martial strains had caught at his heart in a way no one else could understand. It wasn't a tired song! It wasn't an old song! Young men were singing it proudly, as they marched beneath their streaming flags of stars and stripes.

The song was "Over There."

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY
PRODUCTION

(Continued from page 37)

to her de luxe model! Jimmy rehearsed the complicated Cohan dance routines for four solid months running before he attempted them before the kliegs . . . Dancing coach, Johnny Boyle, known as the greatest heel-and-toe perfectionist who ever tapped a toe, wore him down to a frazzle. Johnny's broken ankle didn't stop him—he beat out the rhythm with his fingers and palms on a table—and Cagney jounced on! Jimmy himself's a stickler for realism. Works in front of a gigantic plate glass reflector, 12 feet wide and 20 feet high, so he won't miss a trick. The mirror, which is shifted around the set with him, is an old one he used

"I was a Wife *in name only*"

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HER HAPPINESS BY OVERCOMING
HER "ONE NEGLECT"



1. Our marriage started out like a story-book romance. We were so head-over-heels in love. But soon my romance faded. Jim's love turned to cold indifference. I suffered agonies.



2. Mrs. M. dropped in one morning and caught me crying. She dragged the whole sad story out of me. "My dear," she said, "don't mind my frankness—you see, I used to be a Registered Nurse, and I understand your trouble. So many wives lose their husbands' love because of carelessness about feminine hygiene.



3. "Our head physician set me straight," continued Mrs. M. "He advised his women patients to use Lysol for intimate personal care. Lysol, you see, is a powerful germicide; used according to easy directions, it kills all vaginal germ-life on instant contact . . . yet can't harm sensitive tissues. It cleanses and deodorizes, too."



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years ago . . . In his first appearance in the film, he's positively unrecognizable in his 70-year-old make-up. Bet you ardent devotees have to look twice to spot him!

The story itself is an accurate record of the life and times of Cohan, from his birth in Providence, R. I., on July 4, 1878, up to the present. Several studios had long been dickering with George M. for rights to use his story, and Warners' were jubilant when they clinched the sale! Cohan cannily reserved rights to pass judgment on casting and screen play presentation, thought Cagney was just the ticket for the part . . . Cohan's sidekick in several musicals, William Collier, Sr., was called in as special consultant and made the picture live with his vast store of anecdotes . . . During Cohan's remarkable career, he wrote and produced 35 to 40 plays, penned more than 500 songs and musical numbers and had a hand in more than 125 other theatrical attractions! Consequently, the studio had a tough time judging which scenes to include. Highlights they couldn't pass up include "Little Johnny Jones," his first Broadway effort, "Popularity," his first big flop, and "I'd Rather Be Right," which sent him back to Broadway after retirement, in 1940 . . . Song hits you'll gulp over are "Give My Regards to Broadway," "I'm a Yankee Doodle Boy," "So Long, Mary," "You Remind Me of My Mother," "Harrigan" and a batch of other heart-renders.

Make-up problems were a headache, what with the story starting in 1878 and running up to the 1940's. When Joan Leslie's 17th birthday rolled around, she had advanced to a 50-year-old in the script, celebrated the day in a white-wig and wrinkled puss! Fellow players gifted her with an heirloom bracelet at the impromptu birthday party they cooked up. Everyone heartily devoured four festive cakes, donated by cast, working crew, Curtiz and studio execs. She practically burst into tears when Western Union messenger girls trooped in on the scene and warbled "Happy Birthday." The W. U. gals are the first to be pressed into local messenger service and are quite a treat about town. Joan says she got her biggest bang out of her mom's gift—a sleek grown-up party gown by Orry-Kelly. It's her first bid to svelteness.

At least one defense bond per day was raffled off among cast and crew. On days of particularly big production numbers with huge choruses, two bonds were sold. By pic's end, thousands of dollars had gone into Uncle Sammy's coffers.

keeping 'em flying . . .

Flags needed for "You're A Grand Old Flag" number had to be specially ordered from a mill in San Francisco, cost Warner Bros. almost 4,000 smackers. Reason: supplies first available all bore the "Made in Japan" stamp . . . Two large theater stages were built on the sound stage to keep the cameras turning between scenes. All in all, 12 different theaters and a total of 285 sets were pictured, from the days of gaslights to chrome and colored "spots" . . . Last "silk and satin" chorus to be seen for the duration was filmed for "Little Johnny Jones" number. Studio searched far and wide for Hollywood's most gorgeous gals. Said Mike Curtiz, "We wanted to make it a typical Cohan line."

Twenty-two-month-old Patricia Lynn Martin plays Cohan on his first birthday. Her twin brother served as stand-in but didn't look quite enough like George.

Most dramatic spot of the picture is an introduction of "Over There" by Frances Langford. The scene's an exact reproduction of the original 1917 situation when it was presented at Camp Merritt, Long Island.

Eddie Foy, the most famous comedian of his time, is played by son Eddie, Jr. One of seven theatrical kids, he literally stepped into his pop's boots in this one—wore a pair of Sr.'s shoes in a dancing scene with Cagney. Said, "Comics have marshmallow hearts. Dad would have gotten a tremendous kick out of this."

"Yankee" did its part of Good-Neighboring, when members entertained Chilean ambassador to Colombia, Emilio Edwards Bello, on the set one day. He was impressed by Cagney.

Joan Leslie's drawn up a dream cast of 10 Irishmen she'd like to appear with in films. Cagney claims it was his influence that made her settle on the Irish! Anyway, here are Leslie's favored few: Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Thomas Mitchell, Errol Flynn, George Brent, Frank McHugh, Ronald Reagan, Regis Toomey, Edmund O'Brien and Pat Knowles.

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At last we have it for you—that up-to-the-second chart of your favorite "Westerns" you've been begging for! Imagine having at your fingertips the real names, birthplaces, birthdates, heights, weights, how they got their start and studio addresses of over 60 of those rough-riding heroes, leering villains and wide-eyed heroines of your pet "horse opries"! Made up in a most attractive form, it will make your album proud as anything. Just send five cents in coin or stamps with the coupon below and your new revised chart is just as good as lassoed!

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GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 52*)

to a lecture delivered by his older sister on the evils of weed wafting, its invariable result in stunting growth, and where was the kid's pride anyhow? . . . "So now I'm six feet three," he says, slapping the cheek of Science firmly. Just right for making good the Western Thriller way. Radio acting back in Arkansas was o.k. for Dick for a time, but who ever raved about a radio actor's looks? So it was Broadway for Our Boy and horse opreys to follow. All to groom him for biggers and betters, like his latest up-and-comer for Warners, "The Big Shot." Not bad for a fellow just turned twenty-five last April 17th. . . . No wonder the rumor mongers have him tangling up the heartstrings of any number of gals at once . . . not the least tangled of whom is Jimmy Cagney's sister Jeanne, so the gossips gossip . . . but Ritchie, point-blank faced with "How many times have you been in love?"—conducts a point-blank evasion, countering non-committally, "I call it madness." Still he wants to have nine kids some day, he says . . . five boys and four girls. Their some-day mother, he warns, will have to be a dame who's not at all subject to fits of fickleness . . . furthermore, he suggests that she be not "noisy in public" . . . adding, "Don't gush—shoot the sherbet." . . . too, she should realize before it's too late that Dick does nearly all his dialog rehearsing under the fierce trickle of a needle point shower. "I've had some complaints about my rehearsing," he admits. "Under the shower, naturally to hear myself I have to shout." . . . But the man has his moments of merriment, too. Funny, the way he relaxes. By talking shop. "I like to talk anyone's shop," he claims. "If he's a musician—music. A doctor, medicine. An author, writing. And it's especially interesting to talk shop when accompanied by a highball." Almost an extremist, Dick never does anything halfway . . . "Jezebel" was his favorite movie, "Jezebel" was a movie the like of which there was none such, "Jezebel" was GOOD . . . and so Dick went not once, not twice, not thrice, but six times to see "J-z-b-l." Travis, the artist, has sold poster art of his own when pinched . . . but prefers to spend his time collecting books and guns . . . Thinks Bette Davis is one of the swellest people in Hollywood because she made him feel so at home on "The Man Who Came To Dinner" sets . . . once had a crush on Barbara Stanwyck . . . chooses Katie Hepburn for his dream gal on a mythical desert island . . . often confesses there may be some truth in the cliché "There ain't no justice" . . . seems maybe there ain't—anymore—since William Justice changed his name to Richard Travis!

HOLLYWOOD DIARY

Mon., May 4th: Back at the grind after Universal-lunching with Deanna Durbin and Ida Zeitlin. Glad to see Deanna bright and cheerful. With Vaughn away she isn't always that way. Says she awoke yesterday feeling lonesome and miserable. Thought she had a long, dreary day ahead of her, till Judy Garland invited her to spend the afternoon and evening with herself and Dave. Judy knows what it's like to be separated from her husband. She's so cock-eyed in love she almost goes to pieces, herself, if anything parts her from her Davie.

Later. Hollywood, I love you! What other town offers service stations where you can get a rain check with every car wash! Had my little go-car shampooed at Marke C. Bloome, where they guarantee a re-wash if it rains within twenty-four hours. Talked to a couple of the boys about Bill Holden who was a steady customer at Bloome's before he enlisted. The boys are genuinely fond of Bill. They bought him a book for a going-away present.

I'm ready to bawl, too. Someone was just in with the news that my favorite actress lives on a hilltop not to enjoy the view, but because she's suffering from lung trouble.

Thurs., May 7th: Glenn Ford stopped by for a preview peek at the pictures Bob Beerman shot especially for Fredda Dudley's story (next issue). . . . While I had Glenn cornered, I pounded him with questions about Joan Crawford. But Glenn's a gallant lad. Says all statements should come from Joan. I asked if he bought her any presents when he returned from New York. He did, all right! A two pound box of caramels from Joan's favorite Fifth Avenue confectioner!

Tues., May 12th: Out to Metro's "Me and My Gal" set with Kaaren Pieck to interview Judy Garland. Found Judy lost to the world in "Bride of Glory," a new biography of Lady Hamilton. She was wearing an old-fashioned, long-bloomered bathing suit and a rubber-shirred bathing cap for the big "By

(*Continued on page 94*)

Rick Twins surprise their dentist with proof that



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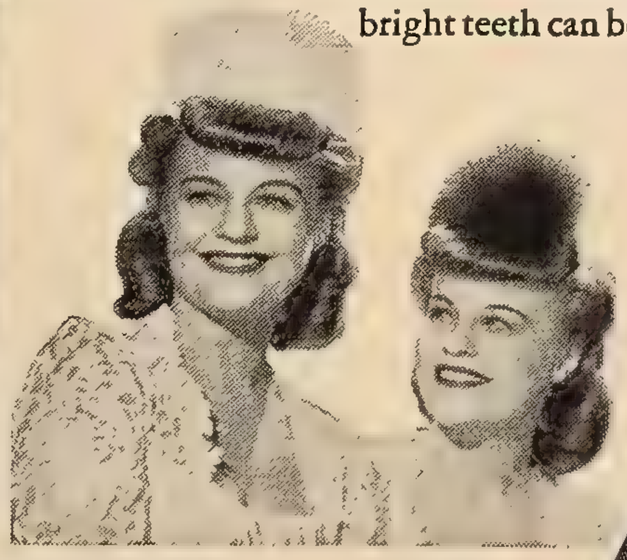
Pretty Margaret and Marilyn Rick, Palatine, Illinois,
Twins, chorus: "Pepsodent's really 'super'!"

"People always had a hard time telling us apart . . . in school, in the neighborhood, anywhere!



. . . But, say! After Margaret won the toss to see who'd use Pepsodent Powder, it was different! I chose another well-known brand, thinking there couldn't be very much difference."

"Did I learn about tooth powders! Our dentist was skeptical at first . . . then amazed . . . when Pepsodent made Peg's teeth twice as bright as mine! He said he never saw anything like it! Neither did we! Pepsodent showed us how really bright teeth can be!"





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SWEET

SIXTEEN!



Jane Withers blows hard at her 16th birthday shindig, held last April 12th in Jim Jeffries' barn. 150 came, all clad yokel style.



Evelyn Underwood jived with Joe Brown, Jr., after he'd won a prize in a rag doll dance.



Jane cut in on Cora Sue Collins and Dickie Moore when Weidler Bros.' swing band replaced hillbilly tunesters and square dancing.



A round of "musical chairs" plopped Jane and Joe Brown. Party ran noon to 7:30 p.m.



Lt. Jerry Walker and fellow soldiers took the gang for a jeep ride with no swerves barred. Jane's mom nigh fainted with fear.



Songwriter Sidney Miller (left) gave Virginia Weidler and Larry Nunn first prize in jitterbug contest. Hayride followed.



Bobby Jordan won Edith Fellows in "musical chairs" after copping the lucky number door prize—a 9-day-old goat and a baby milk bottle!

It's Tough To Be Single in Hollywood!

MANY A GIRL may think it's tough to be single anywhere—but let Lana Turner illustrate that it's tougher in Hollywood! Pursued by photographers who foresee elopements and reporters who scent romances, an unmarried star can't even enjoy her misery in private, without being hounded by rumors! An everyday emotion for ordinary girls becomes a bane for a star —and a penetrating photo-scoop for Screen Guide!

Other Scoops in July Screen Guide:

War Comes to the Newlyweds! And now Brenda Marshall will have to get along without her Bill Holden.

Squire Morgan Surrenders! Frank Morgan couldn't be photographed—but our camermen captured him for a photo-story of his way of life and good times!

Jane Russell Still Has A Chance! The girl who gave Hollywood her all in sex appeal may succeed yet!

What Happens to War Heroes? Review the struggles of Ronald Colman to see how heroes "carry on!"

"My Fight Is Over!" says Gene Tierney. At long last, here is the finale to her family feuds!

ALSO: Color portraits you'll cherish of Paulette Goddard, Ann Sheridan, Dorothy Lamour and Lynn Bari. Plus pages of intimate, on-the-spot gossip, fashion news, beauty tips, movie reviews—all in Screen Guide!



SCREEN GUIDE

JULY ISSUE
Now on Sale
at ALL NEWSSTANDS

"Take a letter, Darling"



Jobless Tom Verney (Fred MacMurray) dubiously takes a job as combined secretary-escort to advt. magnate A. M. MacGregor (Rosalind Russell)—a gal, no less!



Against her will, Mac falls for Tom when he kisses her. Fast and furiously she delves into her world, a campaign for potential client Jonathan Caldwell (MacDonald Carey).

Mac faints when Caldwell (supporter of 4 ex-wives) cancels date because she's a gal. Later schemes to have Tom work on sister Caldwell, who has the final say on advertising.



Mac warns at the outset that Tom's job is strictly business—to appease jealous wives while she plays up to would-be clients. In his artist's garret, Tom tries to convince pals it's on the level.





Earning his $10,000 bonus, Tom clicks with Caldwell's sister Ethel (Constance Moore), drums up his own campaign with her in hopes of beating Mac at her own advertising-without-love game.



Caldwell, himself intrigued with Mac, encourages Tom's progress with Ethel as a jealousy come-on. Mac gets mad, instead declares she'll wed Caldwell. Tom blisters.



Tom leaves, telling Mac he'll collect his check for his work before he packs for Mexico. Following routine, Tom introduces Mac to maiden aunts as his no. 5. The aunts freeze up, cause a rift.



Mac quarrels with Caldwell when she finds she merely amuses him. Highway-ing home on foot, she hears a familiar voice proffering a lift to Mexico. It's Tom, and she accepts the hitch—for life!

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You can have prize-winning eyes! Make them lovelier with Camille mascara and enter this exciting contest. Buy any three 10c Camille products at your 5 and 10c store. Send these three cards or box-tops (or reasonable facsimiles) together with your photo or snapshot (preferably face only, and the larger the better). Any number of your photos may be sent, but each must be accompanied by three additional cards. Address: Contest Director, Camille, Inc., Morristown, N. J.

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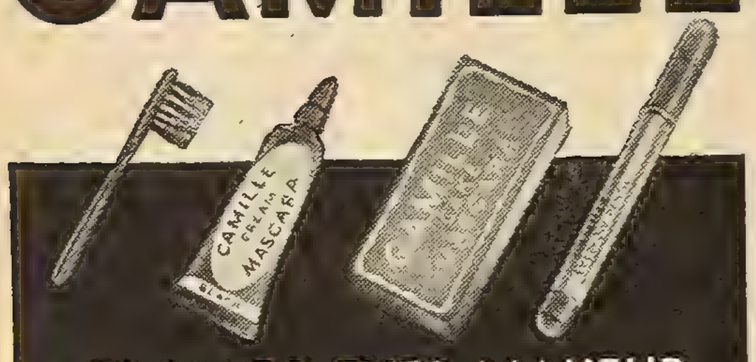
A round-trip ticket to Hollywood, all expenses paid, as guest of Republic Pictures. with a screen role for two weeks in a Republic film at $100 per week. IN ADDITION you will be presented with a stunning fur coat from I. J. Fox, "America's Largest Furriers."

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- An exquisite diamond 17 jewel, irridium platinum Wrist Watch by Gruen, makers of the "Precision Watch."
- A genuine Tecla necklace of perfectly matched pearls from Tecla Pearls, Inc., famous for the "World's Finest Culture Pearls."
- A Scholarship in Fashion and Photographic Modelling at smart Mayfair Mannequin Academy, Fifth Avenue, New York.
- And 5 gorgeous, jewel-encrusted sets of costume jewelry, consisting of bracelet, necklace, earrings and ring, by "Karu," well known Fifth Avenue jewelers.

All entries must be in by July 1st, 1942. (All selections will be final.)

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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 89)

the Sea" number she's been working in for the last few days. We talked till noon and then Judy slipped a dark-blue flannel robe over her costume, shook her hair free of the cap and led us to the commissary for lunch, Kaaren and I stowed thousands of calories away, but all Judy would have was a glass of milk. No wonder she's so thin!

After lunch drove out to see Jackie Cooper's new Sunset Towers apartment. It's a bedroom-living-room-dining-room affair. Not too opulent, but comfortable enough for any bachelor boy. While Jackie poured a Pepsi, I picked up a leather-bound autograph album lying on the table. Leafed through it but couldn't discover a single autograph! Jackie came back and chuckled. Said the album was a gift from his mother several years ago. When she gave it to him she told him to get the President's signature. Jackie lugged the book to Washington, recently, met Mr. Roosevelt, but forgot to ask for his autograph!

Fri., May 15th: Cynthia Miller's lunch-time interview with Jane Wyman at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby was the high spot on the calendar today. Jane breezed into the eatery wearing a tailored suit and sun glasses and clutching a handful of business letters. She'll personally handle the Reagans' finances while Ronnie's gone. Showed us a letter she had from Ronnie only this morning. It was full of the old Reagan pep and enthusiasm. There were long passages about Dr. Margaret Chung, the famous American-born Chinese woman surgeon he met in San Francisco. Dr. Chung, who is known as "Mother" to 475 leading American flyers, has "sons" winging over Germany, Australia, China and every far corner of the world. Ronnie can't be a "son," but he hopes she'll accept him into a separate unit she formed for friends of flyers. If he makes the grade, he'll be in the company of people like Helen Hayes, Bob Young and Cornelia Otis Skinner.

Wed., May 20th: There's no tonic like Ann Sheridan! Every time I feel low-down, I trot me out to see Annie, and come away feeling like a million. No wonder that guy Brent adores her! She's matchless! We got talking about Bryant Fleming, the young actor who's been re-christened Gig Young after the character he plays in "The Gay Sisters." We recalled that Anne Shirley took her name the same way, after appearing in "Anne of Green Gables." So much name talk reminded Ann of the time the "Oomph" title was slapped on her. As a publicity stunt, the studio went around asking famous people what they thought of Sheridan. When they came to Gypsy Rose Lee, The Gyp replied: "I think he was a great general!"

Left Annie and was surprised to see Jimmie Stewart appear from behind a sound stage. He's at the studio making service shorts. And just when Olivia's off the lot, under suspension!

Mon., May 25th: Spent the morning at Fox with Ann Rutherford, who's moved over from Metro. Ann's recovering from an attack of German measles and is keeping those big brown orbs behind dark glasses. She's a little embarrassed about having a kid's disease, but she needn't be. Brenda Marshall's in the same boat. Brenda caught them from her stand-in, Aloha Wray, and recuperated just in time to say good-by to Bill. If the boys at Fort MacArthur break out in a rash, I'll know why!

Ann was in fine fettle. She hired a new colored maid today, thereby settling a domestic problem. She doesn't know if the girl's any good or not. She didn't even check her references. But she couldn't resist her name—Cinderella Jones!

Wed., May 27th: To Universal where they're still talking about Priscilla Lane and the way she made enemies while working in the picture "Saboteur." Poor Priscilla! It really wasn't her fault. She has a habit of kidding dead-pan. Goes around saying shocking, insulting things without cracking a smile. People who don't know her think she's serious, and nothing she can do later will change their opinion of her.

Thurs., May 28th: Marie Wilson pranced in this A.M. Says she doesn't know why everyone is so unpleasant about Rita Hayward's ex, Eddie Judson. Town talk has it Judson married Rita just to make her a star and reap the benefits. Marie wishes someone would marry her that way and head her into a career like Rita's!

About Those Rumors . . .

'Tain't True: That the Bob Cummings will be heir-raided come Fall . . . That lovely Kaaren Verne was dropped by Warner Bros. because the studio wanted to give her a glamour buildup, and she preferred the company of a movie horror man . . . That Jeffrey Lynn had his film name legalized to keep it alive while he's in the Army. Real reason is Jeff always loathed his given tag, Ragnar; shuddered when folks called him "Rags" . . . That the Brent-Sheridan marriage is shattering. The pair are blissful.

'Tis True: That Humphrey Bogart will serve Coast Guard duty for a month, after he winds up "Across the Pacific" . . . That Orson Welles and Dolores Del Rio have called the whole thing off . . . That Betty Field is on the expecting list. Daddy-to-be is playwright Elmer Rice . . . That Howard Hughes is in millionaire's heaven since meeting Rita Hayworth.

Three Stars

Greer Garson, Joan Crawford and Ann Sothern may have been disappointed in marriage, but they certainly haven't been disillusioned by it. All three have visited the divorce courts at one time or another, but has that soured them on sweet romance? Indeed not!

Joan, who several months ago admitted to a reporter she "peered around corners looking for Mr. Right, same as any other girl," is currently enjoying nightly dinner dates with Glenn Ford. Queried about their friendship, Joan smiles vaguely and says nothing. However, we have it on good authority, she has already met Glenn's mother and, on Mrs. Ford's last birthday, sent her an exquisite bouquet of flowers. Not too long ago, such gestures held serious implications. Just what they mean today only time will tell.

Ann's another who's been "brought home to meet mother." She guffaws at any suggestion of a romance between herself and Bob Sterling, yet when Bob shopped for a new home for his parents, it was Ann who helped pick it out. And when Bob drives out to the Valley to visit his folks, it's Ann who's at his side.

Of Greer, it has been said: "Her idea of a good time is a romp through the dictionary." The remark, prompted by Greer's aloofness to things romantic, doesn't hold water any more. For the first time since coming to this country, Greer is revealing a serious interest in a young man. The lucky lad is Richard Ney, the 26-year-old actor who appeared with her in "Mrs. Miniver" and who's been appearing with her at theaters and restaurants

ever since. Neither will confirm nor deny!

Whether any of these combinations will ever get to the altar, we couldn't say. But keep your eye on 'em anyway!

Disa and Data

In three hours of bond-selling, Olivia de Havilland made Uncle Sam $20,000 richer and herself $60 poorer. A bad mathematician, Olivia handed out too much change; had to make good the difference out of her own pocket . . . Alan Hale's taking bets the war will be over by Christmas . . . Brenda Marshall, who dropped to 93 pounds before Hubby Bill Holden left for the Army, is chubbying up on a ginger-ale-with-cream concoction . . . Charles Boyer will pour $125,000 into the construction and equipment of a French museum in Hollywood. It'll house the best work of French authors and artists . . . History repeats itself. Myrna Loy's Reno divorce from Arthur Hornblow will be secured by the same attorneys who divided the first Mrs. Hornblow from the producer!

Brenda Joyce will don eyeglasses for 17 sequences of "The Postman Didn't Ring." Producer wants to prove there's plenty of sex in gals who wear specks . . . Though the Army will not permit soldier boys to vote on their screen favorites, a check-up on theater attendance reveals the heroes in khaki go light on the drahma and heavy on Bob Hope, Abbott and Costello and feminine glamour . . . Joan Crawford is prepared to sink a small fortune into the founding of a day nursery for the children of war workers. Kids who had dads in the service and mothers in defense plants will be accepted free of charge and given the finest attention money can buy . . . Double-ring marriage ceremonies are old stuff, but Ruth Hussey established a new custom when she swapped engagement circlets with fiancé Lincoln Fogarty.

Sarah Churchill, Winston's child, will be seen for the first time on the American screen in "Three Smart Brides," a British production released by Monogram. Sarah is an Asst. Section Officer in the WAAF's . . . It's the Army Air Corps for Tim Holt. His wife and baby will go East to live with Mrs. Holt's family for the duration . . . Greta Garbo is angling for the role of Ling Sao, Hedy Lamarr's mother, in "Dragon Seed."

Quips That Pass In the Fight

Latest "character" to invade Hollywood is Ilka Chase, former movie actress and authoress of the recently published "Past Imperfect." Ilka is sort of a female Oscar Levant, sarcastic, razor-brained and too darned clever for those she chooses to impale on her wit. After devoting fat paragraphs in "Imperfect" to insulting the flicker village, Ilka was rewarded with a part in Bette Davis' "Now, Voyager," and is at present on the Warner lot, spitting venom at anyone unlucky enough to cross her path. One of her earliest victims was Humphrey Bogart.

Bogey met Ilka in the commissary, one day, and mentioned "Past Imperfect."

"I enjoyed your book very much," he said brightly. "Who wrote it?"

Ilka smiled modestly. "So glad you liked it," she stabbed. "Who read it to you?"

Slack Season

Bob Hope's pet peeve is slacks. Women in slacks. He says it was tough enough before, but now that comfortable sportswear has been officially okayed, he has to follow a trousered figure at least ten minutes before he can find out whether it's one of his writers or a gal on her way to work at Lockheed.

All studios issued bulletins to the effect that their women employees were welcome to wear slack suits around the offices, but to date the girls have refused. They've heard studio designers rave too often that the female figure was not constructed to appear at its best in trousers, and they're staying in skirts 'til their last pair of Nylons pop.

Slacks at home is something else again. Joan Bennett just bought a pair made of black moire that makes up one-half of a super-comfy hostess outfit. They're very tailored, with grosgrain tape running down the sides like a man's dinner trousers. The top of her outfit is an ultra-feminine chiffon blouse of pale blue and white dots, made with long sleeves and a pleated front.



Have You Tried

. . . Dorothy Lamour's trick of changing a basic dress five different ways? Dottie couldn't take a large wardrobe with her on her bond selling tour, so she got together with Edith Head and worked out something a little different in the glamour-trimming department.

Instead of the usual collar-and-cuff dodge, Edith created "snap on" trimmings that outline the arm-holes of the dress. Dottie can make the dress formal by using gold braid or bands of bright red bugle beads. Or drop in some place without a hat with bands of white pique or plaid taffeta or peasant embroidery snapped on where the fancy stuff was just a few moments before.

Gadget Gab

Veronica Lake popped onto the set of "This Gun For Hire" the other day with a miniature head of herself clipped to her lapel! A national jewelry manufacturer has created a likeness of her out of hand-carved wood, with long yellow wool draped over one eye in perfect imitation of the Lake locks . . . In "Seven Sisters" Kathryn Grayson wears green *crocheted* earrings, sent to her by a fan. Now she's needling some herself.

Personal Note

Jeanette MacDonald wears her newest pin right above her heart. It's a grooved jet replica of a phonograph record, with tiny gold letters in the center of the disc spelling out "Let Me Always Sing." That's the song hubby Gene Raymond wrote and dedicated to her just before she left on her first concert tour.

The only other bit of costume jewelry Jeanette wears is a gold bar pin. The yellow metal is twisted to form the first five notes of the "Star Spangled Banner"!

Got A Headache?

Doris Dudley arrived on "The Moon and Sixpence" set directly from the airport, and went right to work. The strain of closing her apartment in New York on short notice and hopping into a plane began to tell on her in the form of a whopping headache, but she refused to hold up production. "Bring me a half-cupful of hot black coffee, with the juice of one lemon squeezed into it," she requested. Ten minutes later—no headache! Doris says it's a home remedy handed down to her from her mother. We took a sip, and we're warning you. It's like olives. You've got to acquire a taste for it.

Keyes For Smart Dressing

Columbia's fair-haired girl, Evelyn Keyes, has her wardrobe for the year all set. Last week she bought two 3-piece gabardine suits —one in blue, one in yellow. The suits consist of a skirt, jacket and slacks, and she mixes the color combinations any way she wants to. To top the outfits with something really gay, she broke down and bought a bright red coat that had been catching her eye in a certain shop window for months.

Enter Rev. Jardine

It's a disease, and like measles, very catchy.



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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Sooner or later all big names, in all walks of life, succumb. Sinclair Lewis suffered from it, and Edna Ferber, and Bill Tilden and Max Baer. The symptoms are simple. You talk to yourself, drool Shakespeare and theater, and think other people want to pay to look at you. The disease is Footlight Fever, and those who get it whisper: "I wanna be an actor."

Latest victim is the well-known Rev. R. Anderson Jardine, who performed the most sensational and theatrical marriage of our time. Rev. Jardine was the vicar who got up enough courage to weld the Duke of Windsor to Wallis Simpson. For this act he was forced to leave his English parish and his lifelong position. At the time, all of Hollywood applauded him. Today, all of Hollywood may applaud him again. For, even as you read this, Rev. Jardine has turned actor! He is appearing in a three-act play called "Dakar Speaks," written by someone named Prince Modupe, of Nigeria.

The drama is all about Africa—and is full of voodoo and Nazis and Rev. Jardine, who plays the role he is well acquainted with, i.e., a clergyman.

Now making his home in Hollywood, the good vicar hopes to become another Donald Crisp or Walter Brennan. His director thinks he has a good chance.

Montgomery vs. Gable

Hedy Lamarr isn't the only one who tingles when George Montgomery looms into view. Executives at 20th Century-Fox, where George works, also breathe faster every time they rest their orbs on the broad shoulders and streamlined hips of the Man from Montana. For, to the executives, George represents the answer to a prayer, a dream come true. He is all they ask of an actor. He is a challenger to the money-making throne of Clark Gable.

In almost a decade, no one has seriously threatened Clark's position in the hearts of American women. He, and he alone, has been the incarnation, the symbol, of all that is virile and manly. Until the advent of Montgomery it seemed he would never have a rival.

When George first appeared at Fox, he was regarded as just another muscle man, fresh off the range. However, as time went on, producers noticed with a thrill that he bore an uncanny resemblance to the King of Stars.

The knowledge that he's to be groomed as another Gable has left George absolutely cold. Or, it did till the other day when he reported to the studio for a conference with one of his bosses.

The business of the day was progressing smoothly when suddenly the bigwig paused. Narrowing his eyes, he fixed them on George and circled the actor several times.

Finally he spoke. "Montgomery," he said. "One more thing and it will be perfect. When

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QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our July issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Smart Girl (Durbin) ..... ☐
Mr. and Mrs. "Fun" (Judy and Dave) ☐
Sisters—and How! (Joan and Olivia) ☐
Strictly Dynamite (Flynn) ..... ☐
Love Thumbed a Ride (Montgomery-Lamarr) ..... ☐
So Long, Button Nose (Jane and Ronnie) ..... ☐
Like To Read Other People's Mail? .. ☐
Good News ..... ☐
Meet the Champ (Gene and Champion) ..... ☐
Yankee Doodle Dandy ..... ☐

Which one of the above stories did you like LEAST? .....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference .....

.....

.....

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

you leave here, report immediately to the Make-up Department. Ask them for some paraffin and tell them to put it behind your ears. We've *got* to make them stick out!"

Body Bountiful

Sixteen pounds of ordinary flesh have changed Rosemary Lane's entire life.

A year ago, in Hollywood, she was a shamefully neglected Fourth Daughter, wallowing in B pictures and mediocre roles. Today, in New York, she has to shake the fat contracts out of her hair. Overnight she finds herself in a position to get, from Hollywood, almost any price and any part. And, we repeat, all because of sixteen pounds.

Here's how come. George Abbott, the Broadway producer, has a play called "Best Foot Forward"—all about a fictional movie glamour gal who visits a boys' school and is stripped to her bra and step-ins by enthusiastic young admirers. Abbott offered Rosemary the role and she accepted. However, there was a big problem to meet. She knew she had to run through much of the play seminude, and she knew, too, that because she'd been sitting around Hollywood on her beam-end, waiting for parts, she had slowly, insidiously, grown sixteen pounds overweight.

Time was short. Rosemary had only two weeks before she was due in New York. So she hustled over to Terry Hunt, famous conditioner of stars. "It's a tough road ahead," she said. "I need curves, Terry, and the construction job has to be fast!"

Replied Hunt: "If you've got courage and character, you can do it, and I can help."

The play opened. Rosemary bounced about in her undies. The hard-boiled critics, tired of middle-aged, corseted Bernhardts, blinked their eyes and saw four stars. The play was a hit—Rosemary Lane sensational.

But Rosemary didn't forget the credit line. That night she sent a wire to Terry Hunt. It read: "THE CRITICS ARE SAYING THE PLAY IS SWELL AND I'M HITTING ON ALL CYLINDERS. BUT I'M REMINDING THEM TO CREDIT—BODY BY HUNT!"

BE A MODERN SCREEN REPORTER!

Ever had personal contact with the stars? Write us about it. For every amusing story we publish we'll send you ONE DOLLAR! Complete details on page 85.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

After the judges of the annual one-act play contest had made their decision here in the Todd School of Woodstock, Illinois, back in 1930, I approached them protestingly and heatedly. The leading man, I argued, far surpassed any other member of the cast in interpretation and acting ability. The chairman, after strong words had passed between us, finally discharged me with, "He is not the best actor. In fact, he's not even a good actor. I'll go even further than that. I'll tell you right here, this young man will never be heard of in any theater!"

Was he a bit wrong? That young "ham" was our obedient servant ORSON WELLES!

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SISTERS—AND HOW!

(Continued from page 39)

started out early in the morning and hiked to the country home of a friend. By that time heat, dust and heel blisters decided them to stay the night and go on with their odyssey in the morning. They refused lodgings in the house. They were travelers, they explained, and nothing would do but they sleep in the hayloft.

Funny thing about hay. It looks so soft, and it bounces so nicely at first acquaintance; but get to know it intimately! It has crawling inhabitants; it is dusty and incites sneezing. It's no Simmons Beautyrest. Next morning the hollow-eyed team were preparing half-heartedly to resume the fiasco-ish excursion when their mother appeared on the scene. She'd gotten wind by telephone the previous afternoon of their progress, and had decided to let them get good and sick of their drama before intervening. Safely ensconced in their beds at home, the prostrated gypsies swore they'd never leave home again—but t'ain't so. They're still at it.

When congas at Ciro's pall on Joan, she and that gorgeous guy she married hop into their plane and beeline for Maine. The first time they flew there, they landed in a colossal meadow and hiked to a farm house to ask for dinner and a room for the night. "A room for the night, Miss Hepburn?" The round-faced farmer's wife who opened the door eyed Joan disapprovingly and flashed all kinds of horrified looks at poor Brian. Eventually she got on that it was all perfectly legal, and she fed them the most fabulous dinner they've ever seen. Since then, she's been the Ahernes' personal Santa Claus. "She sends us great boxes of maple sugar candy, holly, mistletoe, pine cones—everything that makes a real New England Christmas." And her farmhouse has become their favorite away-from-it-all haunt.

Olivia's idea of a rest is a whirl in New York. A few times a year she leaves California and bolts for the bright lights. "A couple of plays a day, a night spot or two—that's relaxation. But dee-vine. If some nice chap would buy me that town I think I could learn to love him." The only thing she can't stand about the place are the mile-a-minute elevators. She's even scared stiff of the poky self-operated variety. Why? A long time ago she read Axel Munthe's "The Story of San Michele" in which there is a tale about a man who had a dream of a creature with a frightful face. The dreamer awakened in cold sweat, only to see the apparition disappear across the moonlit lawn. Years passed, and one day as this man started to board an elevator in Paris, what was his horror to find the nightmare face leering at him from the elevator operator's body. The man quickly stepped off the elevator, which ascended several floors, then broke a cable and plunged to the bottom of the shaft. All the passengers were destroyed, but among the bodies, that of the hideous man was not found!

The whole time Livvie's gadding in the East there's not a postcard out of her. Not a line. Whereas Joan can't write often enough, all her letters dealing

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In Tokyo, Mom de Havilland Carried Baby Olivia as Pop de H. and 2 Maids Smiled.

largely with requests that Livvie look after Nick. Nick, née Nicholas, is a cuddly miniature poodle that Brian gave her for Christmas. He's about seven inches high, with maybe a ten inch wheel base, not counting his tail which couldn't be held still long enough to measure. "See that poor Nick gets an occasional chop bone," Joan will write frantically. Once in a while Olivia will break down and drop her a terse note. "Nick is okay," being its general gist.

The one person Livvie's ever been able to keep up a good brisk correspondence with was a former page boy in the household of her grandfather, Reverend Charles de Havilland, in England. "The old boy fascinated me," she'll tell you. "We corresponded like mad for years." It all began when she was first getting her start in the movies. The obsolete page boy wrote her long, informative letters telling about boyhood escapades of the sons of the house, assuming her dad had been one of them. Eventually he wrote, asking Olivia which one had been her father.

Olivia, vastly intrigued, went down to the stationer's to buy a copy of Burke's "Landed Gentry." She quickly discovered that the boys to whom her fan referred, had been sons by the Reverend Charles' first marriage. Olivia and Joan's father was the child of the clergyman's second union.

So Livvy, genealogy in hand, sat down to write a detailed explanation to the page boy. "My grandmother," she explained, "was, before her marriage to the Reverend Charles, the Honorable Margaret Letitia Molesworth." She went on to say that she hoped to hear from him soon again, as she enjoyed his stories about her family. Back came a single line upon a large sheet of paper: "How odd that the Reverend Charles should have married the Honorable Miss Molesworth. Yours respectfully . . ."

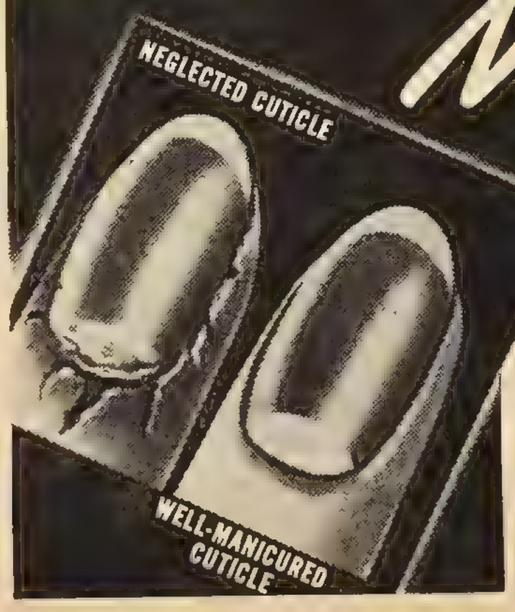
She has never heard another word from him, and it's killing her. She'd give an eye to know what it was with her grandmother. "A gay kid, no doubt—and her with her holier-than-thou face in all the portraits."

The return of either of the gals from one of their expeditions is cause for much family reunion. After dinner they'll sit around chatting casually. Then eventually—"What have you been reading?" from Joan. "'The Ivory Mischief' and it's wonderful." "Livvie, you're fooling! I hated it." "How could you?" "How could *you?*" And they're off. (Incidentally, both the girls read a great deal. Olivia's favorite books to date are Dreiser's "Sister Carrie" and Bolitho's "Twelve Against the Gods." Joan's pets are Mildred Cram's "Forever" and Paul Gallico's "The Snow Goose.") They tiff along heatedly for a while, and then suddenly Olivia will say with a straight face, "It don't matter to me what you say, Joan. It really don't." Bad grammar is Joan's fetish, and "it don't" is her hate of hates. She'll look at Livvie aghast a minute, and then they'll both roar. Joan heckles her right back about her numerous swains. "They do say you and Buzz Meredith are secretly one—" More roaring.


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Livvie's men have always been a source of amazement to Joan. "At seven," she'll tell you, "she had what amounted to an understanding with a boy. But she had another understanding with a second boy that, when she was free of Swain A for an evening, she would dally with Swain B. And there were always three or four hangers-on ready to pinch hit should Swain B be away or anything." Joan herself's a monogamist at heart.

When she was five she caught a glimpse of a hearty number, aged six, being chauffeured to school in an awesome black limousine. Having spent hours poring over books dealing with princes on coal black chargers, she streamlined the version and, zip, she was in love! She continued to adore from afar this glittering creature until she was fifteen and was sent back to Tokyo to complete her education at the American School. However, back in Japan, she forgot about Prince Charming and got herself engaged seven times in two years. It must have been the climate, however, because when she resettled in Shangri-La on the L. A. River, she devoted herself to Conrad Nagel, followed by the winnah, Brian Aherne.

Livvie is still playing the field, and if Joan is one of Hollywood's happiest matrons (which she vehemently is), then Livvie is one of its most successful and satisfied spinsters. A dozen colleges have voted her the ideal date. She dances beautifully, drinks beer and smokes anything anyone offers her. Her attitude toward men is "the more the merrier." When Joan was praying for a tall and handsome husband, Livvie longed only for a raft of beaux and a fur coat.

She believed in a fur coat as the outward symbol of an inner grace, so before the ink was dry on one of her early Warner Brothers checks, she went alone and unguided to a furrier's where she selected the most lavish garment she was shown—a luscious white, deep-napped item with a collar "as high as a picket fence," Livvie explains, rolling her eyes. "It was full length; it was voluminous. I didn't realize for years that it was pure rabbit."

Ermine urge . . .

Nowadays, her coat is a Russian ermine trifle whipped up by Hattie Carnegie. "But it's only waistline length, and it doesn't even have a collar," she explains, still loyal to that first sumptuous number. "It doesn't do one tenth for my ego what that first coat did."

The gals really do have a couple of things in common besides adoration of the Aherne man. ("I saw him first, you know," says Livvie, "and foolishly brought him home to dinner, thereby cutting my own telephone wires. *That* one gave him the eye.") There's golf, for one thing. Each plays a pretty sharp brand. Last summer Joan and Brian were golfing at Del Monte when she shot a hole in one. Three months later she returned and shot a birdie on the same hole. Both girls like flying, and they both love to fish. There's a 68-inch tuna, mounted, stored in the Aherne closet right now. Joan hasn't quite the nerve to hang it up, yet she doesn't want to completely dispose of it. Olivia is a splendid horseback rider, and she's dynamite behind a tennis racket.

Both took piano lessons for years, and each emerged with a single piece in her repertoire. Livvie's is "To A Wild Rose," and Joan's is "None But The Lonely Heart."

One terrific common interest is of course their acting. Each has been nominated for an Oscar twice, and when Joan

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won it this year, Olivia got one of the major thrills of her life.

Funny thing, though, in spite of footprints in cement and enormous bankrolls, Joan and Olivia have remained swell fellas. Neither takes herself a bit seriously, and they have a favorite story to tell when anyone raves over their cinematic success.

As everyone knows, before Joan emerged as a great dramatic actress in her own right, she was super-cautious about appearing to trade on the name of her sister. As far as possible, Joan kept the knowledge from Hollywood that she and Olivia belonged to the same family. Because Joan insisted fanatically upon it, Olivia half-heartedly played the game.

One of the rules was never, never to be seen together.

After months of this, Olivia got slightly fed with the whole business. "This is the craziest set-up I've ever seen," she told Joan. "What if someone does see us together and decide we're sisters? I'm dead with all this dodging and subterfuge. For the love of Pete, let's double date tonight."

So they went to dinner at one of Hollywood's swank spots. (Joan was with Conrad Nagel, and Olivia was with Billy Bakewell.) No one paid the slightest bit of attention to them. Not a soul even looked in their direction. At long last an autograph seeker sidled over from an adjacent booth.

"Excuse me, Mr. Nagel," she said, "but would you please sign my book?"

Mr. Nagel obliged, then decided to give the youngster an additional break. "Would you like the autographs of these two lovely ladies?" he asked.

"I suppose so," said the member of the youngest profession, but obviously her heart wasn't in it. She glanced at them. "Which one of you is Anne Shirley?"

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 9)

ing the number, but no one notices them . . . Two other tunes in the film climbed onto the Hit Parade before the picture was finished—"I Don't Want to Walk Without You" and "What Happens Now?" . . . Young radio singer Johnnie Johnston makes his film debut as a composer of a campus musical . . . June Preisser got the jitters before the scene in which a test tube of potassium chlorate explodes in her hands. "Don't you worry about a thing," soothed her chum Bracken. "You probably won't need those fingers again, anyway!"

THE BIG SHOT

"The Big Shot" spins the tale of Humphrey Bogart, once overlord of the underworld, fresh out of jail, and on the thin edge between a return to crime and the straight and narrow. Out of his past comes the lovely, intriguing figure of Irene Manning, and his love for her keeps him honest. But Irene, unfortunately, is married to a crooked lawyer, Stanley Ridges, who, seeing which way the wind



blows, promptly frames Bogart and, for good measure, Richard Travis, an innocent automobile salesman.

There's the inevitable yen for revenge and the desperate jailbreak. But innocently involved in the break is our virtuous automobile salesman. Caught, he is held for the murder of a guard, aiding criminals to escape and a few other nasty crimes. Humphrey and Irene, meanwhile, have made good their escape and are planning to start life afresh in backwoods Canada. But the specter of the doomed automobile salesman haunts them. Humphrey gives up the life of love; he returns to clear the salesman, to shoot Ridges and to die himself, while a shaft of sunlight throws the shadow of prison bars across his face.

"The Big Shot" is loud, furious and fast. There's plenty of gunplay between kisses; and the script has a keen eye for fanciful gangster types. And while love is the theme, it's love on the run and plenty exciting. There's time enough for a holdup, a clever jail-break and a spine-tingling case or two before boy gets girl or anywhere near, as a matter of fact.—*W. B.*

P. S.

Louis Bromfield, no less, is editor of Humphrey Bogart's fan club paper . . . "Bogey" has rough-and-tumbled his way through lots of films, but this is the first one in which he was severely injured. Fell out of a rocking chair and broke two ribs . . . Leading Lady Irene Manning is the same Hope Manning who's made so many successful light opera tours . . . She has a tiny waist (25 in.) that expands to 27 inches at her diaphragm . . . Toughest acting chore for her was trying to sing badly. Had to compromise and hum . . . Humphrey, after 32 pictures for the Bros. Warner, returns to "Duke" as a character name. His first role on the lot was that of "Duke Mantee" in "The Petrified Forest" . . . Richard Travis is being broken in to take over the roles left vacant by Ronald Reagan's departure to the cavalry . . . Vaudeville came back for a couple of days around these parts when a call for all kinds of acts went out. They were spotted in a prison show sequence . . . When Bogart blasted the life out of Stanley Ridges, he chalked up another mark along the 17 others that represent his movie murders . . . 35 technicians and a couple of stunt men spent more than a week filming chase sequences in the High Sierras. Gun fire scenes are always dangerous and have to be done with great care. Only one casualty was chalked up. The cameraman's left foot froze . . . Bogart writes long letters to the chief of the Civilian Conservation Corps, giving his ideas on crime prevention . . . Bogart doesn't mind gangster roles. Bad men always die to show that "Crime Doesn't Pay."



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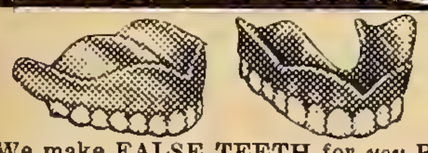
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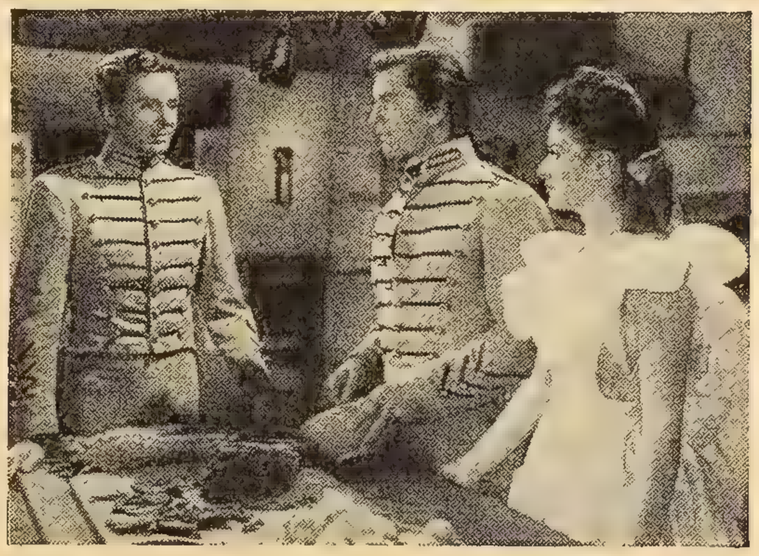
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MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT

"Ten Gentlemen from West Point" unfolds life at the Point in the days of the eighteen hundreds. Quartered in drafty barracks, fed poorly, under harsh discipline, disdained by the regular army men, the cadets learned their military lessons under a few sympathetic instructors. It's commonplace now to suppose that our officers should know tactics and strategy, but in a pioneer country there was a mistrust of books. Fighting, it was thought, could best be learned on the field against the Indians hemming in the expanding frontiers.

The story isn't quite as harsh as that on the screen. It's the usual fable about two cadets and a beautiful girl. One of the cadets, Dawson (George Montgomery) is a Kentucky backwoodsman. The other, Shelton (John Sutton) is a Washington blueblood. The girl is stunning Maureen O'Hara. Shelton has the edge since he's already engaged to her. But backwoodsman Dawson, a little rough



perhaps, knows a thing or two also; among which is the ability to know what a mule is thinking. That helps a bit on occasions, especially when a lady's carriage won't move because the stubborn mule has suddenly insisted on resting.

The picture weaves the tri-cornered romance of these three with the grim struggle of the cadets to stay at the Point. It all comes to a head when Tecumseh, the Indian Chief, goes on the warpath. All available troops are ordered to the frontier. In a climax of yawping Indians, the cadets apply a lesson learned at the Point, rescue the Major from imminent death, win his respect and save the Academy.

As for the romance, Kentucky tactics prove to be better than Washington strategy. So while Dawson and his bride hit out for the new West, Shelton returns to the Point. They don't let you marry at West Point, anyway, until you've been graduated.—*TCF.*

P. S.

George Montgomery spent his time between scenes in one corner of the set, writing letters to Hedy (yum-yum) Lamarr in a stenographer's notebook. Averaged two a day . . . David Bacon, who plays "Shippen" gets the first real break of his career. He's the lad who almost got the part Jack Beutel played in "The Outlaw." Now he'll beat Jack to the screen . . . Bacon took twelve falls from the barrel of a fast-moving cannon during the scene in which Laird Cregar makes the ten cadets ride a horse-drawn gun. Later, when he was counting his ribs and wiping off the mud, Director

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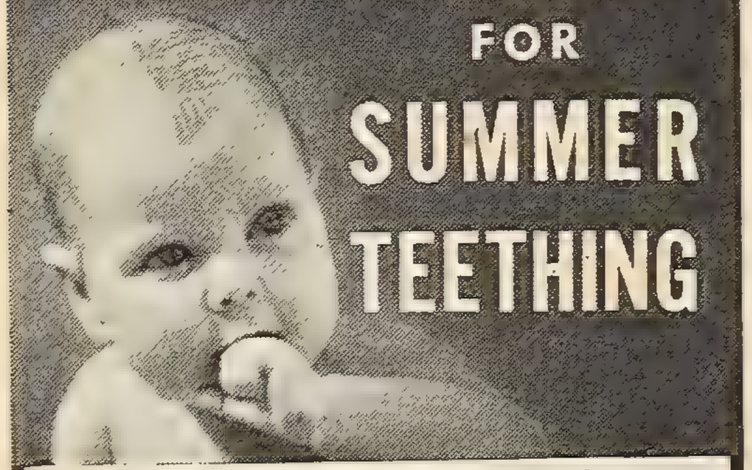
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Hathaway told him he should have received a $35 stunt man's check . . . Someone with a fiendish sense of humor assigned Sammy Benson to be wardrobe man for Cregar. Sammy is 5' 1" tall, weighs 100 pounds. For laughs, folks used to visit the set just to watch the two of them struggling to get Laird into his tight costumes . . . George Holmes, 20th Century-Fox's newest threat to Vic Mature's popularity, used to be a puny fellow, but got mad and built himself up by subscribing to a mail order course that provided a free bar bell set with every book of instructions . . . Handsome John Sutton was severely burned when he accidentally grasped a flaming candelabra during a "blindfold" scene . . . After work



Judy Garland rigged up in her "Nadocky" playsuit

one day, Montgomery picked up a lone soldier and took him to Mocambo for dinner. The boy in khaki turned out to be none other than writer Malvin Wald, who had penned the original story on which "Ten Gentlemen" was based!

TALK OF THE TOWN

"Talk of the Town" sets up the thriving little community of Lochester, as pretty a place as you'd care to see, except that it's run by a crooked factory owner who controls the local judge, the local police, the local newspaper and all trains west not running express. When the local factory burns down, Holmes (the factory owner) pins the blame on Cary Grant, the local agitator; well, maybe agitator is a little harsh, but he does shoot off his mouth a lot about justice and rotten beams in the factory and lack of fire protection. But Cary has a shrewd idea that this case of arson was home-made by Holmes and thoughtfully breaks jail and escapes.

He escapes to, of all places, the summer home of Ronald Colman, who in a Van Dyke beard, is a law professor awaiting appointment to the Supreme Court. Ronald's temporary secretary for the summer is the local beauty, Jean Arthur, who discovers Cary on the premises and then has her hands full preventing the law professor from discovering that Cary is wanted by the police and preventing the police from laying their vulgar hands on Cary. Cary and Ronald become fast friends, playing chess and discussing the merits of borscht and justice. Borscht, Cary insists, must have an egg in it; Ronald graciously allows the point. Justice, Ronald insists, is a beautiful document, often between the finely tooled leather covers of a book; justice, says Cary, is what the police sometimes hit you on the head with during a strike.

Matters come to a point, both philosophical and practical, when Ronald discovers that Cary is wanted for arson and probable murder. The law books say that he must be turned over to the police. But our lovely town of Lochester is in a fury, whipped up by the evil Mr. Holmes, and Cary is more likely to be lynched than tried. But the law is the law, and Ronald is prepared to call the cops; regretfully Cary bops him on the head and escapes again. When Ronald comes to, Miss Arthur lets him have the sharp side of her tongue in a harangue about humanity, justice and loyalty. Whether it's the bop on the head, Miss Arthur's lecture or the fact that he's falling in love with her, is hard to say, but Ronald takes a drastic step.

He shaves off his beard.

This not only makes him look younger and more handsome, but it also acts as an almost foolproof disguise, since Mr. Colman has been wearing the beard almost since birth and is notoriously fond of it. Beardless, he sets out to prove Cary's innocence, aided by Miss Arthur and by Cary, too, who can find no better place to hide than behind the robes of an incipient Supreme Court justice.

Getting the proof calls for some fancy shenanigans on Ronald's part. He makes love to a beery damsel from the other side of the tracks; he goes to a baseball game with the local judge, handles a gun like a Western bad boy, plays Dick Tracy, has the time of his life and forgets his books.

In the end, he gets the proof. Cary gets his freedom. Ronald gets his Supreme Court nomination. But Cary gets the girl.

What's justice in that case?—*Col.*

P. S.

"Hank," the eight-year-old bloodhound from the Arizona State Penitentiary, has captured five runaway prisoners at various times during his career, but when it came time to chase Cary Grant, he got shy and wouldn't run after him . . . Director Stevens finally got the shot by



disguising Cary as a hamburger . . . Edgar Buchanan kept track of the number of times the make-up man blacked his eye for his role—38 . . . Ronald Colman, allergic to spirit gum, had to have the phoney part of his beard affixed to his

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own whiskers with vegetable mucilage . . . Between scenes Colman and Grant harmonized adequately on a couple of old tunes both of them knew. Introvert Jean Arthur disappeared into her dressing room after every shot . . . The prop man fried five dozen eggs during the time one eating scene was being filmed. On the screen, you'll see Grant eating only two . . . One scene set a new record for something-or-other. It was fifteen script-pages long and introduced ten new, important characters. Three days' rehearsal were necessary before the cameras were trained on the players . . . Jean Arthur goes through part of the picture wearing a $2.50 pair of over-sized men's pajamas . . . Grant's workingman outfit cost the studio $7.50 . . . The sheen on Jean's face in the Supreme Court scenes is accomplished by gold dust, mixed with her make-up . . . The picture has 344 scenes, 201 of which take place in the New England farmhouse set . . . Billboards and ads for the picture will read "Cary Grant, Jean Arthur and Ronald Colman ARE "The Talk of the Town" . . . Director George Stevens, à la Alfred Hitchcock, likes to appear in at least one scene. Plays an extra in the factory ruins scene.

THEY ALL KISSED THE BRIDE

Call me a sourpuss, but I'm getting tired of Hollywood's blithe comedies about labor, capital and assorted social ills that have Dan Cupid, without a sarong, settling everything by the flick of an arrow. Love may be wonderful, but I don't notice the WPB or the CIO settling disputes by an adroit marriage at the fade-out.

Not that it isn't a good thing for Hollywood to cast an occasional eye on the workaday world and its problems; more of that is certainly in order. But facts are facts and, offhand, I can't think of any strike that was settled because Joan Crawford and Melvyn Douglas kissed and made up.

Joan, in this picture, is the energetic, tyrannical head of the Drew Transportation Co., and Melvyn is a writer preparing a story about her father, depicting him as a piratical, unscrupulous stuffed shirt. Which, it seems, he was.

There are, as you can readily see, a few weeds in this Garden of Eden. Among other weeds, is Joan's high-



handed manner with the employees. Men are fired for slight infractions of the rules; spotters, spies and stool pigeons make up the workaday world of the Drew Transportation Co. So Melvyn decides to open her eyes to conditions in the company by inviting her out to dinner. After all, she's only the president and couldn't be expected to know what's going on. What's more he takes her to a picnic of the company employees.

They dine, they dance, they drink, they kiss.

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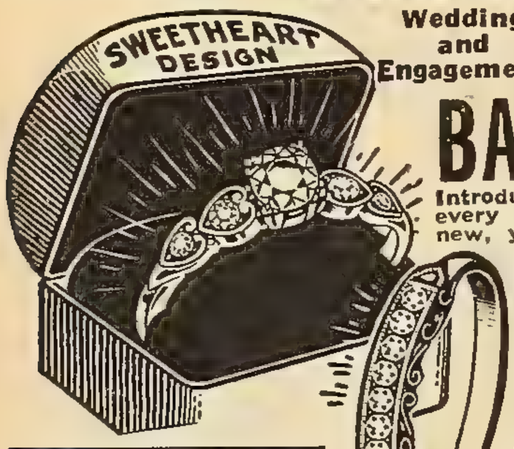
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It takes a lot of loving to clear out that weed. But Joan and Melvyn manage the trick. The firing order is rescinded; and Joan tracks down Melvyn in one of her own garages. He is hiding in the rear of one of the trucks. She climbs in determinedly beside him. They kiss and make up; and, presumably, settle on the dividend to be distributed at the next month's Board of Directors meeting.

MY FAVORITE SPY

"My Favorite Spy," in title at least, may remind you of "My Favorite Blonde," and the screen character of Kay Kyser may seem cut from the same cloth as Bob Hope, with a touch of Red Skelton about the seams. But where Bob Hope has to depend on a penguin to stooge for him, Kay has Ish Kabibble and a tuneful brass section to back him up. In a pinch, Kay just rolls back the rugs and lets the "chillun dance."

No one has priority on this type of comedy. Long before Kay, Bob or Red found Hollywood, a certain Harold Lloyd was laying them in the aisles with this character of the unwilling hero. It's just poetic justice, therefore, that Mr. Lloyd should have produced "My Favorite Spy."



"My Favorite Spy" finds Kay due to be married and inducted into the army on the same day. Kay, the army decides, is ideal as a counter-espionage agent. He's assigned to track down spies believed to be making their headquarters at the swank Orchid Room, where Kay and his band play nightly. There are a few drawbacks to the assignment, however. Kay has to clam up. He can't even say a thing to the suspicious Mrs. Kyser (Ellen Drew), who's doomed to remain a kissless bride while Kay chases down back alleys. The other drawback is that operatives on this assignment have been shot down as rapidly and accurately as clay pigeons in a Times Square shooting gallery.

Kay has a tough time trying to prove to the Missus that he's not out prancing with gay blondes. That's not as simple as it sounds because Kay's co-agent in all this is Jane Wyman, who is not only blonde, but the kind of blonde that makes men leave home. Kay has his hands full juggling his domestic crisis, his army career and his band while bullets whip under his slightly startled nose.

It all winds up in a frenzy at a darkened and abandoned theater with Kay tracking the spies, the Missus tracking Kay and the spies befuddled. They shoot up the place half-heartedly, but they really haven't got a chance. The Missus keeps insisting that it's all a gag, and Kay in his innocent way finally gets them cornered under a collapsed curtain and busily tacks down the corners with a hammer and a handful of nails.

The band isn't idle through all this madness. There's time for a number or two; Harry Babbitt sings, Sully Mason clowns a bit and Ish Kabibble manages his quaint haircut with his accustomed grace. Helen Westley plays a shrewish maiden aunt who doesn't like people who say "chillun—let's dance." There's a fellow at the beginning who keeps saying, "Kay Kyser—you mean Kay Francis?" And there's a renting agent who thinks Kay is somehow connected to a Wilbur Kyser who once lived in 4A. You, of course, don't have to be told that we aren't talking about Sammy Kaye. Or do we mean Kaye Don? Kyser's the name. Kay Kyser.—*RKO.*

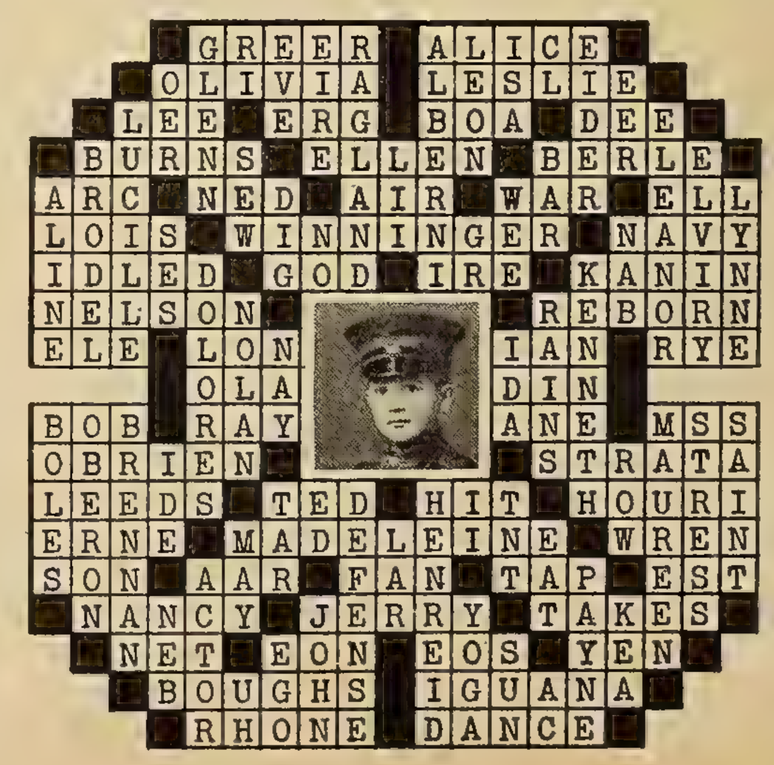
P. S.

Ellen Drew had no trouble making the crying scenes. Her husband, Cy Bartlett, was in Washington during production of the picture, and she missed him so, Tay Garnett had only to mention his name, and Mrs. B. would turn on the weeps . . . Kyser worked 47 out of 48 days the picture was in production . . . Ish Kabibble (real name Merwyn Bogue) gets a nifty chance to put over some of his special comedy because of the swell fan comments on his work in "Playmates" . . . Jane Wyman left her home studio, Warner Bros., to do "Connie" in this production, and another semi-serious role at 20th Century-Fox . . . Ellen went through the RKO glamour mill, came out with a completely new hair style and radically changed make-up . . . No Ginny Simms in this one. The two newcomers Kay signed to take her place are Trudy Erwin and Dorothy Dunn . . . Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen turned out two new numbers—"Just Plain Lonesome" sung by Harry Babbitt, and "I've Got the Moon in My Pocket" featuring Sassy Sully Mason and the quartette . . . Ellen Drew plays a couple of scenes with William Demarest, who discovered her when he was an actor's agent . . . Original prizes for winning on Kyser's "Kollege of Musical Knowledge" are now collectors' items. They're parchment scrolls, and most of them are in the possession of Northwestern or University of Chicago graduates who won them at the Black Hawk cafe during the Saturday Night quiz Kay conducted while playing there in 1937.

KLONDIKE FURY

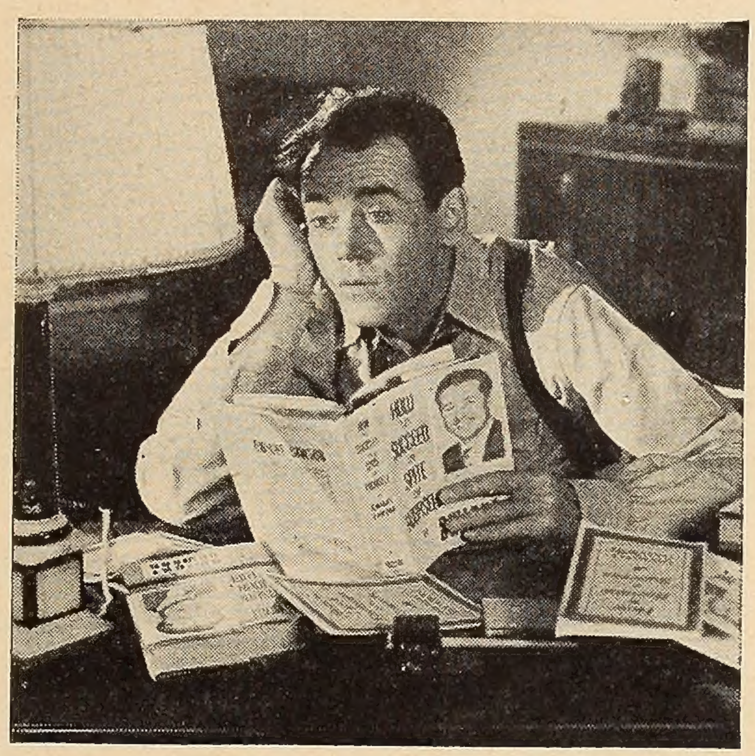
Brain specialist Edmund Lowe does a floppo operation and the patient dies. Accused of letting the patient die because he is in love with the dead man's wife, Lowe is disbarred and goes off to the Klondike where he crashes while ferrying a war plane. There, after strange plot twists, he vindicates himself with the help of Lucile Fairbanks.—*Mono.*

Solution to Puzzle on Page 14



THE MAGNIFICENT DOPE

Henry Fonda is a lucky backwoods jerk who enters any contest that comes his way in the hope that he may win enough money to buy his home town a badly needed fire engine. He finally wins a five-hundred dollar prize contest conducted by Don Ameche's Success Institute—looking for the man least likely to succeed. Collecting his prize and Ameche's gal, Lynn Bari, occupy the rest of the magnificent adventures.—*TCF.*



REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR

Because of Don Barry's heroism in dive-bombing himself and his plane into a Japanese battleship that is landing troop reinforcements on the Philippines, the American soldiers valiantly defending those islands are able to win the day and repel the first treacherous attack. Spies and women-folk all lend atmosphere to the to-do.—*Rep.*

STARDUST ON THE SAGE

Gene Autry's temporarily given up riding the plains to set aright mortgaged gold mines, especially when they're endorsed by pretty girls like Louise Currie. He does things just in the nick of time, too, with Smiley Burnette helping him out and leading the audience in the little white-ball-and-magic-wand singing.—*Rep.*

HALFWAY TO SHANGHAI

Everyone on the train en route from the Burma Road terminus to Rangoon, is a ss-sh—a spy. Everyone, that is, except Irene Hervey, who is just a beautiful White Russian leaving Shanghai to marry a rajah for his dough. Kent Taylor sees that she has possibilities and, after a series of map-swappings, murders, leaps and stabbings, he clears the road to bring her back to ray! ray! ray! the U. S. A.—*Univ.*

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POWDER TOWN

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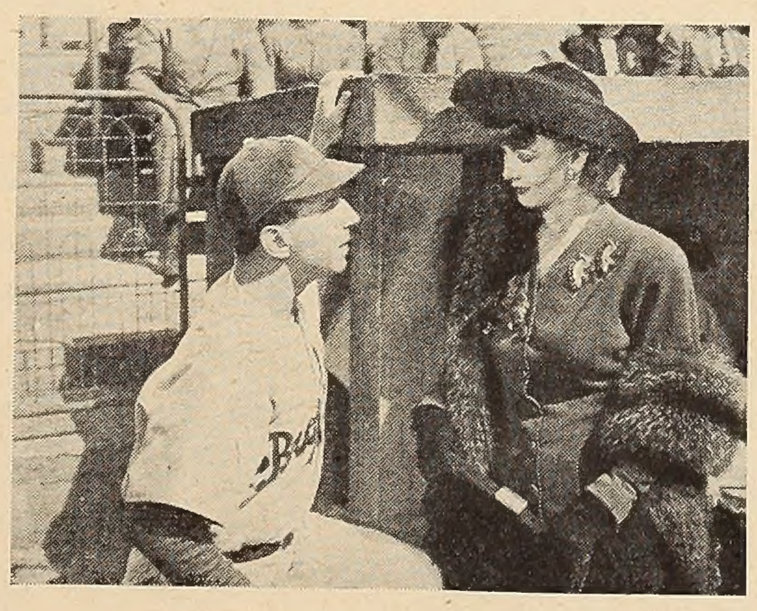
McLaglen is jealous in a big blustering way of Ed's progress with the gals, but there's a double wedding in the end, and all spies concerned are bombed off the map—their own fault, too!—*RKO.*

MEXICAN SPITFIRE SEES A GHOST

Leon Errol as Lawd Epping and subsequently as the Lawd's double, Uncle Matt, makes guests at his country home practically insane with fear and rage. Whoopee Lupe Velez, his co-plotter, whips up a pair of ghosts in the cellar who turn out to be—guess what—enemy SPIES! Husband Charles (Buddy) Rogers looks on amazed, also, but a



would-be dam blower-upper is finally captured, and Leon Errol straightens out his dual personality fine.—*RKO.*



IT HAPPENED IN FLATBUSH

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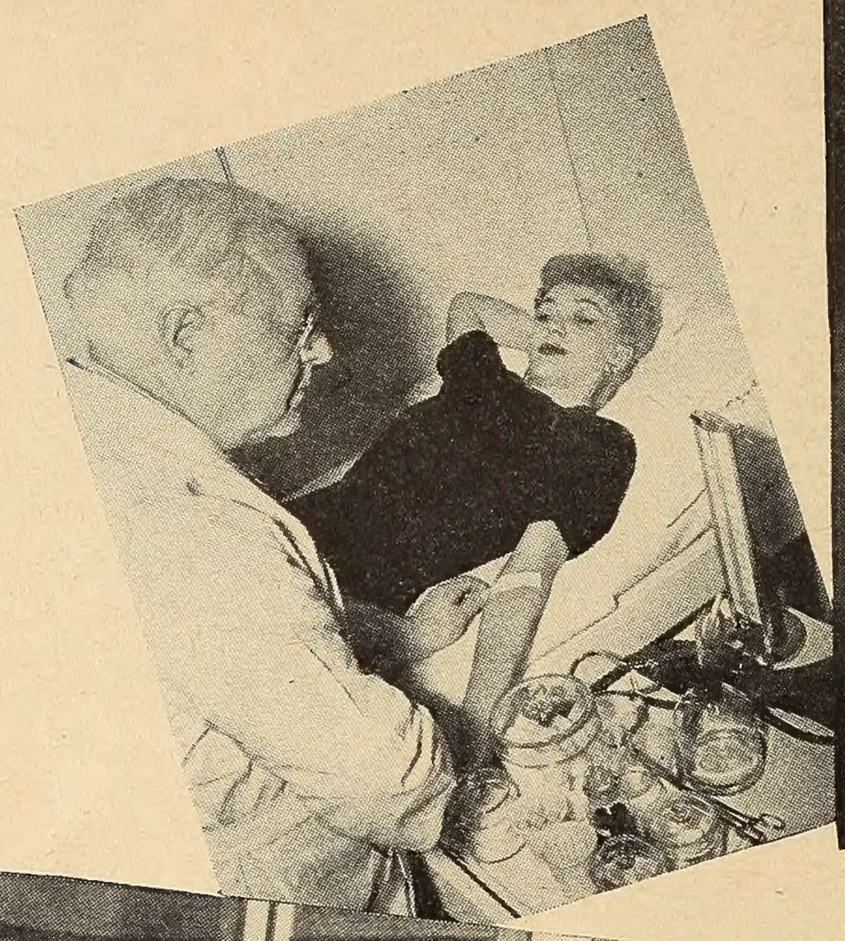
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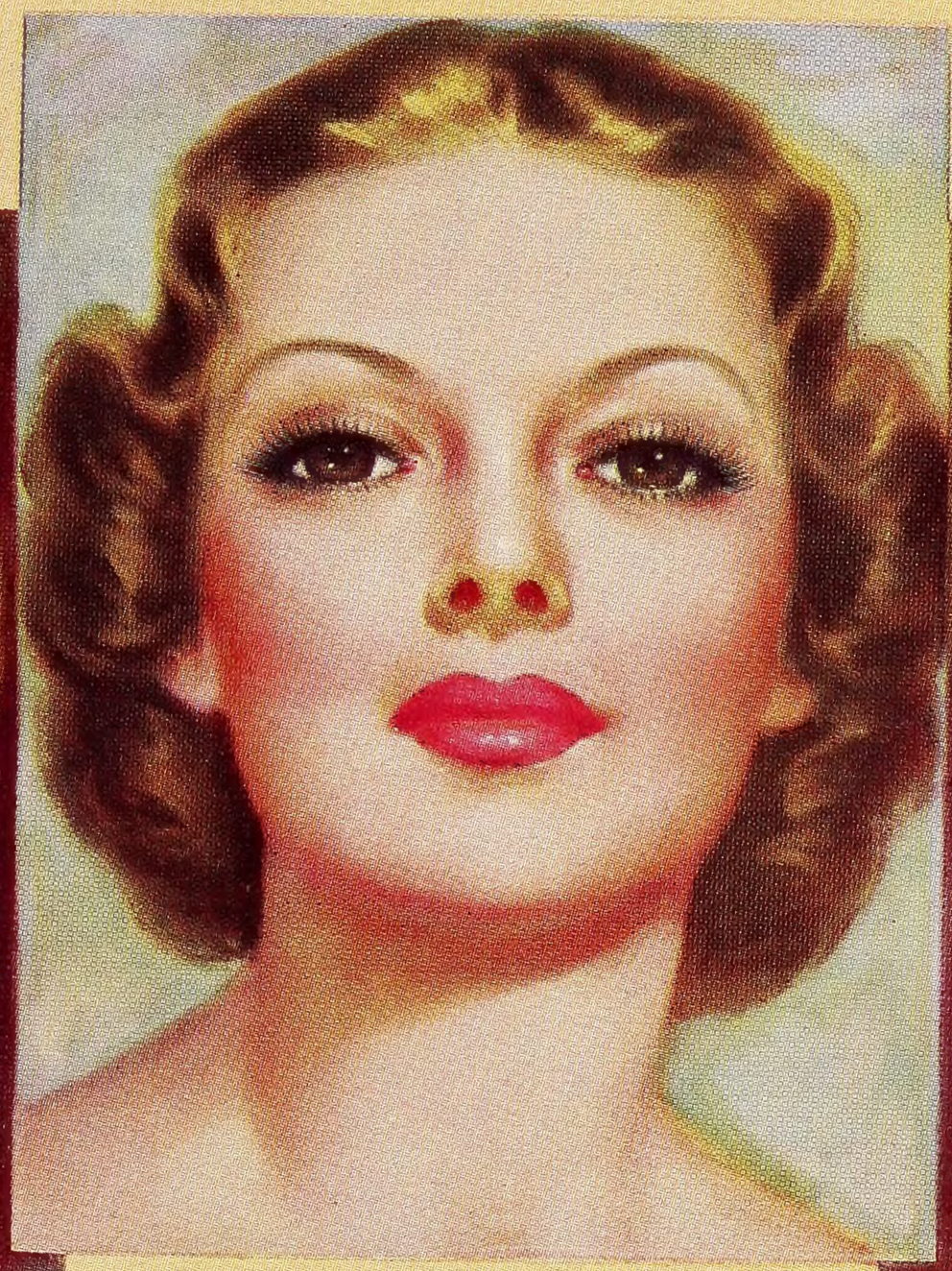
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Alan Ladd

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